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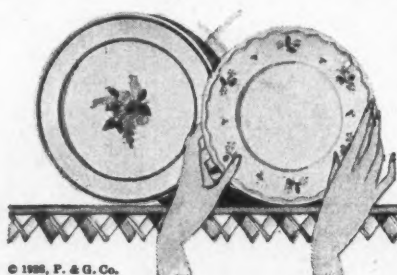
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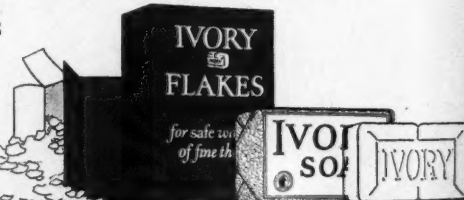
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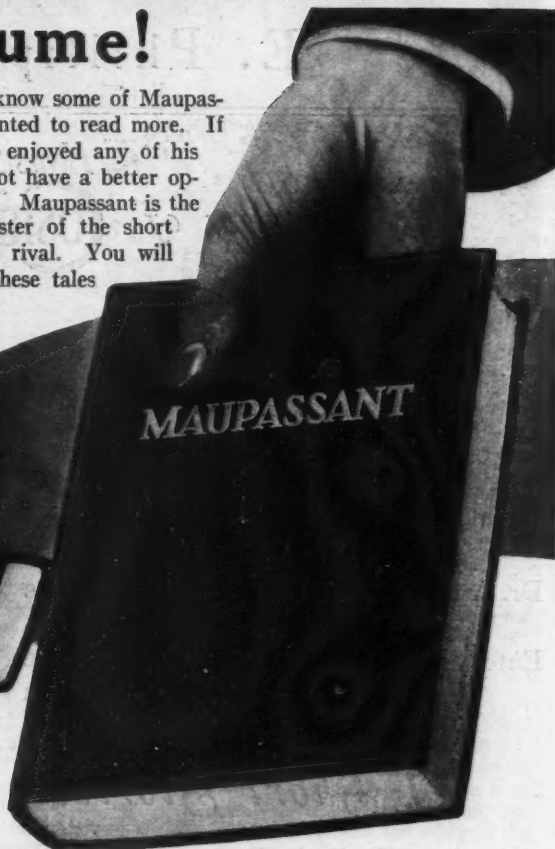
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By O. O.
McIntyre

I Want You to Meet a Real American Girl



MOST of us thatching a little gray around the temples have had a gripping chill or so over the younger generation and its premature worldliness.

In Tia Juana a few weeks ago I saw two very young American girls of an illustrious family walking through the main street of that wild border town arm in arm, smoking cigars and tittering and teetering with a cock-eyed hilarity.

"There," said a sedate friend, "is our modern youth!"

The evidence was not very heartening. Nor is it easy to deny that for a number of years youth has stampeded the conventions and gone on a bust.

I have myself beheld gradual stages of decadence—from sly gin-guzzling to a calculated harlotry—among those fresh and vibrant young girls reared in a careful luxury. Our literature, our plays, our movies, our dress and our conversation have reflected the explosive motivations of the galloping period. Pulpit-tears thundered, editorials screamed; but Youth sat in the saddle with a crazy grin—riding hard. And yet I believe America's proud and convincing answer to it all is Amelia Earhart!

Out of the maelstrom and turmoil of a topsyturvy adolescence has arisen this wistful slip of a girl—tremulous, expectant and wondering. Hers is the healthy curiosity of the clean mind and the strong body and a challenging rebuke to those of us who have damned the youth of the land.

To few generations have come a Lindbergh and an Amelia Earhart and their coming is a singular and welcome proof of our destiny. A generation producing them has no need to worry about its flappers and cake eaters. That, in their aviation-togs, they should bear such a striking resemblance is another curious but pleasant coincidence.

When we consider their innate modesty, superhuman courage and idealistic devotion to what the world has come to know as service, all the exaggerated tendencies of a reckless period are forgotten. We have an urge to leap up with a wild whoop, grab a flag and wave it from the highest building top.

Very few of us had heard of Amelia Earhart until that day when she set off from American shores in her Friendship flight.

And there was a catch in our throats and a bursting pride in our hearts when we read she told the English newspaper men awaiting her landing that she was "merely baggage"—and that the entire credit for the successful voyage was due solely to the two men in the plane.

Who is Amelia Earhart? That was the natural query of not only America but the world that waited in sleepless expectancy, and it was only by degrees we learned of her amazing self-sacrifices and devotion to mankind. There were no press-agents to beat the tom-toms and flash the beacon of white-hot publicity. She was more of an unknown than Lindbergh before his triumph.

She had been a war nurse in the hospitals of Canada. For two years before her ocean flight she had been a settlement-worker ministering to the poor from Denison House in Boston of which she is a director. Always her *métier* was service.

HER interest in aviation dates back to 1920 when she bought and experimented with two planes she purchased with her own earnings. She became an accomplished flier but reticent about her exploits. It was not until she had been working with Denison House for more than a year that her fellow workers discovered she was a crack pilot. She slipped away after working hours and on holidays and Sundays to increase her skill, knowledge and efficiency.

So, then, Amelia Earhart becomes to all of us one of the significant figures of our time. Not only because she has accomplished what no other woman has accomplished but because she has provided an intellectual, courageous and highly moral reaction from the inflamed tendencies and appetites which have aroused so much alarm. She has become a symbol of new womanhood—a symbol, I predict, that will be emulously patterned after by thousands of young girls in their quest of the Ideal.

What a girl!

By CHARLES



NOBODY

S DANA GIBSON



HOME



Doctor Acosta gathered that Don Cristobal

Unknown

Illustrations by Walt Louderback

THE younger of the two dropped the stick on which he was leaning, his knees gave way, and slipping through the arms of his companion who had run to support him, he lay stretched on the ground beside a clump of thick bushes.

"I can no more, Fernando, the Lord so help me!"

His delicate, almost girlish face grew paler till it had turned a greenish white. After several anguished twitches of the lids, his black almond-shaped eyes closed.

Fernando knelt at his side, his arms about him, murmuring words of encouragement.

"Lucero, my darling, come, courage! Don't give up! Rest a little and we can go on, to spend the night at Cordoba!"

But his companion seemed not to hear. Instinctively he raised his head till it rested on Fernando's shoulder; then he fell asleep, with no signs of life except a faint and labored breathing.

The youth called Fernando, still kneeling, looked around. There was no one in sight, in either direction along the road, or in the adjoining pastures.

It was the year one thousand four hundred and ninety-two, five months after the famous war for Granada had been brought to a close.

In these early hours of an afternoon of Maytime, the earth seemed to be exhaling the strength and fragrance of its own rejuvenation. Nowhere were there signs of man or his handiwork. The two wayfarers were alone between half-wooded pasture lands. Beyond the thickets that lined the highway—a muddy cart-path, this, rather than a road—a few cattle, almost wild, were chewing their cuds in broad clearings covered with short grass. These animals were the only living beings in the solitude. The herdsmen were evidently far away, and gave no answer to the cries which Fernando uttered in fright at the collapse of his comrade.

When the young man saw that he could find no help on that vast unbroken plain, he let fall the head that was resting on his arm. Then he released a canvas sack he was carrying over one of his shoulders and placed it as a pillow under Lucero's head. Finally he removed a much flattened wine-bag he carried at his



had been a pirate in his youth.

Lands

By BLASCO
IBAÑEZ

and drained the few last drops of liquid into his mouth. The scant refreshment revived Lucero for a moment. He half opened his eyes for a glance of thankfulness, then closed them again with a faint whisper: "I am hungry!"

At these words Fernando was smitten with a pang of dismay. Inside the improvised knapsack there was nothing at all to eat. Their last crumb of bread they had consumed that noon. And no help near!

Both of them were poorly dressed, but their garments, threadbare as they seemed, were of better materials than those commonly used by peasants in the country or by the masses of the towns. They had coats reaching to their knees, woolen breeches, and caps pulled down over hair that was cut on a line with the lobes of their ears. Their breeches were patched here and there,

belt, and with more words of cheer, forced the nozzle between the youth's teeth

though not all the holes were mended. The coats, soiled by the dust, were worn to the woof but still had traces of the high coloring that bore witness to excellence at the time of purchase.

Fernando was seventeen years old and Lucero only fifteen, both from the same place, Andujar.

Fernando's father, Pero Cuevas, had fought the first campaign of Granada as squire to one of the great lords who always had attended the King, Don Ferdinand, from the latter's first expedition. But finally two Moorish arrows had pierced him through and through in the taking of a town, and he had fallen dead from the top rungs of a storming-ladder.

In reality, the boy had known only his mother. In those days of continuous warfare, the squire had appeared in his home at very rare intervals. Son of a widow, strong of body and accustomed to tales of danger and violence, Fernando had enjoyed an upbringing of his own choice. At ten he decided that he had had enough of the "Study," a school of poor quality whither he had been sent to learn to read badly and to write worse.

He preferred the open fields beyond the city, where in shirt



¶ "I cannot allow such a handsome youth to die of hunger. Since you are looking for a master, I

and trousers he could play with other boys of his age, "hitting the ball," as the phrase went, or practising archery and fencing with lance or broad wooden sword, shamming battles between Moors and Christians that began with laughter and often ended with bleeding limbs and bruised heads.

In addition to these noisy entertainments for the body, he had others that were quieter, and more pleasurable to the soul. In the same street with his mother's home a barber had hung out his sign and did all his work in the street in front of the door,

resigning himself to going inside his hovel only on days when it rained. All the idlers of the quarter drifted to this center of information and publication. Seated on the stone steps of the near-by houses or on rustic stools, they talked of the war for Granada—the great emprise of those days; of the revolt of certain proprietors in Galicia, the last defenders of the lost cause of feudalism; of the negotiations of Don Fernando de Aragon with the King of France. As the afternoon wore on, someone would sing the last *trovetes* and *verseles* to come into vogue, while others



will take you both," said Don Cristobal. "You have never been to sea?" Fernando shook his head.

would tell of recent miracles wrought by saints, or listen to pitiful stories of Christians made captive by the Moors and giving up their lives rather than their faith.

The sacristan of a church in the vicinity would sometimes, as a tribute to the gathering, bring a written manuscript—the adventures of Sir Amadis of Gaul, or of other knights who conquered islands, rescued enchanted princesses and gave mortal combat to giants, dragons, devils (possessors all of magic powers), each page resonant with thrusts of sword or lance that felled

whole squadrons of warriors! And the son of the squire Cuevas would listen to these marvels with wide-opened eyes, the lobules of his nostrils trembling with emotion. Some day he would do something himself, he would, so only God and good fortune gave him strength!

The second great diversion of his youth was to talk with Lucero, daughter of Don Isaac Cohen.

The Jewish quarter was quite near Fernando's house. Most of the Jewish families had finally accepted baptism in order

to live in peace, such individuals becoming "new Christians" or "converts." Others, fewer in number, remained loyal to the faith, often with the self-sacrifice of martyrs.

One of these latter was Don Isaac Cohen. Humble and conciliating toward his bitterest enemies, with gentle words for everyone, accepting insults with a smile, Don Isaac had an iron will in everything pertaining to religion. The richest man among his people in Andujar, Don Isaac helped the poorer ones with his money and all of them with words of faith and cheer in moments of persecution. As for the Christians, even the "Old" ones found Don Isaac Cohen a most useful individual when they were caught in financial straits.

Fernando Cuevas, like other urchins of the city, had often gone and shouted insulting words in front of the houses of the Jews, and he remembered that he had even thrown stones, from a distance, at Don Isaac Cohen and other leading men of the synagogues. But this had not prevented him from joining in a game, on occasion, with boys from the Jewish quarter and others from the Moorish section where the "mudéjares," or Mohammedan Spaniards, lived.

The Christian boys always bullied the children of Moors and Jews in their games. Fernando did not care to remember how many times he had pulled the hair of Don Isaac's younger daughter, driving her in terror into the doorway of her house. Later on, Lucero's submissiveness in his presence, the timorous shyness of a frightened mouse that came over her the moment he appeared, finally changed his attitude when he was about fourteen.

He then suddenly came forward as the protector of the Cohen girl, cudgeling his playmates whenever they tried to torment her; and he began to loiter about the house of the wealthy Israelite, waiting for Lucero's pale face with its great long-cut eyes to appear at one of the few barred windows—the sole exterior apertures of that building, the door of which, from its thickness and its heavy ironwork, was like the gate to a fortress. And Don Isaac's daughter began, in her turn, to notice the son of the squire, and to find that her one reason for living lay in inventing pretexts for going out into the street where she could talk to him.

A will as strong as her father's seemed gradually to be forming under Lucero's timid servile exterior, the inheritance of numberless generations of persecuted Jews. Fernando was sure—he did not know just how it would come to pass—that some day Lucero would be his wife and that they would be off somewhere in the world together to win signiory and fortune; so he let time go by without doing anything, supported stintingly by his mother, and observed at a distance



C At this moment Don Isaac suddenly butler. Such a marriage could take would not consider. He could not



received a proposal for his daughter's hand from the former royal
place only after Lucero had requested baptism, which the old rabbi
understand his wife, who urged acceptance of the Christian's offer.

by Don Isaac, a shrewd individual who had begun to take cognizance of the attentions which this youthful, insolent and penniless Christian was paying to his younger daughter.

The siege of Granada was a busy period for the Jew of Andujar. Isaac Cohen lent aid to the sovereigns, as did many of his faith, with voluntary gifts of money and of provisions for the Christian army. But once Granada had fallen, the ill-feeling which had been smoldering for centuries, flaming up only at rare intervals in movements of the rabble against the Jews, burst out like a volcano which had been rumbling harmlessly for generations.

Two months before, the worst fears of the thoughtful men in the synagogues had been realized: the "most Catholic Monarchs," Ferdinand and Isabella, now free of the Moors, had decided to rid themselves also of the Jews. All Spaniards must henceforth be of one religion. Such Jews as were unwilling to become Christians were ordered to leave the realm within a period of three months. Numerous Christian preachers began moving from city to city, urging all the inhabitants of the Ghettos to ask for baptism, the only means of escaping expulsion. Many Jews, indeed, renounced their traditional creed in order to retain the houses and lands they owned; but others, again, chose to remain faithful to their ancient law.

The Old Christians, and some of the New who had intermarried with families of the purest Spanish lineage, welcomed this *pronunciamiento* of the sovereigns with great satisfaction. As they believed, living would now be easier, money more abundant, work better paid, when the "race accursed" had vanished forever from Spanish soil.

The future exiles were permitted to sell their properties within the three months; but they were forbidden to take with them gold, silver or gems, or anything, indeed, save their personal clothing. Thus it came about that a race renowned and hated for its skill in trade saw itself obliged, as a chronicler of the time expressed it, to "sell a city mansion for an ass, and a farm in the country for a roll of cloth or linen."

The Jewish communities took their precautions at this critical juncture. They provided, among other things, that "every female over twelve years of age should marry immediately." Thus "she would go forth in the shelter and company of a husband" who would support her and shield her, while her parents also would have fewer difficulties in preparing for their journey.

It was just at this moment that Don Isaac suddenly received a new proposal for his daughter's hand. It came from a Christian gentleman, no less, from a man who boasted title as a former butler or gentleman-in-waiting to the King, and who emphasized, furthermore,



¶ *"That is Gabriel the physician," said the innkeeper. "The greatest man in the world." Fernando*

that his marriage with Lucero would not only make it possible for the young Jewess to escape exile, but might also furnish a means whereby Don Isaac might in a sense save a large part of his fortune by settling it on the girl.

The old rabbi's attitude toward this unexpected proposition could not be long in doubt. Such a marriage could take place only after Lucero had requested baptism, a step which that man of inexorable faith would not consider taking for a moment.

Indeed, Don Isaac could not understand Debora, his third wife who had borne him Lucero as her only child.

Still youthful, still beautiful, but normally an indolent, retiring creature, Doña Debora was showing considerable spirit in urging acceptance of the Christian's offer. Not only did she urge acceptance; when Don Isaac announced his final determination to refuse, Doña Debora suggested to Lucero that she consent to being forcibly carried off by the royal butler, a man whom



heard the tall man say, "One at a time. It's only fair to begin with the patients nearest at hand."

the mother found not very attractive on the whole, but who did furnish one member of her family an avenue of egress from a ruinous emergency.

In these circumstances, the two lovers saw themselves beset by a double danger. If Lucero remained in her father's house, Don Isaac would surely order her to marry one of the young Jews. If, on the contrary, she followed her mother's counsel, she would soon be in the power of the royal butler who had become aware of

Fernando's friendship for the young Jewish girl, and had even found occasion to approach the lad and bid him cease his attentions to Lucero, on pain of being imprisoned by the authorities on some pretext or other.

Never, up to this time, had Fernando Cuevas encountered adventure save such as he had read of in books or heard by word of mouth. But now suddenly he seemed to shake off the inertia of his lazy, humdrum, idle (Continued on page 144)

By *MISS AMELIA*



YESTERDAY I flew for an hour and a half. It was concentrated because I needed practise; a dozen take-offs and landings, with straight flying over Long Island Sound at twenty-five hundred feet as variety.

My runway was part of one of the polo fields of the Westchester Biltmore Country Club at Rye, where, I am told, various members are accustomed to drop in by plane. Such casual use of the air presages the time, soon coming, when landing-fields will be as routine an item of country-club equipment as are tennis-courts and golf-links.

Flying was followed by my brand of very poor tennis and swimming. In the evening a dance and the next morning ten miles on horseback, topped off in the afternoon by more flying. The record is set down merely to show that aviation can take its place with other sports. It seems to me that anyone, whether expert or not, who likes sports generally, probably will enjoy flying, either as passenger or pilot.

That little plane of mine—it weighs only eight hundred and eighty-one pounds—I bought from Lady Heath, who flew it alone twelve thousand miles from London to Cape Town and back.

32

Try *Flying*

The side of the fuselage is decorated with a collection of unique good-luck metal emblems given her at various places on that historic flight.

"A social worker on a bat." So I dubbed myself when the newspapers discovered I had slipped away from my work at Denison House, Boston's old settlement center, to try flying the Atlantic.

That flight was a vacation occupation compressed into my holiday.

My real job for the last two years has been social work, with aviation one of the many activities I attempted to squeeze into an already overcrowded twenty-four hours. In Boston I flew usually on weekends, also occasionally slipping out early in the morning, just as I did for riding and fencing. In a job like

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A E ARHART

WITH this issue Miss Earhart becomes a member of the editorial staff of *Cosmopolitan*. She will make her headquarters in our new building at 57th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York, and from her desk there answer any questions you may ask concerning flying as flying affects you in your every-day life. Each month in this magazine she will talk to you as her friends about her experiences in the air.

Quite a new and inspiring idea in magazine making, isn't it? Yet it is perfectly logical. For flying is so much a part of life today that whether or not one wishes actually to fly one owes to oneself an intelligent well-informed interest in the subject.

The future will bring the plane as close to you as the automobile is now. The time is not greatly distant when most of us will fly to our work or to our golf clubs as casually as today we take taxis or drive our own motor-cars.

You who read *Cosmopolitan* are alertly interested in today and tomorrow. If you were old-fashioned you wouldn't like this magazine, so Miss Earhart shares my belief that you will be more receptive to what she has to say than any other group of readers in the world.

And now with great pride I introduce to you the charming young woman who is the new member of our staff.
Ray Long



g Yourself

mine there are no time-clocks or union hours, so my opportunity for exercise usually had to come at odd moments.

However, I was allotted the month of June as a regular vacation. Happily the chance to accompany the Friendship's transatlantic flight coincided with it so I could plan to go.

This vacation was somewhat different from others. Preparations for the flight were secret and the plans I told to no one except our head worker who was counting on me for summer school. We both comprehended that a forced landing in the Atlantic might terminate my usefulness. Incidentally, even my immediate family first heard of the flight after we had hopped from Boston.

By good fortune and the fine work of "Bill" Stultz, pilot, and "Slim" Gordon, flying mechanic, we crossed successfully from Newfoundland to Wales. So it happens that I emerged as the

first woman who has made an air voyage between the new and the old worlds.

The Friendship flight unexpectedly uprooted me from social work and forced aviation more prominently into my life. Since 1920 I have been fairly close to flying, having piloted my own planes for sport and flown several hundred "solo" hours in the air.

But now my vacation is over and from its adventure has come the chance to gratify some long-standing ambitions in connection with the development of American aviation. My immediate opportunity is to meet the readers of *COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE*. Its editor, wisely looking to tomorrow, realizes what a great part aviation will play for men and women in many phases of American life. And he decided that *Cosmopolitan*, progressively air-minded, shall pioneer in this field. He has asked me (perhaps less wisely) to discuss aviation periodically in the magazine from my own experience and view-point.

It is easy to remember the time when an automobile was a rarity and a motor trip a real adventure. The dashing days of goggles, dusters and gauntlets, tonneaus bulging over too sensitive tires, and stuttering engines, are not so far away. Today an airplane is a more ordinary sight than was one of the noisy horseless carriages of twenty years ago. In populous regions, at least, the sound of a motor somewhere in the air above is an ordinary one and hardly worth passing notice.

If unable to recall the comparable beginning of aviation, I at least remember pretty well the dark ages. After all, the ten

Try Flying Yourself

Later I bought a similar plane equipped with an experimental motor, the first one turned out by a western manufacturer. There were many "bugs" in it, as in all first products. Every flight was something of a test—and often a good deal of a surprise.

Adjustments and mechanical changes were forever being made.

Sometimes the engine overheated, sometimes it would spatter the pilot with oil or sometimes its vibration would tickle my feet so that I hardly could keep them on the rudder. Little by little these hilarious eccentricities were eradicated—a story typical of any mechanical development. It is just this sort of experimentation and day-by-day improvement through testing, that has produced the high quality of the motors and the planes of today.

Tabloided my autobiography is simple. As my father's law work was connected with railroads, the family moved about the country considerably; I think I graced seven high schools within the usual four years. With the war, I went to Toronto and worked as V. A. D. in a unit which corresponded to our nurses' aids.

That experience almost inspired me to be a physician and I followed it with pre-medical work at Columbia, until conviction was borne home that I lacked the real "call" essential to medical success. Then California and my first flying. And East again to Boston in a few years for teaching and settlement work.

Flying for me has been both a sport and a commercial avocation. For a couple of years my connection with it has included a directorship in a commercial air-port, where I have had some experience with the technical problems of the industry. Resulting from my modest activities in aviation came my election as vice-president of the Boston chapter of the National Aeronautic Association, just before the Friendship flight this summer.



years since the war has seen great advancement. It was in 1920 that I began to learn to fly. My first flight, I remember, was at Rogers Airport, Los Angeles. I was there with my father and talked him into treating me to a ride. I found I wouldn't be trusted in the front cockpit alone. The pilot had impressed another to go along. Obviously I was considered a nervous lady who might become hysterical, try to jump or indulge some idiosyncrasy that men impute to women.

To me that was the beginning of active interest. As I sailed over the oil derricks indigenous to that part of California I knew I wanted to fly over them by myself. And I set about trying to. Prices for instruction had decreased from one thousand dollars to five hundred for ten or twelve hours in the air and after some high finance, I managed a few lessons. (Today, by the way, prices have been reduced by half again.)

New students were instructed in planes with dual controls, as they are now, the rudder and stick in the front cockpit being connected with those in the rear. Any false move the student makes can be corrected by the instructor. Every move is duplicated, always the experienced pilot commanding the situation.

In those days it was necessary for a woman to wear breeks and leather coats. The fields were dusty and the planes hard to enter. My leather coat of that period, by the way, I wore across the Atlantic this summer. After two and a half hours of instruction in the air I felt that I must have a plane of my own. It cost me two thousand dollars. To earn part of it I got my first job—with the telephone company. It was not an elaborate one, being a sort of chaperon to the office boys, and file clerk.

The end of that hard-earned plane was sad. I finally sold it to a young pilot who had been in the war but had not flown for some time. The day of the purchase he asked a friend to go up with him. Very close to the ground he began vertical banking to the horror of all who watched. The plane slipped and crashed and both men were killed—needlessly.

Amelia Earhart

When the National Association of Playgrounds instituted a model airplane tournament for youngsters, it asked me to be on the active committee in Boston and help judge at the finals in September. This activity, a meeting ground of social work and aviation, particularly appealed to me, but alas, flying the Atlantic curtailed my usefulness.

Similar incidents in my life have drawn me more and more towards aviation. The more I get into it, the more interest it holds. For me it combines the fun of any other sport with the fascination that comes from watching anything develop and form, whether it be a business, a personality or a sunset. Surely no one familiar with the romance of aviation's growth can fail to comprehend my enthusiasm for it.

"Try flying yourself."

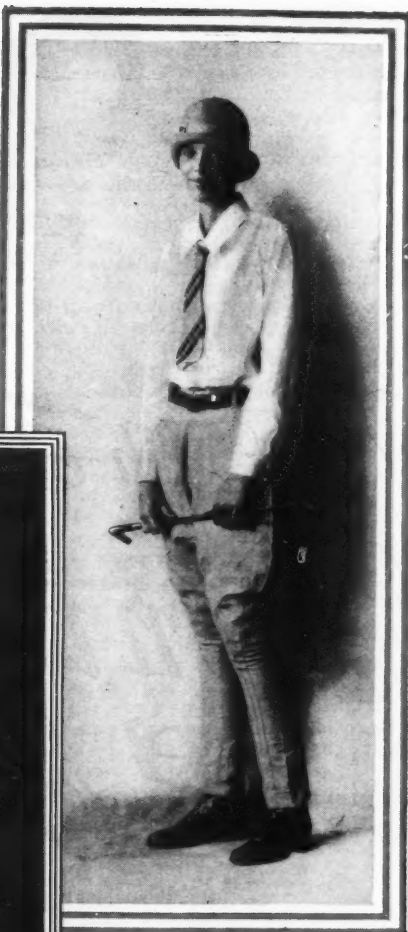
That should be aviation's first commandment. The experience may mean little. Some people won't like it, and some will become enthusiasts. However, those who try it cannot fail to gain in understanding, which is always valuable.

"Try flying yourself." I believe that aviation could be sold more effectively under that slogan than under any other. Patronage would put an end to much guesswork and uncertainty and would establish flying as a business more firmly. Of course I am not overlooking the value of patronage of the express and mail sections.

To the men who have pioneered and produced the excellent motors and planes of today, we owe much. The people of America would indeed be ungrateful if they did not show their appreciation of the work of these pioneers by using what they produce.

How can we expect them to continue to do great things without encouragement?

Do you know that last year more



than two thousand commercial aeroplanes were constructed and operations in the commercial field approximated thirteen million miles of flying? Five thousand passengers were carried, and two and a half million pounds of freight transported, not to mention the notable attainments of the airmail and the untubulated activity of private planes.

The interest of men in aviation has always been keen. No one has had more evidence of that fact than I. I have found too that they do not bottle up their enthusiasm—they share it with their families. A number of men have urged me to help them interest their wives or women friends in aviation and it is with these men in mind that

I write now of women in aviation—a phrase that might well be changed more specifically to women outside of aviation.

The full effectiveness of woman's interest doesn't at all imply that all of them should become aviators. The more people who fly, women included, the better—but just *using* planes, not being at the controls, also counts almost as heavily. For every pilot there must be a half-dozen, a dozen or a score of passengers—men and women. The family car of today will be the family plane of tomorrow. It is natural to expect that, such being the case, a man will consider the taste and comfort of his wife or his sister as aviation becomes part of his life.

Today there are planes for carrying passengers, mail, express and freight. They are the modern note in traffic, comparable to electrical refrigerators, vacuum devices and other leisure-making appliances of the household.

In many fields women share the purchasing power. It is a brave man who buys one make of car when his wife wants another! Surely women's influence is primarily responsible for the rapid development of the American automobile in beauty and in comfort. The president of a well-known company told me the other day that the new models, at least as regarded outer attractiveness, were designed to appeal to the feminine eye. "American women keep us on our (Continued on page 158)

By
Rupert
hughes

The Rented Body

*A Story of a
Mind
To Which All
Things Were
PURE—
and of an
OPPOSITE*

the ghost out there
was only a dream,
he knew it to be the
ideal he had sought
in vain, still haunting
him, taunting him.

Here was the figure that fitted the

HE COULD not sleep and the bed grew so hot that at last he stretched himself out in an armchair by the screen door. It gave on the hotel balcony overlooking the deep canyon. The cataract clamoring far below was only a lullaby up here.

Hoping that the distant frenzy would sing him to sleep, he put on a gaudy old bath-robe against the morning chill, lighted a cigar and watched the smoke sift through the meshes of the screen, swirl in little moonlit nebulae across the parapet and away into nothing, into nowhere.

He must have fallen asleep, for he was surprised when he opened heavy eyes to find his cigar gone out. Yet a great cloud of its smoke had caught on the balcony rail and clung there, motionless and strangely large. To a brain struggling up out of slumber, this was curious.

As he stared, the veil of smoke seemed to turn into a woman. She stood very still and her body was only a dim shadow in the iridescent glow the moonlight made of her nightgown.

He studied her with the analytic eye of an artist. And he was no less an artist than Martin Pember, more famous perhaps because of his eccentricities, his intolerance and his irritability than his paintings. He was always destroying masterpieces, cursing his own works as well as the works of others.

It was only because the occasional pictures he consented to complete were filled with a strange wild superhuman grace that he had been able to survive. People called him a madman, but just because he was willing to starve, they would not let him. In spite of himself he made money; not half what he could have earned but far more than most of the painters who were sane enough to paint for fame and pelf.

And now he had forsworn painting, utterly broken down in body, and, some said, in mind. He had abandoned his studio and his contracts and hidden himself in this far-off mountain hotel where nobody knew who he was and nobody talked art. He had conquered his insomnia gradually, and regained some of his lost strength, and was congratulating himself that he had cleansed his mind of all artistic inclinations.

But that smoke-wraith on the balcony warned him that he was not cured and never would be. The old anguish for the beauty of his predilections came back to him. Though he realized that

measure of his soul; the ratios were exact to his canon. As she leaned on the balcony rail she was statue-still, but her contours were too vague and the stuff of her gown too soft for marble and she was edged with moon-fire.

Her head was the head he had hunted futilely. Though the face was invisible, the skull was delicate as a vase yet as capacious for intelligence as a truly beautiful woman's skull must be. The throat was slender and lithe and long yet strong and agile.

He thought of her in architectural terms with isolation from fleshliness. Her spine was a superb parabola now, her back broad at the shoulders, flat and tapering to the waist, and flaring out again just enough to the callipygian volutes that overarched long columnar thighs drawn with a masterly sweep of curve and not too much entasis. The calves rising out of their knee pits were elegantly slim and aristocratically prolonged to the clenched ankles and the just sufficient length of exquisite feet.

SHE was marvelously placed, too. He was a great one for textures and he found exciting drama in the conflict of the grainy stucco of the balustrade with the silken fabric of her bare arms and with a nightgown almost impalpably soft and snowy.

He was wishing that he might not wake until he had fulfilled his dream of that woman made of cigar smoke. And then, instead of vanishing, she moved. With an almost liquid consequence of rhythms, she began to climb the balustrade.

He understood the intolerable mockery of finding his ideal just in time to see her destroy herself. Before he could cry out, she paused; one knee on the balustrade, the other leg strained straight, resting on its toe-tips, the round of the heel in air. How beautiful, how beautiful she was in her moment of departure! And he could not detain her. Even his voice froze in his throat.

She poised and gazed, but neither leaped over nor recoiled. Instead, she bent her brow to her hands and wept. And her hair wept down over her hands.

Her sobs were smothered in her own bosom, but they were bitter enough to keep her from heeding the noise Pember made as he rose to his feet, pushed his door open stealthily, then rushed and leaped upon her.

The screen closed with the snap of a pistol-shot, but it surprised her no more than the shock of feeling a strange man's

Illustrations by
Henry Raleigh

arms about her, tearing her from the balustrade and dragging her back, as he demanded:

"What in heaven's name are you trying to do?"

She did not answer but looked at him through the disordered locks that clung about her grief-crinkled mouth. Her eyes in the moonlight were only two glistening points of lighted water. There was mania in them.

She fought hard to break free from Pember, but he managed to drag her to his room, open the screen quickly, hurl her in, close the solid door back of him and lock it. Panting with the wrestle, he gazed at her as if he had captured an escaping goddess and faltered:

"Just what were you trying to do—kill yourself?"

"Yes."

Her frank honesty staggered him a little. He mumbled:

"Why should you ruin so perfect a thing?"

"I don't have to tell you. Let me out."

"Don't you want to live?"

"No!"

"Then what are you doing at this resort where a mob of fools endures everything unbearable in an effort to keep from dying?"

She attacked him so viciously that he had to twist her arms back of her in order to hold her. He spoke across her shoulder:

"Do you want me to turn you over to the hotel detective?"

"He'll be looking for me tomorrow. So will the police."

"Are you a thief?"

"Yes! Now will you let me go?"

"No; I don't give a darn about your soul, but I'm not going to let you throw away that body!"

With a last rally of failing power, he wrenched and twisted her into the chair where he had slept and, bending over her, held her fast. Hurt and hopeless, she ceased to struggle and, casting her eyes down in surrender, saw how lightly she was clad and in what tatters. She cowered in shame, but Pember was brutal:

"Don't come that modest racket. If I hadn't caught you, you'd have been sprawled on the rocks below there with hardly a rag on you. Hundreds of people would have stared at you from this balcony tomorrow while a few others went down and brought up your—remains, they are called."

"Please! Please—don't look at me!"

"My dear young woman. I am a painter. I have gazed for hours on thousands of girls, far nuder than you are. I can get swarms of 'em for a dollar an hour!"

"I'm cold, then."

"You'd have been colder down there."

"Don't keep me here. I have enough to answer for without being found in a strange man's room at this hour."

"My dear fool, your soul was



throwing your body into the garbage can. It has no right to come back and inflict a lot of nonsensical scruples. Nothing much matters to you now. You can consider yourself dead."

The word was like an icicle. She was palsied, miserably shaken.

"I'm awfully cold."

He brought from a closet a greatcoat and made her slip her arms into it. She drew her feet under the heavy skirts of it. She hid her head, too, as she heard the soft tread of the night-watchman patrolling the halls. When the watchman had passed on, Pember whispered:

"You called yourself a thief."

She nodded, her features in a tangle of shame.

"You're not a professional one. You're evidently not proud of yourself. How much did you take?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"To save the usual starving mother, I suppose?"

She shook her head reluctantly as if she wished that that might have been her excuse. He hesitated before he let her have the next question: "You stole for a man?"

There was the hint of a nod. Pember suddenly thrust his hand forward, caught her by the chin and lifted her face into view:

"I've seen your face somewhere. Let me see—are you in the cashier's office of this hotel? You took two hundred dollars from

the safe and gave it to your lover, didn't you? And tomorrow—"

Her eyes flashed from their ambush in a quick glance of fear. He remembered the vision on the balcony.

"If you had two hundred dollars you could put it back in time?" he asked.

Her head bobbed a faint answer.

"I'll give you two hundred dollars——"

Her eyes leaped to life in her dark face. He finished:

"For your body."

A blush swept over her face. She groaned: "I'd rather die!"

"You're dead already. But I

don't mean what you think.

I don't want you or your body

for love—not under any of its

meanings. I want to rent it—

the outside of it—for a month.

I want to paint its portrait—many

portraits of it. That's all."

"You mean I am merely to

pose for you for a month, and

then—I am free?"

"Free to live, or throw yourself



over the cliff, or go back to your job, or your lover."

She began to cry at that, deep, lurching sobs of loneliness.

"He's all I have to live for."

"Well, if love is the only thing you were living for, you're a bigger fool than I thought you were. But that's your business."

"I don't like to die owing anybody anything," she faltered. "I'm not a thief at heart. It was only because Tom needed the money—but that doesn't interest you."

"Not in the least."

"Then why do you take all this interest in my welfare?"

"I'm not the least interested in your welfare. I'm sublimely selfish. I thought I was through with painting, burned out. Everybody makes me sick. The models chatter their idiotic tragedies. The rich portrait-hunters bore me to death. The critics nauseate me with their imbecile battles over nonsensical theories. I disgust myself. What am I working for?—success—failure—what are they? I don't suppose you ever heard of me—of Martin Pember?"

"Oh, yes!" but very feebly.

"Thanks for the polite lie. But painters don't expect to be household words. I'm very famous in a very limited circle. Some idiots, including myself, have thought that I would succeed with what we call posterity. What difference would it make? Who the devil is posterity? Just another pack of fools. What's the use of slaving for either the fools we live with or the rest that follow? I gave up. I came down here to sleep and forget. Tonight I saw you out there. You interested me. I want to paint you."

She had forgotten her woes for the moment in listening to his. Now she broke in harshly:

"I see! You want to make capital out of my sorrow. You want to paint a broken heart. You want me to sit like an actress while you copy the sorrow in my eyes so that all the world can see my tragedy."

"Stop it! Don't be asinine! You've been reading books and stories about painters. Respectable painters don't do such things. What got me was the back of your



head. Very nice. Your long arched spine! Splendid. You have a grand leg, heroically long from knee to ankle. Your gown and your arms against the rough stone—very nice, very! Your gown held the moonlight in a mesh. The dark background of the cliff opposite and the sky were all right. Until you began to climb over the railing you were amusing—most amusing!"

"Amusing!" She groaned. He explained:

"It's a superlative among artists, and it doesn't mean 'funny.' I want to paint you as you posed out there, and in other poses. When I've got you on record, I'll be as tired of you as you will be of me. Then I'll restore you to yourself. If you want to climb over and jump, I won't lift my hand. I've seen too much trouble result from interfering with other people. If you hadn't fallen into just that attitude in just that light, I hope I'd have had the decency to go back to sleep and let you manage your own affairs. But you woke me up and you owe me something."

She forebore to appeal for sympathy and broached a practical question: "What costume would I wear?"

"The one you have on underneath my coat."

"Do you think I would pose in that for a strange man?"

"You'd have posed in it for a large crowd if you had thrown yourself off the balcony."

"Yes, but I shouldn't have been there. My soul would have been far away."

"But where would it have been? What happens to the souls of women who steal money and jump off the dock?"

She flinched as if she felt the eternal fires she believed in. She whispered: "Please lend me the money. I'll pay it back. Tom will pay it back. He'll have plenty of money very soon. That's why I stole it. I told him I had saved it, and I made him take it so that he could go to Chicago and get his start. He expected to have it long ago but he's had bad luck. He'd die if he thought I stole it. Oh, I beg you to lend me the money. I'll repay it. Honestly!"

"I'll do still better by you. I'll let you earn it."

"But I can't pose like this. I can't! I can't!"

"Then I can't pose as a benefactor for strange ladies. I work too hard for

my money to squander it on a lazy woman who refuses an honest job."

"Do you call it honest to stand up with next to nothing on?"

"Before a painter, yes. It's more than honest. It's artistic. We have millions of people in this country who are honest most of the time, but hardly anybody that is artistic any of the time."

"I can't do it. That's all, and I won't."

"All right. Then go on and jump."

She rose wretchedly and laid her hand on the doorknob.

"Hold on!" he said. "You can't take my overcoat with you."

She whipped it off, then caught it back about her. She thought of Tom. It would be sweet to live. The money was at hand. It would be a sin to pose, but a worse sin, more sins than one, to leap into the dark. She stared into Pember's hard eyes, and asked another question of great importance to her:

"What if somebody should find us—at work?"

He laughed and shook his head. "Oh, you pretty hypocrite!

Nobody comes round here except the night-watchman. He never goes on the balcony. It can't be seen from any of the windows."

She did not know how to phrase the thoughts that occurred to her as she imagined herself standing night after night in one transparent garment in the presence of this strange and imperious man. He read her fears apparently, for he said:

"I give you my word I won't insult your soul or degrade it, and I won't insult or torture your body in any way."

"Then just what would I be agreeing to?"

"Your body belongs to me for a month. It obeys every command, goes, comes, waits, moves, keeps still, takes the postures I dictate, keeps them till I say the word, wears anything or nothing as I choose. I promise not to starve it, freeze it, hurt it—"

"Or rent it to anyone else? Or share it with anyone else?"

"I promise that."

"Where is the money?"

He smiled, went to his bed, took a wallet from under the sheet and all but emptied it as he counted out two hundred dollars.

"It's a good thing you didn't need more."

I don't usually have this much on me. Perhaps as cashier you'll cash a check for me tomorrow."

Her answering smile was pitiful. She said:

"It's rash of you to give it all to me at once. But if I don't have it tonight I can't escape detection, and I'll have to finish what I started. One thing more. Suppose Tom comes back or sends me back what I lent him, you'll let me off, of course, if I return the money, won't you?"

"I will not! I've had a picture or two in mind that I could never do because I never found the right model. You are the one. It would be just my luck, just as I got well started, to have your friend turn up. Lovers have their own codes. You'd be quite capable of chucking me for him. Let's have it in writing."

He went to his desk table and wrote, scratched out, rewrote, and finally offered her a contract:

In return for two hundred dollars in hand paid, and other valuable considerations, I solemnly agree that for thirty days from date I hereby rent my body to Martin Pember, exclusively for artistic purposes. I am engaged as a model, to pose at any and all times and places and in such postures and costumes as he may dictate, he to pay all my expenses. It is understood that my soul is my own and he will do nothing to offend or harm it beyond his requirements as a serious artist.

She read and reread, took up the pen, turned to say: "Do you promise that you will never tell Tom or anybody that I posed for you? He would die if he found out. He would despise me. He would never marry me—never!"

Pember tossed his hands. "Why on earth should heaven have entrusted so glorious a body to two such nasty-minded Philistines as you two? No wonder I was sent down here to redeem it from such candle-snuffers. But I agree."

"If you keep your promise, I'll promise to tell no one."

She bent to the desk and wrote her autograph as if she signed her own death-warrant.

"So your name is Sara Clinton," he said. "A good sensible name. I am pleased to meet you. I hope we can be friends."

He folded the mortgage on her flesh, and put it in the pocket of his bath-robe. Then he set the money in her hand. She shook her head; she tossed away all her past, and confronted her month of penance pluckily. As if she wanted to get it over with the sooner by beginning at once, she flung off the coat and proffered herself to her new owner.

The bright electric lights of the room beat back from her golden skin, hardly mistied by the filmy thing she wore. Pember breathed deep.

"Lord, but you're—swell!"

His eyes seemed to blister her and the blood incarnadined her where they roved. She moved to the door to escape the inquisition.

"Shall I go out now and take my pose?"

"Unfortunately I haven't any canvas, bristol-board, brushes or pencils. The lease is dated tonight, but the work begins tomorrow."

"What shall I do till then?"

He was almost as much embarrassed now

as she was. High tragedy, high art, death, beauty, shame, crime, cash, fantasy, were all jumbled together idiotically. A while ago the girl was a frantic wretch insane with grief and about to wreck the most beautiful envelop he had ever encountered. Now she was a woman in no danger, an embezzling cashier, a fool of love, and above all another professional model. He yawned.

"You'd better go to bed, I suppose."

He offered his overcoat and she dived into it, bowed and slipped through the door. He went out on the balcony with her, led her to the balustrade and peered over with her. He shrank back and dragged her with him. Then she hurried away to her own room.

The next morning Pember scoured the village shops in vain for art materials. But he learned of a (Continued on page 106)



AND THEN Things Will Be Used to be *as they*

THE sun porch lay in the light of mid-morning. Light coming through the vines, through the grapefruit trees in the window. The light, the shadows on the tennis-court, the moving river at the foot of the lawn, all these seemed innocent. It seemed incredible that life was not like that, secure, serene, unchanging.

Mona Bertrand sat in the sun porch, in a willow long chair—she was still at the age at which long chairs were possible. She listened to the quiet of her house. No one downstairs, no one upstairs. No one on the tennis-courts, no one in the garden.

Once—on a morning such as this—Mark would have come cantering round from the stables, waving to her as he left for a gallop after breakfast, or would have come in, shying his gray felt hat onto the table. Leslie and Betty would have idled out from the breakfast-room, amiably quarreling, and would have rumped her hair and pulled her ears, and raced down to the tennis-courts. And the baby, Jamie—she could feel his warm uneasy little body tucked in an angle of the long chair while he made experimental words and motions, bland and undirected.

She caught her breath. Dear God, what a little while ago. Then the frightful scourge that had taken Jamie, after months of suffering, to the far sanitarium from which he might be released hopelessly a cripple. Before they knew that—she was thankful that it was before, so that Mark had not been chained to her by sympathy—before they knew about the baby, Mark had suddenly said to her: "Mona, I'm not the kind to deceive you. I love somebody else."

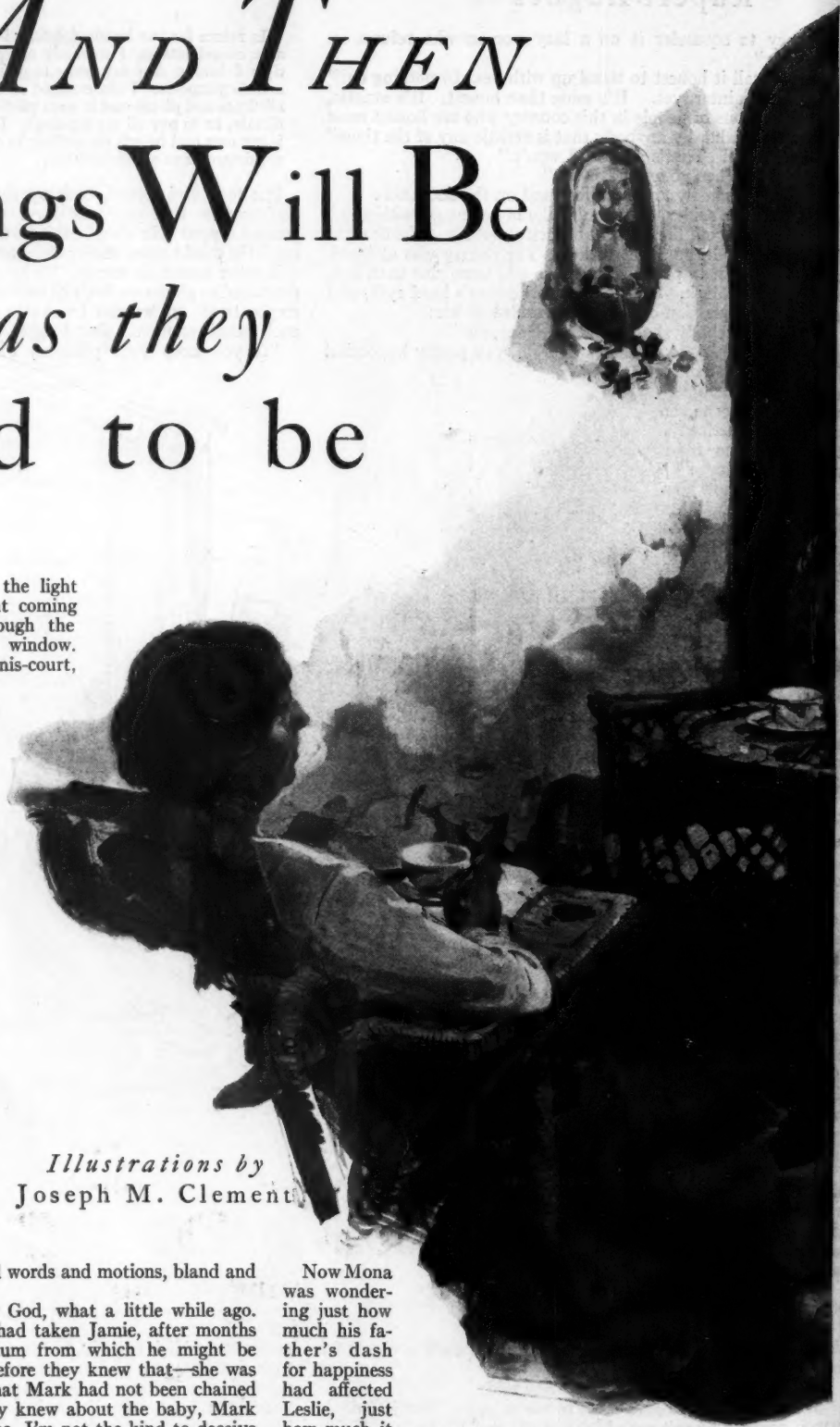
Because she had been stricken inwardly dumb, she had seemed cool; she had even said: "How sporting of you to tell me. Let's arrange it all for you as easily as possible." She hated to remember that once afterward she had broken down, had cried out to him, had even seen his tears shed—not for himself, however, but for her. Then he had gone with the girl—Molla Parks.

A casual-sounding name, she reflected. The name of a wife or a maid or a typist. She had been Mark's typist, as a matter of fact. "A nice girl," everyone had said.

Illustrations by
Joseph M. Clement

Now Mona was wondering just how much his father's dash for happiness had affected Leslie, just how much it was responsible for his seeming "off" Nellie Moore to whom everyone had expected his engagement including, certainly, Nellie herself. He had left for his engineering college the following autumn, without saying much—no great indignation at his father whom he adored, not too much outward sympathy for her, who could not have borne its expression.

But Betty, her little Betty, had been untouched by it, she could swear. At a boarding-school which advertised that it had never had a scandal—Mona laughed and stared down the sun porch.



By ZONA GALE

A Story of That

W^{ETERNAL PROBLEM—} HAT IS LOVE



*"Falk is no man for Betty, Mother," said Leslie.
"But I'm no one to talk. I'm in love with the
wife of the man I respect most in the world."*

Well, nothing was safe, nothing was un-
changing, for all the innocent quality of the
light on the courts. And nothing was as it
used to be.

Her world was dead. And this world that
she was living in was another dead world. She
wondered how many people lived like that,
in worlds that had died. And how long they could keep on.
She heard a car at the door, screened from the porch by
forsythia, in yellow bloom. She waited for the bell and heard
instead a hurrying step in the hall, and a voice:

"Oh, Mother!"

Betty! Betty in the middle of the semester, her school a
thousand miles away. Betty was more beautiful than she had
ever seen her. She had her mother in her arms, was crying a
little, laughing, explaining:

"No, darling. Not expelled—not suspended. Something

much nicer than either—if only you'll think so!"

They were in Betty's room, the smart luggage
left below stairs, Betty's smart hat still on her
head, and Betty incredibly saying:

"—met him at his own house, a terribly nice
place in the Berkshires. He gave a Sunday party
and I said I was going down to Father in New
York—I *did* go on the Saturday—and then Pan
and Grace and Patty met me, with Pan's car, and
we motored up to Great Barrington—and there

he was. Mummy, we
knew when we looked at
each other, and we told
each other in two hours."

"Darling! Why, how
can you be sure?"

"Sure? That's the only
way to be sure. Sure the
minute you see some-
body."

"But Betty! Is he—
what is he? Who is he?"

"He's a man! The
finest I've ever met. Oh,
they don't call him so,
and I may as well tell you
straight out that he's had
two wives."

"Betty!"

"Well, what's that?
He's been divorced from
both of them in a per-
fectly proper fashion—at
least the second decree
isn't fixed yet, or what-
ever you call it—but
Mother, he's so splendid
about those two women.
Not a word against either
of them—just his grave
sad way—and he's as rich
as millions, if that's any-
thing. Father was sur-
prised enough, when I
told him, to think such a
man—"

"You told your
father?"

"Cut school and went
straight back to New

York Monday and told him. I knew I never could stick school
again. I left next day in the most ladylike row—"

The school with never a scandal . . .

"What did your father say?"

"Well, Father knew him. Father says he's very well known
about town—well, don't look so stricken, dear! It's very smart
to be well known about town. And if you saw him—he's only
forty-five, and his house is a dream—but Mother, I'd love him
no matter how he looked or where he lived."

"But what did your father say about *you*?"

Betty tossed away her hat, and rose restlessly. "Well, he tried
to be nice. Poor darling, he couldn't say very much, could he?—
considering everything. He fussed of course, but on the whole
he was pretty modern. But he made me promise that I'd come
and talk with you before I did anything."

"He asked you to do that!"

"He practically forced me to do that. I'm terribly silly about

Father, Mummy. I adore him, no matter what he did. And then of course," said Betty, "Rob not having his divorce yet rather held things up a bit anyway."

Mona rose abruptly. "I'll go and see about luncheon," she said. "I expect you're starved." In the doorway she turned. "I'm glad you're here, darling. And you know I want your happiness, don't you?"

"You're a blessed not to preach, Mummy," said Betty, but this seemed to Mona half flattery and half threat.

She went down to the pantry telephone, and put in a call for Leslie, at his university. That much was plain. She must get him here and have him talk to Betty—Leslie was sane, Leslie was level-headed, above all Leslie was young. She felt herself at the incredible disadvantage of being older than Betty, of having had only those experiences which Betty recognized now as invalid, as alien to her own. Leslie must come, for he was modern!

While she gave her directions for luncheon, the call came and there he was—near and buoyant. "What's up, Mov? Who—Betty? That's jolly. Lord no, I can't come home. Got a couple dozen things—"

Her voice sounded to her sharp and remote. "You must come. Her father has insisted on her seeing us before—before— Oh, Les, you must come!"

"Coming!" he said soberly. "Be there tonight."

At luncheon, through which Betty talked only of Rob Falk, Mona found herself waiting for pauses into which she could set her own questions: "Your father—how did he look? Did he—did he seem happy, Betty?" What a shameful question, she thought angrily, and repeated it. She told herself that she must avoid going into Betty's matter too much until Leslie should be there to help her. Leslie would know what to say. All the while she was hanging on Betty's answer to her question.

"Well, Father"—Betty was saying—"yes, he seemed natural enough—and terribly nice to me. I never knew him so affectionate."

"Did he ask—" The words would not pass Mona's lips.

"Oh yes, all about you and the house, and Les and his school. And Jamie. I think he means to come out to Chicago to see Jamie. Poor little chap—I didn't stop this time, coming through. I was so crazy to get to you and tell you about Rob. Mother, Rob said . . ."

Mona listened.

Before luncheon was over, there was a ring. When she caught the voice, Betty ran to the hall, and Mona sat smiling to hear them—the two girls' trebles, both talking at once, quite indistinguishably and quite three tones higher than usual. Betty and Nellie Moore went to the sun porch, and Mona had snatches of what they said.

Yes, Betty was pouring it all out to Nellie Moore. If only Leslie and Nellie Moore were to marry, as everyone hoped, this would be in the family. She could hear Betty enjoyably swearing Nellie Moore to secrecy. "And my dear, that grand sad way that he has . . ."

Mona looked about the little dining-room. Was it possible that things had come to this? So short a time ago that Mark, Betty, Leslie, all at home, sat about that table; and Jamie was here beside her.

A pang of unbearable pain went through her. If she could turn back, just those two years, and find the past. And then things would be as they used to be . . .

Leslie came after dinner, as the two sat at coffee on the sun porch.

Leslie was enormous, hearty, athletic, but with a gentleness of voice and look and touch which left women captive. He came in like some violent animal with velvet pads and a purr.

At Betty's surprised greeting he caught the certainty that she had not expected his coming, scented the unusual, read his mother's look and

settled himself in silence, inobviously ready to hear everything.

"Les," said Betty, "I adore you. There's only one other being I adore more . . ." and she was off.

Mona watched her son's face. The face, she told herself, of a poet, a statesman, a god. The face of a man molded for great energies, who would shrink from anything less than his best. A face to set the world right. She watched him, while Betty poured out her story.

Leslie would know what to say!

She despised herself for feeling unable to meet this. It seemed so lately that she had been through it all, saying to Mark the little that she could say about carrying on—carrying on.

Oh, she was tired, too tired to know what to say. Leslie would know.

She saw Leslie draw back as she had expected he would, saw the look come into his face for which she had waited—and then another look. A look which searched Betty's eyes and dropped



"Modern!" said Mona. "You're as thick alike. Don't you know," she

before her own, as he rose and moved uncertainly away from them, and was silent.

"Les!" Betty was saying. "You tell Mother that being divorced twice is no worse than having been divorced once, as she and Father were."

"Leslie," said their mother, "will you try to make Betty see that we can't measure things this way? That there's more—"

Still he was silent. She hoped that he wouldn't be too hard on Betty; that he could make her see without hurting her too much.

"I'm afraid the man is not—that he isn't—" she tried to say.

"Rob Falk?" said Leslie sharply. "Why, there isn't a sportsman that doesn't know of him. He's lost two or three fortunes and got them back, not always in the decentest known way. He's no man for you, Betty."

Mona felt enormous relief. Of course he would know what to say. Betty had begun challengingly, "I love him . . ." and Leslie suddenly turned on her.

"I'm no man to talk with you!" he cried. "I'm in love with the

wife of the man I respect most in the world—and I don't care a hang about him. I've wanted to tell you, Mummy. I can't finish school. The thing has got me. She's ready to go with me."

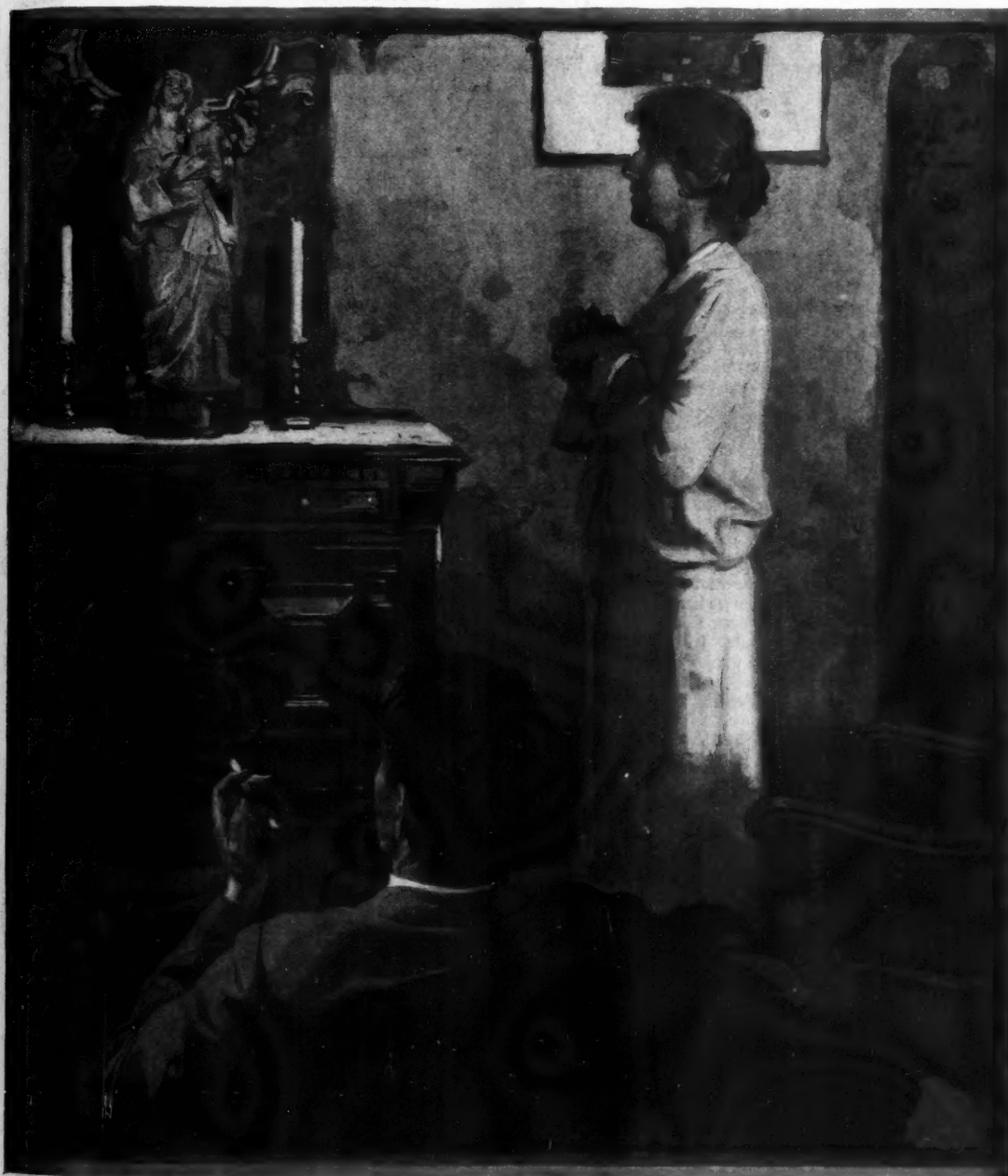
"Leslie!" He looked at his mother defiantly. "I knew what you'd say. I've funk'd telling you. It's no use, Mummy—the man means nothing to her. We belong to each other."

With a cry, Betty ran to him and threw herself upon him. "Darling! You're free too. I might have known you wouldn't be bound by any silly— Oh, Les! I hope you'll be happy!"

Mona sat dumb before them. Her two children, come to tell her that they were free to love whom they pleased, married or single, honorable or wastrel—and she with no words to meet their words. So this shameless duet would go on, by brother and sister—free!

When the bell rang, Mona put them aside and ran down the hall.

She wanted to be physically away (Continued on page 124)



standardized as the rocks. About love being enough, the whole crew of you asked Falk, "that love never was enough for any girl with a man like you?"

Ex-Parte

You Will Enjoy this Story by Ring

MOST always when a man leaves his wife, there's no excuse in the world for him. She may have made whoop-whoop-whoop with the whole ten commandments, but if he shows his disapproval to the extent of walking out on her, he will thereafter be a total stranger to all his friends excepting the two or three bums who will tour the night clubs with him so long as he sticks to his habit of paying for everything.

When a woman leaves her husband, she must have good and sufficient reasons. He drinks all the time, or he runs around, or he doesn't give her any money, or he uses her as the heavy bag in his home gymnasium work. No more is he invited to his former playmates' houses for dinner and bridge. He is an outcast just the same as if he had done the deserting.

Whichever way it happens, it's his fault. He can state his side of the case if he wants to, but there is nobody around listening.

Now I claim to have a little chivalry in me, as well as a little pride. So in spite of the fact that Florence has broadcast her grievances over the red and blue network both, I intend to keep mine to myself till death do me part.

But after I'm gone, I want some of my old pals to know that this thing wasn't as lopsided as she has made out, so I will write the true story, put it in an envelop with my will and appoint Ed Osborne executor. He used to be my best friend and would be yet if his wife would let him. He'll have to read all my papers, including this, and he'll tell everybody else about it and maybe they'll be a little sorry that they treated me like an open manhole.

(Ed, please don't consider this an attempt to be literary. You know I haven't written for publication since our days on "The Crimson and White," and I wasn't so hot then. Just look on it as a statement of facts. If I were still alive, I'd take a Bible oath that nothing herein is exaggerated. And whatever else may have been my imperfections, I never lied save to shield a woman or myself.)

Well, a year ago last May I had to go to New York. I called up Joe Paxton and he asked me out to dinner. I went, and met Florence. She and Marjorie Paxton had been at school together and she was there for a visit. We fell in love with each other and got engaged. I stopped off in Chicago on the way home, to see her people. They liked me all right, but they hated to have Florence marry a man who lived so far away. They wanted to postpone her leaving home as long as possible and they made us wait till April this year.

I had a room at the Belden and Florence and I agreed that when we were married, we would stay there awhile and take our time about picking out a house. But the last day of March, two weeks before the date of our wedding, I ran into Jeff Cooper and he told me his news, that the Standard Oil was sending him to China in some big job that looked permanent.

"I'm perfectly willing to go," he said. "So is Bess. It's a lot more money and we think it will be an interesting experience. But here I am with a brand-new place on my hands that cost me \$45,000, including the furniture, and no chance to sell it in a hurry except at a loss. We were just beginning to feel settled. Otherwise we would have no regrets about leaving this town. Bess hasn't any real friends here and you're the only one I can claim."

"How much would you take for your house, furniture and all?" I asked him.

"I'd take a loss of \$5,000," he said. "I'd take \$40,000 with the buyer assuming my mortgage of \$15,000, held by the Phillips Trust and Mortgage Company in Seattle."

I asked him if he would show me the place. They had only been living there a month and I hadn't had time to call. He said, what did I want to look at it for and I told him I would buy it if it looked o. k. Then I confessed that I was going to be married; you know I had kept it a secret around here.

Well, he took me home with him and he and Bess showed me everything, all new and shiny and a bargain if you ever saw one. In the first place, there's the location, on the best residential street in town, handy to my office and yet with a whole acre of ground, and a bed of cannas coming up in the front yard that Bess had planted when they bought the property last fall. As for the house, I always liked stucco, and this one is built! You could depend on old Jeff to see to that.

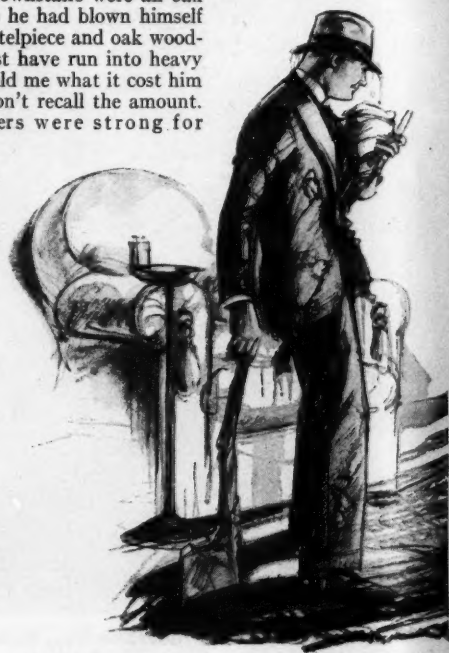
But the furniture was what decided me. Jeff had done the smart thing and ordered the whole works from Wolfe Brothers, taking their advice on most of the stuff, as neither he nor Bess knew much about it. Their total bill, furnishing the entire place, rugs, beds, tables, chairs, everything, was

only \$8,500, including a mahogany upright player-piano that they ordered from Seattle. I had my mother's old mahogany piano in storage and I kind of hoped Jeff wouldn't want me to buy this, but it was all or nothing, and with a bargain like that staring me in the face, I didn't stop to argue, not when I looked over the rest of the furniture and saw what I was getting.

The living-room had, and still has, three big easy chairs and a couch, all overstuffed, as they call it, to say nothing of an Oriental rug that alone had cost \$500. There was a long mahogany table behind the couch, with lamps at both ends in case you wanted to lie down and read. The dining-room set was solid mahogany—a table and eight chairs that had separated Jeff from \$1,000.

The floors downstairs were all oak parquet. Also he had blown himself to an oak mantelpiece and oak woodwork that must have run into heavy dough. Jeff told me what it cost him extra, but I don't recall the amount.

The Coopers were strong for mahogany and wanted another set for their bedroom, but Jake Wolfe told them it would get monotonous if there was too much of it. So he sold them five pieces—a bed, two chairs, a chiffonier and a dresser—of some kind of wood tinted green, with flowers painted on it. This was \$1,000 more, but it



W. Lardner if You are Interested in Early American Furniture, Bootleggers, or LOVE



Q "When I asked Florence if she was homesick she said no and cried some more."

certainly was worth it. You never saw anything prettier than that bed when the lace spreads were on.

Well, we closed the deal and at first I thought I wouldn't tell Florence, but would let her believe we were going to live at the Belden and then give her a surprise by taking her right from the train to our own home. When I got to Chicago, though, I couldn't keep my mouth shut. I gave it away and it was I, not she, that had the surprise.

Instead of acting tickled to death, as I figured she would, she just looked kind of funny and said she hoped I had as good taste in houses as I had in clothes. She tried to make me describe the house and the furniture to her, but I wouldn't do it. To appreciate a layout like that, you have to see it for yourself.

We were married and stopped in Yellowstone for a week on our way here. That was the only really happy week we had together. From the minute we arrived home till she left for good, she was a different woman than the one I thought I knew. She never smiled and several times I caught her crying.

She wouldn't tell me what ailed her and when I asked if she was

just homesick, she said no and choked up and cried some more.

You can imagine that things were not as I expected they would be. In New York and in Chicago and Yellowstone, she had had more life than any girl I ever met. Now she acted all the while as if she were playing the title rôle at a funeral.

One night late in May the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Dwan and she wanted Florence. If I had known what this was going to mean, I would have slapped the receiver back on the hook and let her keep on wanting.

I had met Dwan a couple of times and had heard about their place out on the Turnpike. But I had never seen it or his wife.

Well, it developed that Mildred Dwan had gone to school with Florence and Marjorie Paxton, and she had just learned from Marjorie that Florence was my wife and living here. She said she and her husband would be in town and call on us the next Sunday afternoon.

Florence didn't seem to like the idea and kind of discouraged it. She said we would drive out and call on them instead. Mrs. Dwan said no, that Florence was the newcomer and it was her (Mrs. Dwan's) first move. So Florence gave in.

They came and they hadn't been in the house more than a minute when Florence began to cry. Mrs. Dwan cried, too, and Dwan and I stood there first on one foot and then the other, trying to pretend we didn't know the girls were crying. Finally, to relieve the tension, I invited him to come and see the rest of the place. I showed him all over and he was quite enthusiastic. When we returned to the living-room, the girls had dried their eyes and were back in school together.

Florence accepted an invitation for one-o'clock dinner a week from that day. I told her, after they had left, that I would go along only on condition that she and our hostess would both control their tear-ducts. I was so accustomed to solo sobbing that I didn't mind it any more, but I couldn't stand a duet of it either in harmony or unison.

Well, when we got out there and had driven down their private lane through the trees and caught a glimpse of their house, which people around town had been talking about as something wonderful, I laughed harder than any time since I was single. It looked just like what it was, a reorganized barn. Florence asked me what was funny, and when I told her, she pulled even a longer face than usual.

"I think it's beautiful," she said. Tie that!

I insisted on her going up the steps alone. I was afraid if the two of us stood on the porch at once, we'd fall through and maybe founder before help came. I warned her not to smack the knocker too hard or the door might crash in and frighten the horses.

"If you make jokes like that in front of the Dwans," she said, "I'll never speak to you again."

"I'd forgotten you ever did," said I.

I was expecting a hostler to let us in, but Mrs. Dwan came in person.

"Are we late?" said Florence.

"A little," said Mrs. Dwan, "but so is (Continued on page 155)

Illustrations by
Oscar Frederick Howard



Q "What are those things?" Florence asked. 'A pair of shears, a blow torch and an ax,' I said. 'I'm going to antique this place.'"

By REX BEACH

A Novel of TODAY

Son of the Gods

The Story So Far:

AMONG the undergraduates at Eastern University Sam Lee was an outstanding figure by reason of his scholarship, his generosity and his great wealth. Reared in the atmosphere of tranquillity and luxury that pervaded his father's home, Sam Lee had absorbed Chinese philosophy and manners and made them his own. But there were times when he rebelled against all things Oriental; when a voice in him fairly shrieked that he was a white man in disguise. And never were these conflicting emotions more turbulent than in the moments when he came in contact with the girls at the university.

And then one night in spring two boys whose gratitude Sam had earned by innumerable loans insisted that he take them for a ride—with three girls. Sam, thinking the girls knew who and what he was, consented eagerly and for a time all was well. But later, when the party entered a road-house, the girls had their first real look at Sam and refused to remain at the restaurant with him. Outwardly calm, Sam accepted with dignity the boys' incoherent excuses, and determined to put the unpleasant episode out of his mind.

But he could not so easily forget Alice Hart, the girl who had been his companion on the drive and for whom he had felt instant sympathy. She was a poor, struggling art student, she had told him, and she too was lonely.

Some time afterward Sam was surprised, and no little pleased, to receive a telephone call from Miss Hart. In return, he sent her flowers. Thus their friendship began and swiftly it grew. Frequently at night they drove into the country and there were excursions into out-of-the-way restaurants where Alice taught him to dance. Then, since it would cause gossip for Sam to visit her, Alice suggested that she visit him. Though Sam's pride rebelled against the clandestine nature of their meetings he agreed at last to Alice's plan, and he was happier than he ever had been at Eastern.

When the end of the term approached Sam persuaded Alice to come to New York as his guest for a week of sightseeing and to meet his father, Lee Ying. There followed enchanted days and nights for the country girl. Sam sent her all the lovely things she admired in the shops and she came to regard him as a magician who had only to wave a wand—the wand of wealth—to make her every dream come true.

Finally came the visit to Lee Ying and again Alice was dazzled by her glimpse of Wonderland. Lee Ying's home on top of a tall building above the chaos of Chinatown was a princely dwelling filled with priceless treasures, and Lee Ying himself was an aristocrat and a charming host. Her cup was full when the old Chinaman proffered financial aid so that she might continue her studies abroad. Alice dazedly accepted his offer, but Sam was dismayed. And Lee Ying, who had

accurately appraised the girl, resented Sam's blindness to her faults, for he intuitively felt her to be conniving, ambitious and crude.

But Sam, blind though he was to Alice's shortcomings, understood his father's action; and that night he asked the girl to marry him. Her instant recoil told him the truth and a quarrel ensued; deeply hurt, he left her. Two days later a lawyer brought her a steamship ticket and letter of credit . . .

Sam returned to Eastern in the fall and resumed his college life, but he was constantly at war with himself. In him raged the conflict of two human forces—heredity and environment. And these antagonistic influences had their beginnings twenty years before, in the Chinatown of San Francisco, and were due to Pan Yi's prayers and the great heart of Officer Dunne, a sentimental patrolman.

THERE had been feasting in the house of Lee Ying and now there was music, the sound of which caused a crowd to gather outside of his store. The onlookers were greatly interested in what was going on: there was a continuous clacking of tongues, eyes were glued upon the blazing upstairs windows through which issued the clashing of cymbals, the twanging of guitars, the harsh notes of flageolets and the shrilling of flutes. These harmonious sounds, together with the coming and going of prominent people, all dressed in sumptuous attire, constituted quite an entertainment for the loiterers.

Lee Ying, proprietor of the Palace of Imperial Bounty, largest and most prosperous of the great San Francisco bazaars, was a rich man, and he lived in the luxury befitting a noble. His rooms were spacious, they were paneled in carved wood overlaid with gold or hung with ornamental silk of delicate colorings; rugs of Tientsin covered the floors and from his ceilings swung crystal chandeliers that glittered with the blinding brilliance of a midday sun.

In the street below it was rumored that tonight's feast had included not only all that the local markets afforded but also such rare, incomparable and high-priced importations from the homeland as



Illustrations by
Rico Tomaso



Lee Ying prayed long and earnestly. His plea, translated, would have been, "Show me the way of righteousness, and give me strength to follow it."

bird's-nest broth, sharks' fins, ducks steamed in the vapor of *fen* spirits, larded quails, sucking pigs, fish gills, preserved eggs, sweet lotus soup, rice and pear wine. The number and the character of these delicacies varied according to the taste or the imagination of the speaker.

But it was known to all that Lee Ying was a generous man and this being a notable occasion in his life it was considered likely that he would distribute gifts among those who were too lowly actually to sit at his table but who, nevertheless, did him the courtesy to smack their hungry lips outside his door and to wish him a hundred birthdays and to forecast a thousand distinguished honors for his infant son. In this hope the crowd waited.

Their patience was rewarded in due time. Even Officer Dunne, a seasoned member of the local police squad, shared in the importer's generosity, for Lee Ying sent a servant out on the streets in search of him, then left his important guests long enough to present the patrolman with a bundle of bank-notes and to offer him, with a ceremony that engaged Lee Ying's two hands, a bowl of hot rice wine.

The policeman was loath to take the money but he accepted the wine readily enough. "Here's health to your son," he said, lifting the cup high. "As fine a baby as ever I saw. May he never know bad health, bad luck or bad company and grow up to be even half the man his father is."

The Chinaman bowed and beamed. In his precise, deliberate English he thanked the speaker for these good wishes.

"My wife and I are thankful that Heaven sent him to us and we rejoice that the auguries are favorable for his future. The signs and portents point to great riches and much luck."

"You're certainly giving him a grand start. Why, this is like Chinese New Year, all but the firecrackers. Well, every christening ought to be a high-jinks, to my way of thinking."

"Yes. He is our first-born, our last, our only son. Our joy is overwhelming."

"Sure, it is," Dunne nodded. "You people put a lot more importance to children than we do. With us Irish they're a kind of a plague. And his luck is starting early; knowing you and Mrs. Lee like I do it strikes me he's the fortunate one, not you."

"We regard it differently. In our eyes it is a matter of first importance that a man should have a son to offer sacrifice at the Ancestral Hall and to worship at his tomb."

"I know."

"The supplication of a Chinese is not, 'Give me children or I die,' but 'Give me a son or I cannot die in peace.' We have a saying that it is hard to be poor without murmuring but it is harder to be rich without arrogance. I have met the test of both but neither is so hard as to grow old without an heir."

"You're the best citizen in the quarter, Mr. Lee, and the most like a white man of any Chinese I ever knew, but at heart you're just what you've always been. You people don't change much, do you?"

"It is one of the qualities responsible for our greatness," Lee Ying smiled. He could not long keep his mind from what was going on in his home, and he went back to it again, beaming genially: "Yes, this is truly a great occasion. What you would call a miracle has happened. My wife, Pan Yi, as you know, is a 'praying woman'—"

"I didn't know. But religion never hurt anybody," asserted Dunne, who was warmed by the rice wine.

"I should have said she is a barren woman. It is the custom of our barren women to pray ceaselessly in the hope of obtaining offspring. They burn incense in the joss-houses and make offerings to the lions in front of our temples—and yours, too. Lions are sacred animals, you know. Poor little Pan Yi has walked far on her lily feet bearing wine and pork and chicken and rice to the many lions guarding your so-great and so-numerous public buildings. Miles and—"

"So, that's what they're up to with their punk sticks and joss-paper? I never knew."

"She is a devout woman but Heaven was slow in responding to her prayers, and mine. Meanwhile, age crept upon us; we grew brittle and dry. We began to despair. I dare say it was only a test of our faith, or perhaps our offerings were unsuitable."

"Little did I think he'd fall into a soft home like this or that you'd take to him right off the bat. Not many would."

"Pan Yi held the little man in her hungry arms and his mouth sought her breast. His tendril fingers curled around my unworthy thumb. In our hearts we recognized him as our son."

Dunne shot a quick glance at the speaker. "Well, that's a—that's one way to put it."

"As truly our son as if Pan Yi had suffered the pangs of child-birth." This was said with deliberate emphasis.

"Sa-ay!" The policeman stared incredulously. "I thought you were kidding. Ain't you going to adopt him? Why, I'm liable to get in trouble—"

"We shall not adopt him, for he is ours. It would be an affront to the beneficent powers who laid him in our arms."

"But, man dear! Anybody can tell he's not a Chinese kid . . . I figured it was a great break for him to be adopted by a rich man like you: a lot better than a foundlings' home. Those kids never amount to anything. But—I'm supposed to report such things."

"You look at it through Western eyes, we through eyes of deeper understanding. He is a godling, a boy from the azure sky, but his flesh has been made our flesh, his blood our blood."

"Hm—m! I know what it means when you people get an idea in your heads. There's no getting it out."

"Rest assured he will fare better than a son by adoption."

"He may be a Chinese, at that," Dunne admitted, after consideration. "Babies look pretty much alike. But suppose he ain't? Suppose he grows up to look white?"

"It is of more importance to consider how he will think, how he will act, how he will live. In view of his celestial origin is it reasonable to expect him to look like other boys? No. He shall be reared like the superior being he is."

"That's all right, too," Dunne said, still unconvinced and with



"I'll kill myself. Honest I facing Sam. 'What are you

misgivings in his mind, "but you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

"Heredity! A myth of the Occident." Lee Ying dismissed the subject with a wave of his loose silken sleeve. "We Chinese are old in wisdom. The perfection of a vase lies not in the potter's clay but in the craft of the artist who fashions it and in the skill of the glazier. A son from the clouds has come to me; my life shall be devoted to rearing him in the likeness of a prince. I have meditated. I have no fear."

No doubt there were some residents of San Francisco's Chinatown who considered it strange that a son had come to a couple

as old as Lee Ying and his wife and who therefore exchanged gossip on the subject, but, if so, they were too polite or too politic to permit their words to reach the importer's ears. He was jealous of his honor, as befits any right-living man, and it was known that he could be vindictive towards those who offended him.

After all it was a matter that concerned him alone and the average Chinese is not meddlesome at best. Moreover he has faith in his gods, or in any event, he believes in their ability to manifest their powers when moved to do so. If the supplications of Pan Yi had indeed been (Continued on page 182)



will," Mona cried. "You unfeeling monster," said Mrs. Stevens, going to do about it?" "Relieve you of my eighty dollars," said Sam.

Lord Birkenhead

WILL our homes be like hives, with woman supreme and man relegated to the baser duties of domestic life? While the wife, top-hat on head, sells stock on the Exchange; or, with powdered wig covering her shingled hair, dispenses justice and aphorism from the bench; or edits a newspaper; or manages a bank; or takes up a pavement with drill and pick? While she is doing these things, will he order the meals and direct his staff of male servants; will his sons concentrate on a little plain sewing and wish they were girls; and will he be ready, neat and smiling, to greet his weary mate when she returns in the evening from her labors?

ONE of the most commonly quoted classical tags reminds us that times change, and we change in them. In other words, morals are constantly liable to change, for what seems right to one generation may be accepted with doubt by the next, and perhaps rejected altogether by the third. To suggest, therefore, that our morals today may have changed from those of a generation or even a dozen years ago, is merely to suggest the obvious, and it would be no sign of decay or weakness in our own time if in several fundamental respects our views were to become "looser," or rather, more tolerant.

Consciously or unconsciously, a people—whether it be a tribe or a whole civilization—tends to regard as right such lines of conduct as promote its own survival; and as wrong whatever is likely to endanger its continuance.

In our modern world, civilization has built up greater reserves against its own disappearance, and changes of morals are in consequence neither abrupt nor easily to be observed. In such an inquiry as the present, we are likely to be concerned more with the surface than with the foundation of our morality. The latter has been more or less fixed during the last twenty centuries of human growth, so far as Western civilization is concerned.

That the war seemed very definitely to affect the moral outlook of the Western world cannot be disputed. Some have said that the effect of the war was to give men and women a much lessened respect for human life. There was undoubtedly a wave of violence in every belligerent country during the period immediately following the armistice. But I believe that this was due less to the war itself than to the general disintegration of affairs caused by that catastrophe. Already, a decade from the end of the war, the old idea of the sacredness of human life has reasserted itself. Murders in England are little, if at all, more common today than they were before the war; the same, I imagine, is true of minor crimes of violence. In this very important respect our old morality seems to be reasserting itself.

Western civilization is based principally upon the family. It is natural, therefore, to expect that any fundamental change in our morals will first be evident in the domestic sphere. And there it is, in my view, that the most positive change has occurred since the war, and is still in progress.

The new status of women is the key to our changed, or rather changing morals—so far as any change has taken place. Women have sought to obtain a more independent position in the world, and without doubt they have to some extent attained it.

Whether they have improved their position, even from their own immediate point of view, is highly disputable. I have never thought "emancipation," as it is called, other than a double-edged weapon for those women who employed it.

At the same time, it is clear that the principle—the right of women to take their place, if they wish and if they can, in the working world—has been established.

Has this changed our morals? Will it eventually do so? I shall return later to this point.

Just as we are told that the war has destroyed the social value of human life, so it was stated that it had led to a permanent

weakening of sexual morals. I think that those who made this statement were deceived into mistaking an ephemeral for a permanent state of affairs.

We all know that men were ardent and women frail during the agitated period of the war. When life itself was so fleeting, it was only natural that strict virtue should have been relaxed. Thousands of rash entanglements were made; thousands of hasty marriages were contracted, where marriage between lovers was possible.

Has this state of affairs persisted? We do not often hear today, as we did then, of young men meeting and marrying almost chance acquaintances. We do not hear, except infrequently, of sudden disastrous elopements and the consequent breaking up of homes.

Loveless marriages and unmarried loves exist today, as they always have existed, but the stern social morality which forbids the surrender to sudden temptation and punishes, by one means or another, those who succumb to it, has reestablished its supremacy.

It is arguable, none the less, that in one way or another the social code, or rather the sexual code, is altering. We may perhaps still be too close to the change, too unconscious of it or too mistaken in our view of it to realize its exact nature. Yet human nature alters little. The proportion of frail to virtuous women is probably constant throughout the ages in any civilization.

It is true that at certain periods the opportunities for illicit amours are greater, the risk of detection less, the fear of social ostracism smaller. This is perhaps the key to the position of today. We have not yet fully settled down from the war. Family life has not yet wholly reasserted its dominance over individual caprice. Until it does, we must be prepared to face an apparent laxity of sexual morals.

Pessimists point to the divorce courts as evidence of an increasing laxity. Here they tread dubious ground. All familiar with the history of the divorce laws of England know that, unsatisfactory as they still are in many ways today, they have in late years been somewhat adjusted to the demands of enlightened society.

I should be much alarmed if such unhealthy manifestations as the so-called "trial marriages," which recently have been entered into in a few notorious cases in America, were prevalent in this country. "Safety first" is a very good motto in a crowded street, but a bad one on the path of life.

The young people who—to judge also by some recent novels—would like to introduce trial marriages seem to me as extraordinarily selfish as they are extraordinarily foolish creatures. No one in England is forced to marry. Marriage is dictated by neither religious nor economic codes. There is no tax yet on bachelors or spinsters, and the suggestion that it is cheaper to feed two than one is not borne out by an examination of tradesmen's books.

The element of risk is inseparable from marriage, just as it is inseparable from everything else in life which is worth undertaking. Any young couple who, for fear lest their marriage may turn out a failure, do not marry, are certainly destined never to be happily married.

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Frederick Edwin Smith, Earl of Birkenhead, present Secretary of State for India.

It is essentially the fact that each party in marriage has knowingly entrusted his or her individual happiness to the other which, I am convinced, forms the true psychological bond of matrimony. The trial marriage is a disgusting perversion of human emotions, suitable only for a monkey-house supervised by professional eugenisists.

There spring up nowadays from time to time colonies of long-haired men and short-haired women who claim to be devoting themselves to the simple sexual life. These loathsome apparitions are not more common today than they were before the war, and I cannot admit them as evidence of a changing state of morals.

They also appear to me as human monkey-houses, but without eugenic excuse. Today, as yesterday, they never survive long. Nature always reasserts herself. It is only too true that in this world one gets nothing for nothing, and "free love" is a contradiction in terms.

Now as to the reflection in our moral outlook of the new status in which the women of our generation claim to have established themselves. Has their claim to independence, to equal opportunities with men, to the right, as they say, to lead their own lives, made a marked difference in the moral basis of our civilization? Is it likely to do so in the future?

After all, every age has noted with alarm that its women were

getting out of hand, and that its morals were, in consequence, degenerating. Aristophanes and Juvenal both subscribed to this opinion as regards their own times. And in our history there has never been a period when wiseacres did not make the same complaint.

Century after century they have expounded the same double text, that women were neglecting their duties and that morality was in decay. There seems no special reason why we, seeing how ill-founded was the alarm of our ancestors, should echo their lamentations.

I am bound to say that, whatever appearances may at first suggest, I do not believe that any considerable moral change has taken place. If it had, one would expect the ancient chivalry of men towards women to have been weakened by this very claim to equality. But we know that this chivalry is ingrained in all our institutions.

To take only one or two outstanding examples, we find that, in law, it is generally assumed that, when a husband and wife commit an illegal act, the wife, except in the gravest case of murder or treason, is acting under her husband's coercion. But it is not every family nowadays in which the husband is actually the coercive partner; nor, apparently, was it in the days of Macbeth. Chivalry here takes precedence over fact.

The old chivalry enters also into the minor details of life. While the average young man persists in offering his seat in the omnibus or tube train to a member of the opposite sex, I would deny that any fundamental change in our morals has taken place. This gesture, in itself so unimportant, is a symbol of an ancient sentiment. While such traditions remain unchanged in the relation between the sexes, how can it be asserted that our morals have changed?

But, of course, the change may be going on under the surface and we may not yet be conscious of it. It is of course possible—is it probable?—that we are entering an era where the fundamental facts of family relationship will be inverted.

Will our homes be like hives, with woman supreme and man relegated to the baser duties of domestic life? While the wife, top-hat on head, sells stock on the Exchange; or, with powdered wig covering her shingled hair, dispenses justice and aphorism from the bench; or edits a newspaper; or manages a bank; or takes up a pavement with drill and pick? While she is doing these things, will he order the meals and direct his staff of male servants; will his sons concentrate on a little plain sewing and wish they were girls; and will he be ready, neat and smiling, to greet his weary mate when she returns in the evening from her labors?

These of course are—and are intended to be—wild ravings. Men are men; women are women; and except after a historic fashion, the two will never mix.

Morality is still based in our Western civilization on family life; and in a family, which is a social unit, the scope for change is inconceivably small.

Either our family relationships will remain fundamentally as they are today, or the paradoxical reverse, which I have tried to picture above, must happen.

I do not think the second alternative conceivable. There remains equality, as between husband and wife, and this seems to me even more fantastic.

Therefore, since I am convinced that the family as we know it will survive as the social unit, I argue that, in the main, our morals have not changed, are not changing, and will not change.

The Wooden horse

By John Erskine

Illustrations by Erté

ODYSSEUS was ten years getting home from Troy. Homer made a hero out of him, the type of those who, though tossed about by waves of ocean or of fate, are resourceful and patient. Homer was his best friend.

Oddly enough, Odysseus was no great admirer of Helen. It may have been this peculiarity which caused her to speak of him always with respect. Unless you read carefully, you get the impression he was one of her many suitors, pledged with them to stand by the lucky man who won her; therefore he went to Troy with the rest, and through his cleverness—the wooden horse, and all that—enabled the Greeks to catch the beautiful but naughty woman, and make her live with her husband again. A competent citizen, with an eye to the interests of the community.

The facts are otherwise. He was only technically a suitor, not being in love with that particular lady, and though he did swear to help Menelaos if anyone ran off with her, yet when the clearly foreseen accident occurred, he tried to back out. Not that he was a coward, but he had no stake in that war. When the city was tottering and the Greeks were exhausted, both sides having had enough, he did invent that absurd wooden machine, but a woman had a hand in the affair, the very woman, Helen herself.

Indeed, most of his famous exploits involve women. Some of them are called goddesses, but it comes to the same thing. He had a gift for narrative and could bestow romance upon the bleakest episode. So many women, in fact, that Samuel Butler insisted the *Odyssey* must have been composed by a female partial to her sex, an aggressive feminist.

When you look into it, you don't know whether to call the hero "much wandering, much tossed about," or "much mothered." If these women hadn't taken him in, furnished him with bed and board, and passed him along, he never would have got home.

It's time his doings were reported from their point of view. The wooden-horse affair, to begin with.

The Greeks were holding a council in the early evening, active combat having ceased, as usual, at supper time.

Agamemnon summed up his opinion in a few vigorous words. "As I see it, we've been here ten years and we're getting nowhere. Five years ago the prospect was bright. The Trojans came out almost every day, and Achilles would cut them down. The mortality exceeded the birth-rate, and time was a factor on our side. After Achilles died, we lost ground, but since his efficient son joined us and took his place, the favorable ratio has

A New Light
on that

Famous Episode
in the

Private Life of
Helen of Troy



been restored, or would be if the Trojans hadn't adopted their present despicable tactics. They now decline to come out and be killed. This campaign has become static."

He sat down, and many in the circle commented privately on his lucid style and his realistic turn of thought. Odysseus stood up and cleared his throat.

"Though I agree with the previous speaker as to our condition at the moment, I see no reason why our strategy should remain paralyzed."

"I didn't say our strategy is paralyzed," interrupted Agamemnon; "I said the campaign is static. You don't, by any chance, imply criticism of my command?"

"I imply nothing. I was about to contribute an idea. If the Trojans won't come out, we'll have to go in."

He sat down, and many in the circle reflected how simple the problems of life are, when a real mind gets to work on them. But Agamemnon was not impressed.

"If I get your idea," he said, "we're to knock on the gate and ask them to open up. I move that Odysseus be elected a committee of one to call on the Trojans."

The King of Ithaca declined to be rebuked.

"My plan contemplated a certain elaboration which would involve the whole army. If I'm not taking up too much of this assembly's valuable time"

Agamemnon grunted. "Go on, we've nothing else to do."

"Well, then, why not build an immense effigy of wood, a figure suitable for worship in a temple, but hollow, so that a number of us can hide inside? Leave it where it will attract the attention of the Trojans, who will then welcome it as the symbol of a god come to aid them."

"And what happens next?" said Agamemnon.

"They'll take it into the city, of course, and during the night those of us who are concealed

within will creep out, unlock the gates and admit the others."

The council couldn't resist a round of applause—all except Agamemnon. "This god or idol we're to make—you didn't say what the thing is to look like."

"A horse," said Odysseus. "Since it's to be found on the shore, they will think it's a gift from the sea, one of Poseidon's horses."

Agamemnon laughed, not in a complimentary tone.

"This proposal strikes me as ridiculous. Even if we could build such a contrivance with enough resemblance to the animal to deceive the near-sighted, and even if the Trojans should want the monster in their town, how could they move it? With a number of us inside, too?"

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"Before burdening you with this suggestion, I talked it over with the ship's carpenter. He thinks he could make a passable horse, in fact, a rather artistic representation. You've all noticed the lifelike emblem on the prow of my boat—we've only to repeat it on a larger scale. As for moving it, we'll provide rollers."

"Do you think I'd ask any friend," said Agamemnon, "to go to his death in that crazy trap? The Trojans would probably burn it as a thank-offering—that is, if we had gone home. Unless we go, you couldn't build a horse fascinating enough to lure them out. And besides, we don't know what sort of guard they keep in Troy—even if the plan worked, the men in the horse wouldn't know how to let in the rest of the army."

The council thought it over, and the wooden horse began to look a bit impracticable. "Unless," continued the chief, "some reckless idiot here volunteers to pay a call on the city, as I suggested a moment ago, and ask them just what their internal arrangements are."

The assembly laughed, seizing the excuse of his sarcasm to hide their general aversion to spy duty. Odysseus was stung; he wasn't accustomed to public ignominy.

"If my plan is adopted, I'll volunteer! I'm no more eager than the rest of you to die, but it's this or nothing. If you had any ideas yourself, Agamemnon, your smartish talk would be more appropriate. But now I make you a fair offer—if this assembly will vote to build the wooden horse and try out my plan, I'll enter Troy tonight and learn how to open the gates!"

While the votes were being counted, he rather hoped they would reject his plan, but they didn't.

"Perhaps I was hasty," he said, "in promising to go tonight."

One or two of his companions snickered.

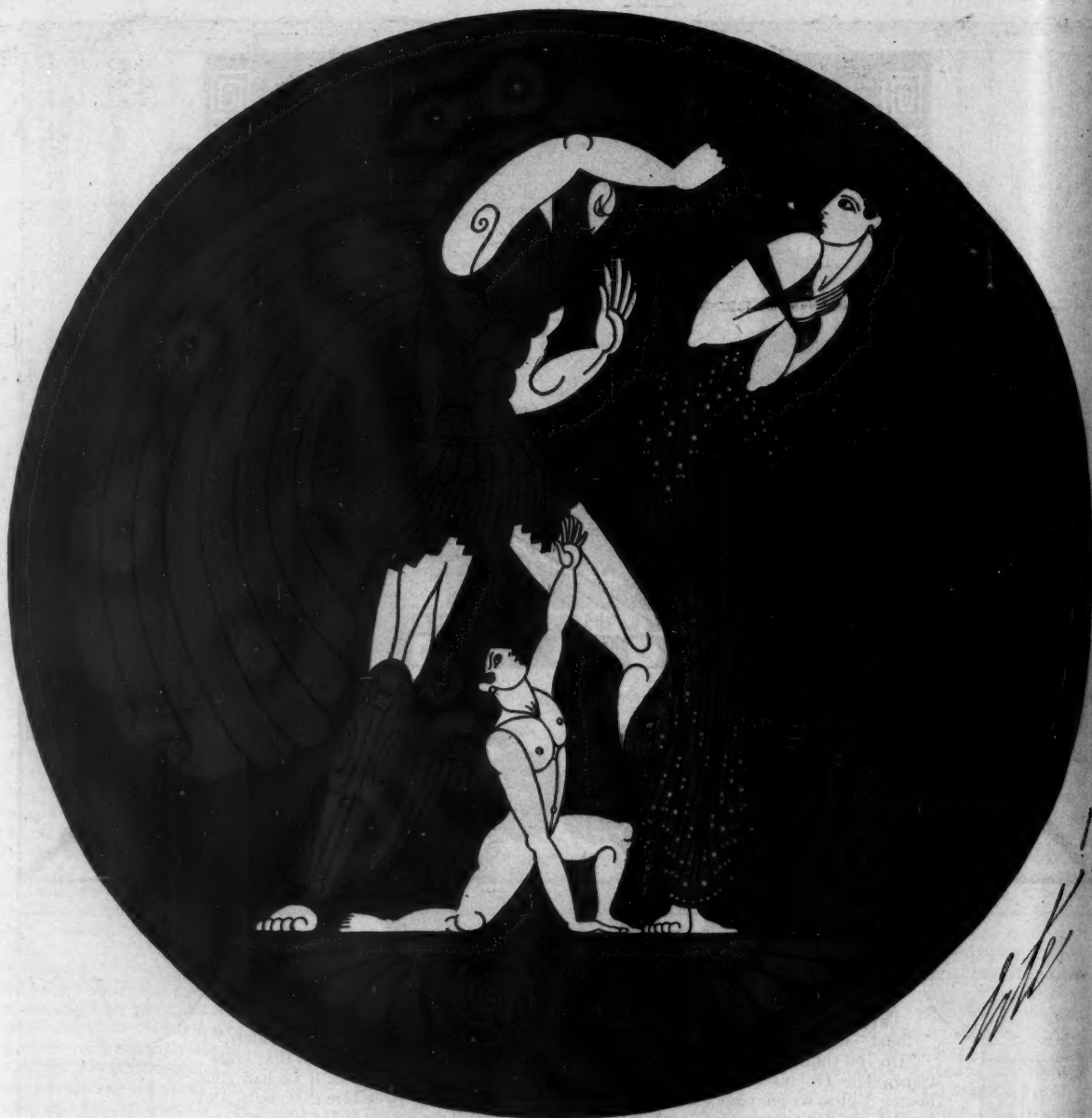
"There isn't time to get well started before dark. But tomorrow evening——"

"Don't hurry yourself," said Agamemnon. "If I know the ship's carpenter, the horse won't be ready."

The next evening Odysseus was in Troy, talking with Helen.

He had gone around and entered by the eastern gate, disguised as one of the neutral merchants who at the moment were doing a heavy trade with the wealthier families among the besieged, buying superfluous rugs and objects of art in exchange for food. He wore a shabby coat, he had cut off his flowing hair, he had reduced his splendid beard to a state suggesting that he hadn't been shaved for a week. In short, he looked like a rug merchant, of the poorer and more persistent sort. The one weapon he carried, a sharp knife, was gracefully disposed under his left arm, where it wouldn't show.

He had accumulated several articles of value, and had got rid of all the food Agamemnon had been willing to invest, but as yet he had learned nothing about the city gates.



Discouraged, he sat down on the steps of the nearest porch. It was a fine house, but he didn't care. He wished he had eaten some of the good things now represented by the heavy bundle of rugs at his feet. Hunger told on him more than danger.

A very beautiful girl stuck her head out the door.

"You'll have to move on, or I'll call the janitor."

"Young woman, the janitor isn't necessary. If you could provide me with a modest sandwich or two, as any wayfarer has the right to expect of a well-mannered household——"

"Our manners are as they should be, but we have no sandwiches. You move on!"

She was quite outside the door, menacing but altogether charming. Odysseus appraised her figure with the eye of a connoisseur. In two or three years, when she should be a bit more mature——

"You move on, I say! I don't like your looks at all!"

ODYSSEUS adjusted the rugs and leaned against them.

"Young woman, I suspect this house does not belong to you. If you'll ask the true owner to step out here I'd like a word with him. Or, as the case may be, with her."

The girl's eyes narrowed. "You suspect it doesn't belong to me, do you? Do you know what I suspect? I suspect you're a spy. You'd better move on before I call the police. The last one they caught didn't enjoy himself."

"Didn't he?" Odysseus was trying to keep his voice easy and nonchalant. "Of course he wouldn't. They killed him, naturally."

"It came to that, in the end." She implied something very bad.

"Served him right! We can't have spies coming in here." His throat was a little dry.

"I suppose not," said the girl, softening, "but I don't see why we must be so cruel."

"Oh, was it cruel?"

"Was it! I didn't see it done myself. They stuck a sharp stake up through him and planted it in the ground. They say his wriggings were unusually protracted."

Odysseus was very angry. "That's what you'd expect of barbarians! We cut throats when it's necessary, but we don't torture!"

Her eyes narrowed again, and she backed toward the door. "We don't, don't we? Who's 'we'?"

"I come from a remote people, toward the East," said Odysseus. "If I say it myself, a civilized people, given to the arts rather than to war."

"Are you all beggars?"

He was thinking up a disarming answer, when a strong rough-looking man, a servant probably, pushed out of the house behind the girl.

"What's going on here, Adraste?"

"It's a Greek spy, just dropping in for a little talk with the owner of the house. And before he betrays the city, he'd like a sandwich."

The man laughed and walked over toward Odysseus. "When do you come from?"

"From the East. As the young woman knows perfectly, I'm

a rug dealer. Don't you folks let an innocent traveler rest a moment on the doorstep? She's been trying to scare me out of it."

The man looked him over. "You talk like a Greek," he said, "but the evil state of your person suggests descent from rug dealers. If you are now sufficiently rested, would you mind getting off our porch? You are no ornament."

Odysseus rose slowly, as he had seen beggars do.

"My Greek accent," he said, "I picked up in that country on business trips before the war. They are in the wrong now, of course; if I weren't loyal to Troy, I wouldn't be here at this minute. But your inhospitality compels me to say that no Greek ever treated me so badly. You might learn from them."

"From who? Those fellows who've been trying for ten years to get in here? Agamemnon's an ass."

"There's something in that," said Odysseus. "He's overrated."

"And Menelaos is worse, by all accounts."

"Oh, you can't trust gossip. Menelaos has his points."

The man sat down on the step beside him, and Odysseus decided to stay a while longer. The girl leaned against the door, listening.

"When you used to visit Greece, before the war, did you ever see those two?"

"Often. We were—" He was about to add "old friends," but remembered just in time.

"Well, there may be something to them, but what I'd like to know is why that rascal Odysseus attacked us. He must have a pretty mean streak in him."

"On the contrary," said Odysseus. "It has often occurred to me that he has more brains than all his allies put together. Certainly a gifted man, and one of the few who take part in this war for high-minded reasons. The motives of the others are, I understand, selfish."

"I see," said the man, "you don't know much about them, after all. Odysseus is nothing but a chatterer. Talks all the time. Never did a brave thing in his life."

"Again I disagree," said Odysseus. "He has great abilities. What we need is someone like him on the Trojan side."

"All right—you can have his job."

The man moved a little closer to Odysseus

and took hold of his wrist.

"Adraste, you may call the

police. You guessed right

—this fellow's a spy!"

Odysseus thought fast.

"Call the whole force, when-

ever you like." He fancied

his tone sounded mildly

amused. When the man

looked the other way, he

would get out the hidden

knife.

"We shan't need the

whole force—one or two

will be enough, Adraste."

The girl departed down

the street, in no unseemly

haste. Odysseus watched

her for a moment. When

he gave his attention again

to his captor, he was shocked to see his knife in the fellow's hand.

The man was disgustingly pleased with himself.

"Now we'll just sit here quietly," he said, "until they come to take you."

"Rest is what I need," said Odysseus, "but if I'm not mis-

taken, you have helped yourself to my property. That knife is of

no intrinsic value, but it has sentimental associations. My dear

father, an old man, gave it to me when I went in business. I

carry it for his sake."

The man handled the weapon with respect, testing the point

and running his thumb along the blade.

"Your sentiment," he said, "has quite an edge on it."

Odysseus dropped the subject. He wondered whether it would

be worth while to try bribery.

"Have you noticed my rugs? There are several in that bundle

which money couldn't buy. Let me show you."

He stooped down to unroll them, but the man wasn't inter-

ested. In fact he laid the point of the knife very neatly against

Odysseus' ribs.

"Sit up straight there! We'll examine your plunder later.

The owners have probably sent in descriptions of it already."

"I didn't steal it!" said Odysseus.

"My mistake! No doubt they made you a present of it." They watched each other through another silence.

"By the way," said Odysseus, "this is a very nice house you have."

"We'll always remember that it had your approval," said the fellow.

"It's yours, of course?"

"In the same sense as the city's yours. You're a captive, and I'm a slave."

Odysseus saw a line to develop. "I didn't realize we were in the same boat. From your appearance I thought—"

"Yes, you did!" sneered the man.

"I suppose," said Odysseus, "you'd be glad to run away, if you had a good chance and a little aid?"

"You suppose wrong. I've a good berth."

A SECOND later he wished he had drawn Odysseus out.

"Supposing I did want to run, what then?"

His tone was too crafty.

"Oh, nothing," said Odysseus. "I was just feeling sorry for you."

The man grunted. A long minute went by.

"Who does own the house if you don't?"

"I like your nerve—as though you didn't know!"

"My word of honor, I don't!"

"You must be one of those Greek orators," said the man.

"What's the use of lying when I can see through you?"

Odysseus put on his most offended dignity. "When I report your conduct to the court," he began, "the Trojan judges, for whom I have the greatest respect, will—"

"They'll never lay eyes on you. We dispose of spies automatically."

They watched each other again.

"That charming young woman," said Odysseus, "whose name I didn't catch must have gone for a long walk. Or perhaps the police force is occupied else-

where this evening?"

The man was a little worried. "They should be here by now . . . She ought to have found one of them on the next block."

"Oh, that's the kind of force you have, is it?" said Odysseus. "Ah, there they come!"

He pointed down the street, and the man stretched his neck to see. Odysseus helped himself to his knife.

"Where'd you say? I can't make out a sign of them."

Odysseus rose nimbly to his feet. "On second thoughts, my friend, neither can I. If you'll move off a few paces, I'll pick up my bundle. When the young woman arrives, please convey to her my admiring regard."

He turned to pick up his bundle, but the man had no intention of letting him get away.

"Help! Sp—"

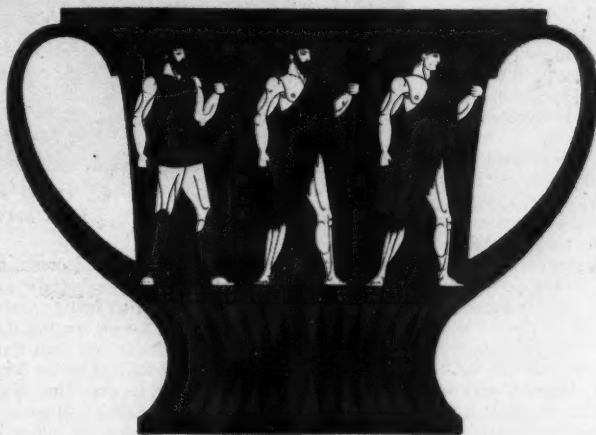
The vowel in the last word died into a groan as Odysseus got his thumb on the windpipe again.

"What's all this?" said a singularly appealing voice. Odysseus turned and looked at the most beautiful woman in the world. He recognized her at once. Desperately he hoped his disguise was perfect. With her came the girl.

"This fellow is a Greek spy, madam. I sent Adraste for the police."

"So she said. I thought I'd look at him. Now we'll all go in, before the neighbors join us."

She went through the door first, and (Continued on page 176)



throat, with the point of the knife under his chin.

"One word out of you, and in it goes! Swear to keep still, or I'll skin you alive the next time I come! . . . Nod your head!"

The choking man nodded his head, and Odysseus permitted him the use of his windpipe.

"Now you may go indoors and stay there for half an hour. After that, make all the noise you like."

He turned to pick up his bundle, but the man had no intention of letting him get away.

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By BARBARA BINGLEY

WIT WAS Written In the Sand

N OBODY knew why she was called "Mother Pretzel," or when she had first come to Simla. She was as much of an institution as Brown of the theater, or the Monkey Fakir of Jakko. As a matter of fact very few people owned to an acquaintance with Mother Pretzel, and though almost everyone had heard of her, and a number of rickshaws and ponies climbed the winding path to her house at odd hours, their owners seldom spoke of their visits; or, if they did, it was in a low voice and with a laugh, half furtive, half sheepish.

Someone had called her the "Witch of Jakko," and the name clung to her. She told fortunes: not the ordinary affairs concerning dark women, journeys across the sea and unexpected legacies, but the future as it really comes; and she told the stark truth, neither inventing good luck, nor concealing disaster. She was never wrong, and as stories of her power spread quietly, more people climbed up the hill to see for themselves, and once having been, they went again, and Mother Pretzel told them month by month how they might avert evil, or find success.

She must have known more than half the official secrets of Simla, let alone how many others. When a man wants to know the future, he is usually communicative about his past, and she probably received queer confidences from high quarters. Luckily she had the gift of silence.

It was whispered that a governor of a province had taken a fancy for long walks around Jakko, unaccompanied by his A. D. C.; and that members of council, generals and heads of departments were occasionally to be met with on the upper road after dinner, and if encountered, their praises of starshine and night walks were overloud to be convincing. Their wives went less often and more secretly, for the most part veiled and in rickshaws, for Mother Pretzel did not confine herself to fortune-telling alone.

I was civil surgeon of Simla for five years, and occasionally I came across what I suspected to be her work, but she was clever, and in the main skilful, so that the frail silly women who went to her seldom came to any harm.

It was not till I had been in Simla some time that I realized her significance. I was too hard-worked during the summer to have much time for anything outside my rounds, but as I picked up odd scraps of information I determined to visit her house on Jakko and form an opinion for myself as soon as I could.

At the end of October the "great ones" departed for Delhi, and by the middle of November the ice skating had begun, and what with paying farewell visits and mastering an outside edge, it was nearly Christmas before I saw Mother Pretzel, and then it was rather by her request than by my seeking. One evening

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"What do you see of the Past, of my shall not tell you," said Mother Pretzel.

when the first snow had come, and the skating was spoiled for the time, I sat in my study and watched the boughs of the deodar in my garden being slowly coated with white.

There was a knock on the door, and my *chuprassy* came in and told me that an old man wanted to see me.

"*Chithi laya hai?* Has he brought a note?" I asked.

"Nay, Huzur, he says that his *mem-sahib* is very ill, and prays that the Doctor Sahib will come with him."

I told him to bring the fellow in, and a minute later a grizzled old man in frayed clothes shuffled into the room.

"What is your *mem-sahib's* name, and where does she live?" I asked.

"Huzur," he answered, "she is the *jadu walla mem*, the old one, who lives on Jakko."

"*Jadu mem*" may be interpreted as "Magic Woman," and as I packed up my bag and looked out of the window, I reflected rather bitterly that the witch's victims always visited her on snowy nights.

IT WAS growing dark, and we set off, the old man leading, and myself and the bearer with a lantern following him. It was freezing cold, with a wind from the ice-fields beyond the Shali blowing the snow in our faces. The road wound up between the stark, black deodars, and there was no sign of life anywhere except the little chains of golden lights which circled below us, marking the main roads around the hill.

We took a steep path to the left and came to a dark roof crouching between the trees which grew closely all round it, hiding the house from the road. There was one feeble light in the window, and as the bearer pulled open the door a curious deep voice cried: "*Khaun hai?* Who is there?"

"The Doctor Sahib, Huzur," said the old man.

I walked into a room which was almost dark; the only light



"forentage?" asked Nevison. "I
"Noa, noa, I shall not say."

percolated through a farther door which was ajar. The voice had come from that direction, so, stumbling against the furniture, I made for the door and knocked. The voice said, "Come in," and I obeyed.

Straight in front of me, sitting up stiffly in bed, was an old woman. At first I was only conscious of two large dark eyes, deep-set, ringed with bister and lambent like the eyes of an animal in the dark.

"Doctor Sahib, I sent for you, for I am verree bad. Yess, I may die out before the dawn."

She never moved, and her deep voice with its *chee-chee* accent seemed curiously big for so small a creature. For small she was, with tiny hands and feet like those of an Indian woman, and though her skin was yellowish fair, I judged that she must have a good deal of dark blood. Her little hawk nose was beautifully formed, with the nostrils set at a slant, and crouching in the bed, she reminded one of some delicate, fastidious bird of prey.

It was obvious that she was very ill, and before I did anything else I sent for the bearer to set about warming the place. The fire had gone out, and the smoky kerosene-lamp was the only light in the bare, squalid room.

There was a charpoy and a few bits of rickety furniture, and little else except two things which immediately caught my eye. They were an exquisite Mogul painting, badly framed, and (Continued on page 128)

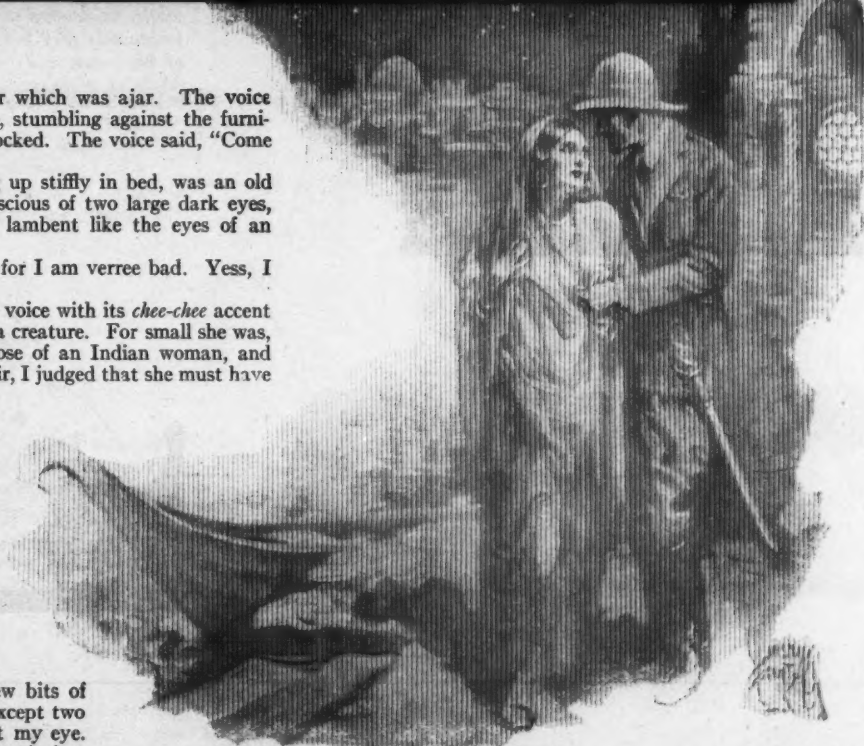


Illustration by Marshall Frantz



Careers for Our Girls The Savage Shingler

by
FISH

CA position with M. Jacques, Coiffeur, seemed Heaven's own gift to the working-girl. Short hours, generous tips and appreciation! Three evenings the first week M. Jacques took me to the movies. Quiet hours in the shop were all close harmony.



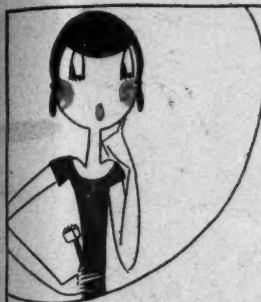
CI started a hope chest and planned a June wedding. Then one day in came a blonde in a sable coat and pearls. When she told me that M. Jacques had given her the pearls my blood seethed and boiled. I was all of a doo-dab!

CBut I hid my feelings under a smiling exterior and conversed politely while I drowned her rhapsodies in soap-suds.



CHe whispered sweet-sounding French phrases while we worked together curling wigs—fortunately they passed quite over the head of the wax lady who wears the wigs. Most of them passed over my head, too.





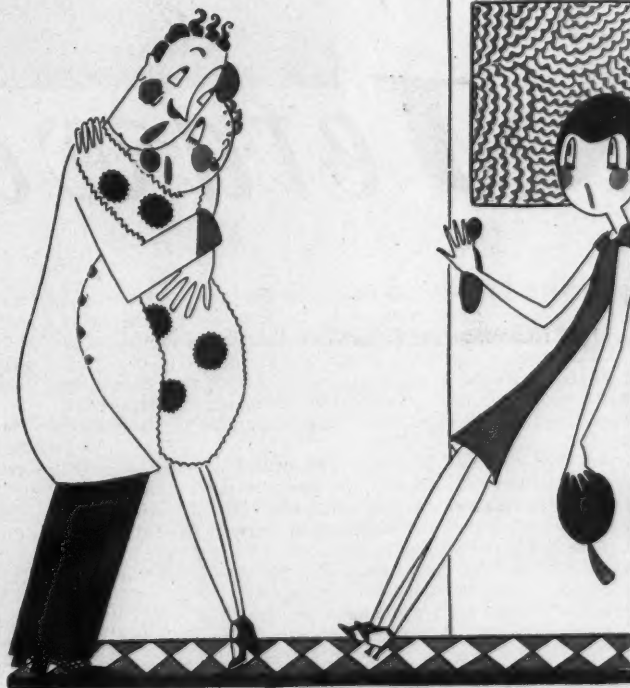
An idea! I may be beautiful but I am intelligent. When he saw her again he would be mine forever.



The creature ordered a hair-trim and buried her eyes in a book called "How to Keep Your Husband's Love." She might better have studied "How to Keep Your Hair"! I shingled all one side of her head as bare as a golf-ball.

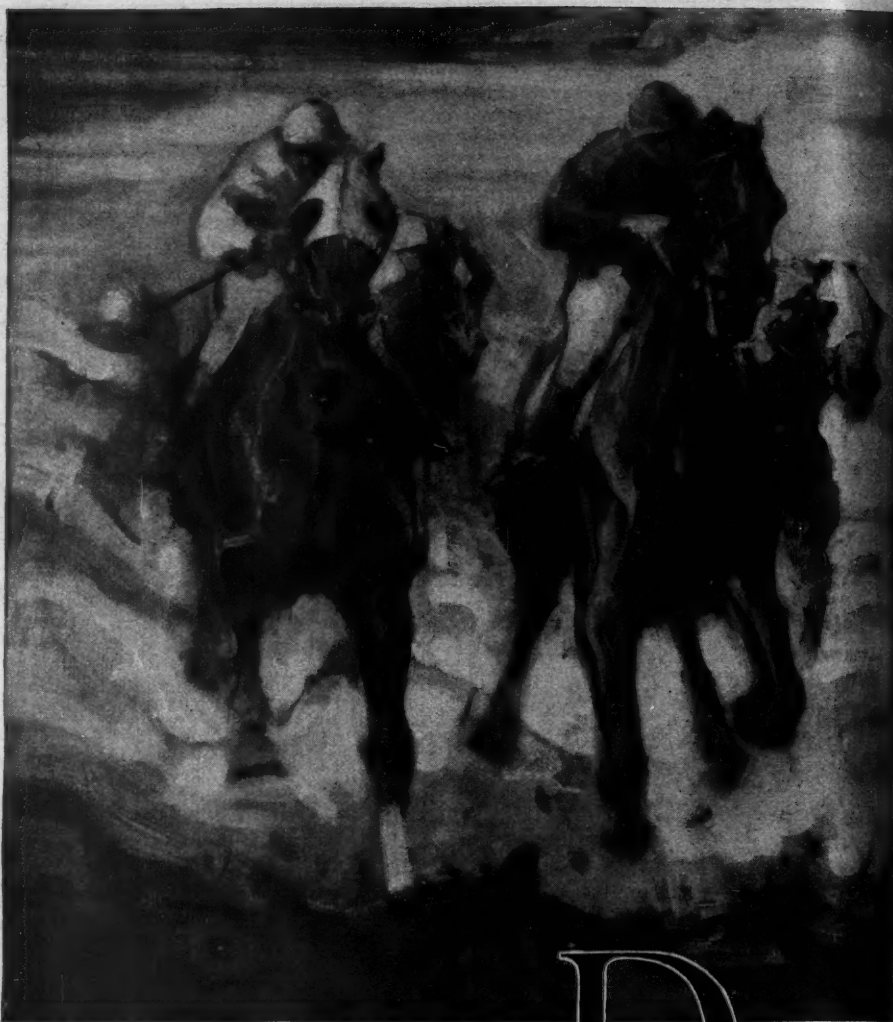


Just as she looked into the glass M. Jacques came in. I never have had so much conversation directed at me. I was glad that I did not understand French.



While they shrieked in concert I passed out completely and fell through the door into the cold world. How, I ask you, was I to guess they were married? Who ever heard of a husband giving his wife pearls?

Illustrations by
G. C. Condon



Getaway Day

THE last day of the meeting at Tia Juana race-track was drawing near and, as is not unusual in such circumstances, sundry owners were thinking of it—not as the closing day of the season, but as “getaway” day. Not that they intended to get away from the track that day; in the parlance of the racing world, the expression “getaway day” means a day of escape, with a large segment of the public’s money.

For Mr. “Fatty” Milligan, who owned a string of selling platers, a couple of sprinters and one very good mare, Bedelia, the meeting had not been successful, and while Mr. Milligan was far from being financially embarrassed, nevertheless his accounts to date had been balanced in red ink and this annoyed him. Inasmuch as he faced the expense of shipping to some other track (he had an idea he would ship to Canada) not unnaturally he yearned to make the betting public pay that bill.

Once this thought took root in Mr. Milligan’s obese brain, he commenced to figure ways and means. Carefully he checked over the list of owners with horses at the track, with particular attention to those who he believed might have had an unsuccessful season and who, for various reasons, might “listen to reason.” He decided that John T. Banfield was a business man and, accordingly, approached that wealthy owner with this remark:

“Well, John, the meeting closes next Sunday. I hope you’ve done better with your horses than I have.”

“You in the red, Fatty?” Mr. Banfield retorted.

“I am,” Fatty Milligan admitted sadly, “unless, before the

meeting closes, I can get aboard a good thing and clean up.”

“Well, what about Bedelia?”

“There isn’t a stake event I can enter her in where she can win. They’re all a mile and a quarter and that’s just an eighth too long for the mare. Everything else is a selling or claiming race. Even if I could enter her in any of those events, she’d have stiff competition and even if she should win, the price on her would be even money or less. And that’s not what I’m looking for on getaway day. I’ve got to make a killing or keep quiet.”

“That’s so,” said Banfield. “I wouldn’t mind making a killing myself,” he added, “if it could be arranged. We’ve got to get the right horses in the race and win with a long shot.”

“I’m a reasonable man,” said Mr. Milligan.

“We’ll start with Bedelia. My horse, Moon Valley, can be figured on. Then my trainer, Dan Bard, has a horse called Colonel P., and I’m sure Hank Pedley will enter his horse Border Chief in any race where he thinks he has half a chance to win. I think, Fatty, it will have to be a claiming race.”

“I can’t afford to have Bedelia claimed in a cheap race. She’s my meal ticket,” Fatty protested.

“Nor can I afford to have Moon Valley claimed. I have an idea, too, that Dan Bard cannot afford to have Colonel P. claimed and I’m sure Hank Pedley will not start claiming any horse in the race for fear somebody will retaliate by claiming Border Chief. I think it might be arranged so that no owner having a horse in the race would do any claiming, and with that settled we could run the race without worry. Otherwise—”



CBefore the vision of Midge's bat rising and falling almost in his face Colonel P. refused the invitation to step out and do his stuff.

By Peter B. Kyne

He did not say anything more. He left it to be inferred. A few days later Fatty Milligan met him outside the latter's barn. "The fourth race on the last day of the meeting looks soft," he began. "A mile and an eighth, claiming, one thousand dollars. There are a lot of goats temporarily entered for it, but not a single entry so far has a ghost of a show of beating Bedelia, Moon Valley or Border Chief."

"How about Colonel P.?"

"I think he can beat most of them, from what I've seen of him. Is he better than he looks, John?"

"He's a pretty good horse, Fatty. I don't own him, but I have an idea that if he has a good boy up and is let out, you'd be surprised. I'll back him against anything in the race."

"**T**HIS," said Mr. Milligan, beaming, "begins to look a lot like a real getaway day. Do we bet on Colonel P.?"

"I'll ask Dan Bard," said John T. Banfield. "Meet me in the Golden Lion restaurant in San Diego tonight. Meanwhile, you enter Bedelia in that gallop, I'll enter Moon Valley and—"

"Border Chief is already in."

"He'll stay in, but as he can't win, we'll not take Hank Pedley into our confidence. As soon as the other owners see Bedelia, Moon Valley and Border Chief entered most of them will scratch. Those are the last three horses they'll ever expect to see entered in a claiming race and they'll realize one of the three is out to make a clean-up. We have nothing to fear, Fatty, because with the exception of ourselves and the Henning girl, the owners of the

other entries are all very hard up, and have merely entered their nags hoping against hope that somebody will claim them before they break down. None of these owners cares to start a claiming war and none of them has the necessary thousand to claim one of our horses.

"Of course one can never tell what a woman will do, but I doubt if Miss Henning will claim the winner. It was a practise her father never indulged in and so she has not contracted the habit. I gather from her trainer that she would be pleased if some idiot claimed Don Marco for a thousand, and I think that is why she has entered him. Of course we take a chance on her, but it is such a negligible chance I am willing to run it. Nothing risk, nothing gain, Fatty."

"All right, John. But get this: I'm not taking any chances. If Bedelia is to be beaten she'll have to be beaten, that's all. I'm going to run her for all she's worth."

"That's the program. She'll be the favorite and the sucker money will go on her. Hence the odds on the others will lengthen. Naturally you can't pull her; she must not make a miserable showing because that would be dangerous, so you run her off her legs and I'll guarantee you she'll be beaten fairly."

"You'll have to do more than guarantee it," Fatty replied. "You'll have to show me. Any time I'm not betting on my own horse I got to know the horse I can bet on—for getaway day."

"The favorite must be in the money, Fatty. Bedelia will place. I'll look the field over this afternoon and let you know tonight the name of the horse that will carry our money, and when

we decide we'll play him hard across the board. But whatever happens Bedelia figures to place. She can beat Moon Valley. In fact, I'll give my jockey his orders."

Little Midge Macklin, rider for the Sycamore Rancho Stables, presented himself before his mistress, Miss Marion Henning, in her drawing-room at the Hotel Del Coronado.

"You sent for me, Miss Marion?"

"We're going back to the ranch tomorrow, Midge," the girl informed him. "The trainer who has been running Don Marco

"As a sprinter—a good selling plater, Don Marco is worth three thousand. If he won he might be claimed by somebody for a thousand."

"He'll have a fair chance to be in the money, but even so I don't think he'll be claimed. Nobody will be expecting him to win and probably nobody will be on hand with a certified check for a thousand dollars to claim him."

"And you know, Miss Marion, if he isn't claimed before the race—say within twenty minutes—that he'll still be your horse."



Miss Marion saw Midge slapping Don Marco gently and continuously, talking to him, refusing to take him seriously.

and Ballyhoo for me on shares has got to the point where he can't pay his feed bill, and has asked me to take both horses off his hands. I want you to arrange for a car and we'll ship them back to the ranch. We must get better acquainted with Don Marco, Midge. I have a suspicion he may be a better horse than he appears to be."

"He's a good horse when I ride him, Miss Marion," Midge agreed, "but he isn't a stake-horse and he never will be. A mile is just about all he wants." He smiled covertly, a secretive little smile. "Still, in the right company, I'd risk him at a mile and an eighth—and I have a notion I might get in the money with him in the fourth race next Sunday. I wish you'd let me try."

"What sort of race is it to be, Midge?"

"A mile and an eighth, claiming, for a thousand dollars."

The mistress of Sycamore Rancho shook her head. "Don Marco is worth much more than the price at which I could enter him in that race, Midge. What's the purse?"

"A thousand."

"What's on your mind, Midgie?" The girl was interested.

"I'll tell you," Midge began confidentially. "The other night I dropped in to the Golden Lion restaurant for a cup of coffee. Guess who I seen in a booth there, so busy talking they didn't see me."

"I give up."

"John T. Banfield, Fatty Milligan and Dan Bard."

"Did you hear what they said?"

"No, but I can guess it. When them three birds get together at midnight in a restaurant it's because they want to frame up something. They had a copy of the menu, back side up, on the table and out of the tail o' my eye I saw it had a list of names on it—I thought maybe it might be a list of the names of horses, so I went into another booth and gave the waiter a dollar to tell me when John T. Banfield and Fatty Milligan and Dan Bard left the restaurant, and, if they didn't take the menu with them, to bring it to me."

"Sure enough he did. Here it is. I know it's a list of the horses in the fourth race on Sunday because Don Marco's entered in it. The official list isn't out yet, so that's another proof there's something doing."

"I'm going to scratch Don Marco, Midge."

"Please don't, Miss Marion."

The girl perused the list of entries. "He hasn't a chance to

win against at least three horses in that field, Midgie, and the distance is against him. Bedelia will be the favorite, with Moon Valley, Border Chief and Colonel P. the contenders. At least that is how I would pick them and I see by the numbers written after each of these horses that John T. Banfield and Fatty Milligan pick them that way, too."

"That's good tipping, if the race is run on the level. But what makes me suspicious is that Fatty Milligan owns Bedelia, John T. Banfield owns Moon Valley and Dan Bard owns Colonel P.

figured to beat Colonel P. But he'll not. Colonel P. is no selling plater. He has no more business in a claiming race than your saddle-horse, Miss Marion. He's a three-year-old that's been kept under cover and entered in cheap races to give him experience.

"I know he's fast. Many a time I've galloped him when I worked for John T. Banfield. I had orders not to let him out, but I knew that even when I did let him out pretty well once he still had a lot of stuff he wanted to show and couldn't. He's a big



That is, he's supposed to. But Dan Bard is Banfield's trainer, and I have a hunch maybe Colonel P.'s real owner is Banfield. Anyhow, Bard will play the game with him."

"What's the game?"

"I don't know, Miss Marion, but I'm going to try to find out if you'll give me time to do it. If I can't figure it out by Sunday morning you can scratch Don Marco and we'll go home."

The boy stood, cap in hand, gazing at her pleadingly. She could not resist him.

"Well, Midge," she agreed, "have it your own way. I followed your advice once before and you made me a young fortune, so I think I can afford to indulge you now. How is Don Marco?"

"In fine shape for a race. I'll gallop him a bit, of course. He needs to renew his acquaintance with me before that claiming race. You know, Miss Marion, races aren't always won by the fastest horses. That's why we have premier jockeys. Headwork often beats footwork and I just have a feeling I can outguess any jock in that race."

"You are optimistic, Midge. Who is riding Bedelia if not the great Jameson?"

"Jameson will be nominated for that mount, of course. The public will bet on any horse he rides because they know he's a great rider and is regarded as honest. With Jameson up on Bedelia she's bound to be the favorite—even money, or six to five. With any other jockey up she'll still be the favorite on past performances, but the odds may be a little longer."

"Some of the wise money will go on Moon Valley who'll be

brown stallion, game, deep-chested, with a gorgeous pair of hind quarters on him, fiery, fast and bred in the purple. I think he's a stake-horse and that John T. Banfield and Dan Bard know

it and are keeping him under cover for a killing.

"Anyhow, I have a hunch he can run Bedelia and Moon Valley off their feet if they send him in with a good boy to win. There's more money in betting on a sure thing at long odds than there is in winning big purses and playing short odds, because after you've won a couple of big events you don't get any more long odds! John T. Banfield ain't a sport. He ain't a gentleman. He's out for the money; he's the kind of owner that makes it bad for the racing game, which is played a whole lot more on the level than most people think."

"There ain't a clean game in the world where a crook won't sneak in once in a while and John T. Banfield's a wise bird. You'd never catch him pulling anything raw—anything the stewards could get him on. When he frames a deal it's a deep one, and I tell you there's something doing when Dan Bard enters Colonel P. in a thousand-dollar claiming race. Dan wouldn't risk having that grand horse claimed if he wasn't sure nobody would claim him. And the only person who can claim him is somebody with a horse entered in the same race. That somebody can claim any horse in the (Continued on page 178)

Lily Christine

Illustrations by H. R. Ballinger

The Story So Far:

RUPERT HARVEY and his wife Muriel were worried about their friend Lily Christine Summerest. She had drifted into their lives quite casually when Rupert had put her up for the night in his absent wife's room after he had come upon her sitting at the wheel of a car near their house, her near-sighted blue eyes rendered useless for driving by the chance breaking of her glasses.

Out of that accidental meeting had grown a very real friendship

They knew that Ivor, her husband, was infatuated with that paragon of respectability, the actress Mrs. Abbey. Ivor had asked Lily Christine if she would give him a divorce and she had promised that, if he really wanted it, she would. However, Ivor had gone abroad for a time and might return in his right senses.

Harvey always had admired Mrs. Abbey, but now disconcerting whispers about her were beginning to reach him. Then he saw Lily Christine, and he began to suspect that the whispers had some basis in fact.

Ivor, he discovered, had gone to Paris, taking all his baggage with him, and had written Lily Christine a letter which could mean but one thing. That he was preparing to divorce her. Until Neville Parwen, Lily Christine's cousin, returned from an attempt to see Ivor and reason with him, it was impossible to guess what evidence Summerest could pretend to have against the wife who always had been utterly devoted to him.

Harvey left the Summerests' with the Greek, Ambatriadi, and the two men drifted to the theater where Mrs. Abbey was playing. At the entrance they found Lily Christine, whom Mrs. Abbey had refused to see. Ambatriadi sent up his name, and then Lily Christine went to the star's dressing-room in his place.

There Lily Christine for the first time met the real Mrs. Abbey—a vulgar woman, merciless, fearful only lest the caller precipitate a scene. When she came down and swept, white-faced and wordless, past her waiting friends, she knew the full extent of her betrayal, partly from Mrs. Abbey, partly from Parwen, whose sudden return from Paris had sent her to see the actress.

Ivor would divorce her so that his own name might not be dragged through the courts—so that Mrs. Abbey might not suffer loss of prestige through marrying a man whose wife had divorced him. And Ivor's "grounds" were—that perfectly innocent overnight stop at the Harvey home, while Muriel had been away!

Lily Christine dashed blindly home. There she wrote a final appeal to her husband: "Don't act like a frightened baby. It's all right, dear. Don't think I'm going to try to bully you. But I simply must see you . . ."

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She told herself that she must get the Harveys out of this mess and that, now she knew Mrs. Abbey for what she was, she must make Ivor listen to reason—for his own sake.

THE next day Harvey waited to hear from Lily Christine, as she had said she wanted to see him. The new warlike Lily Christine. He remembered her eyes last night, shining in the lamplight, flowery blue, but cold, very cold, warlike.

Hearing nothing from her, at about four o'clock he telephoned to her house. However, she was not in. Presently a boy came in with Neville Parwen's card. He was surprised and pleased, for Parwen had never before come to see him. While the boy was fetching him, Harvey wondered if the trip to Paris could have anything to do with this visit. But he did not see how it could. They had never discussed Lily Christine's affairs together in her absence.

Neville Parwen said at once that Lily Christine had asked him

By MICHAEL ARLEN

A Novel of a GOOD WOMAN

Harvey tried to quicken himself, but found he was talking quite mechanically. "And you say that Starrilaw says it looks like a strong case?"

"Unfortunately, the way things seem to have fallen out that night. Lily Christine and I had a long session with him this morning. He was—depressing."

"From my own point of view, of course," Harvey said thoughtfully, as though he were looking at himself from the outside, "I don't give a button. Not a button. It's my wife—"

"Yes, of course."

Harvey felt he was coming to life, found he hadn't time to say what he thought, his thoughts began racing so. He sat up in his chair, gripping the arms.

"Lord, I feel badly about it, Parwen—I mean, about having let Lily Christine in for this because of my confounded thoughtlessness. My wife told me at the time—"

A faint smile broke Neville Parwen's mask. "Knowing Lily Christine, you mayn't be surprised to hear that her main concern in all this is to get you out of an impos-

sible position—which, so she says, you are in owing entirely to her."

"No, that won't do. I feel infernally guilty of—criminal thoughtlessness. My wife was annoyed with me at the time."

"Seriously, Harvey, I really can't see how you can blame yourself with any justice for playing the good Samaritan to a stranded motorist."

Harvey stared at him blankly, trying to collect his wits. There was a weary silence.

"Of all the confounded messes!" he said at last.

Parwen's lips twitched in a funny way before he spoke. "It's a fine lookout for all of us, isn't it, when men like Summerest begin behaving in this incredible way?"

The thought of Summerest was so bitter to Harvey that a small paper-knife he was playing with snapped between his fingers.

Parwen rose abruptly. "Are you coming in to see Lily Christine this evening?"

"I don't think I can face her just yet, Parwen. I really do feel

"In this disheartening affair, Lily Christine," said Harvey, "there is only one piece of luck. It never occurred to my wife to think we could have been guilty."

to come. He did not beat about the bush at all. Quite briefly he told Harvey exactly how matters stood, that Summerest was intending to divorce his wife and was citing him as the correspondent. No doubt he would be served with the writ in a day or two, so there was no sense in trying to make out it was not a thoroughly bad business.

"I needn't tell you, of course," Parwen added, in the expressionless way he had when dealing with things that disgusted him, "that we all know it's nonsense and that you can count on us in every way to do what we can."

"Of course, yes," Harvey said blankly.

He was quite stupefied, not alive at all. He seemed to have no feelings in his mind or body, was quite numbed.

"And Summerest?" he said with a great effort, for something to say. "Does he think it nonsense, too?"

Harvey, in his numbed state, noticed that Parwen's lips twitched in an odd way before he spoke.

"I haven't a doubt of it," he said coldly. "The kindest thing we can say of him is that he can't be in his right senses."

too much to blame."

"She will be disappointed at not seeing you—thinking you are angry with her."

"Please tell her there's no question of that—it's the other way round, in fact. But I've got to think first of breaking the glad news to my wife."

"Of course. I'm awfully sorry, Harvey. It's a vile business."

To Parwen's surprise, Harvey suddenly burst out laughing.

"I'm thinking," he explained, "of my wife's expression while I'm telling her. She said at the time I'd been—indiscreet. Now she would die rather than say, 'I told you so,' but that's what she will be thinking."

"If that's all she will think," Parwen said, smiling, "you are a very fortunate husband."

"Oh, I'm that! I wish, though, I wasn't such an unfortunate friend."

"Frankly, Harvey, I simply *can't* believe that it can come to anything."

"You mean Summerest might suddenly come to his senses and drop the whole case?"

"Well, she has written to him asking him to see her. When he does, I *can't* think he will be able to face it out. For the funny part of it all is—that the fellow is so fond of her."

"I wouldn't mind," Harvey said slowly, "seeing him myself for a quiet five minutes."

"This morning," Parwen said, smiling wryly at the points of his shoes, "she said that if the thing actually does look like coming on—rather than let you suffer for your kindness to a stranger, she will pick up a man in the street and send the hotel bill to Summerest."

Harvey was unbearably agitated. "Look here, Parwen—for the Lord's sake, stop her doing anything rash!" He jumped up from his chair, trying to master his agitation. "Anyhow, I don't think he *can* go on with the idiotic business. Why, against our defense, a judge would laugh the case out of court."

"Perhaps you had better see what your lawyers say."

"Shall I use Starrilaw, too?"

"He is said to be very good in these cases."

"Heavens, Parwen, the whole thing is—absurd! Why, our first line of defense knocks the case to smithereens!"

"That you two had never so much as set eyes on one another until that evening?"

"Of course!"

Parwen, looking at the points of his shoes, sighed. "Starrilaw says that is your weak point. His point is that even if a judge



C. "I want to speak to you," said Harvey. "Got something to dislike me for

can be persuaded to believe that—it will do you and Lily Christine no good."

"Very jolly! Why?"

"Well, look at it from the average point of view. A well-brought-up young lady meets a man in a lane at half past eight—and by ten o'clock gets to trust him so completely that instead of putting up at the nearest inn—she stays in the house with him—and his wife is away."

"Oh, I know it can be made to sound—extremely casual. But that's all—casual."

"It will make bad hearing in a divorce court, as a sign of character. That's Starrilaw's point. A judge will think Lily Christine so—casual—that he'd be ready to think the worst of her."

"It's a beastly world, Parwen!"

"Well, everyone doesn't see the same thing in the same way."

"Everyone sees it with a dirty mind!"



at last, haven't you, Harvey?" Summerest replied.

"The average point of view, Harvey, is always inclined to be suspicious."

"I've always considered my point of view average enough—and I'm bothered if I can see anything wrong in a respectable man putting up a respectable woman for the night."

"Not even when the respectable man is seen coming out of the bedroom of the respectable woman—whom he'd never set eyes on a couple of hours ago?"

"Indiscreet, thoughtless—casual—yes. But not more."

"And—presumably—going back to her bedroom?"

Harvey stared at him in stupefaction. Did he think—

"For in the morning," Parwen went on in his most expressionless way, "the servants found that his bed hadn't been slept in."

"Good Lord, I'd forgotten that! I made up a shake-down outside with a couple of chairs—"

"I know, Lily Christine told me. It's unfortunate, though, that you had never slept out before—or since."

"But I couldn't, man! My wife wouldn't let me—so I took the only chance I had—while she was away. I say, Parwen—that part looks bad, does it?"

"I'm afraid so, Harvey. The two servants whom you engaged with the house and who will give evidence were quite convinced that you'd been up to no good that night."

"Well, I'm damned! Bother my wife! If she hadn't been so set against my sleeping out, I'd never have done it."

"And then, on top of everything, the lovely stranger disappears in a fast motor-car before the man's wife comes home."

There was something fantastic in the way everything fitted together. The trouble the gods take, the loving care they spend, in fitting utterly dissimilar facts together to make a perfect and cruel whole.

Harvey could not help laughing at the fantasy of it.

"I feel," he said, "that in the end perhaps our best defense will lie in the fact that I simply do not look the kind of man who could have such an instantaneous success with a lovely young woman."

"No, you don't," Parwen said with perfect seriousness. He walked to the door. "Well, no doubt you will be seeing Starrilaw in the morning and coming to your own conclusions. Good night, Harvey. I'm infernally sorry about—everything."

HE WAS passing out of the room, a tall, thin, dandyish, old-fashioned figure. Harvey stopped him.

"Parwen, I suppose what you've really been getting at all this time is that Starrilaw feels there's not much use defending a case like this?"

Parwen hesitated. "I'm afraid so, as things stand now. But something may turn up. As I said, I've great hopes of her influence over the fellow—if he will see her."

Harvey, left alone to pace his office, did not feel there was any particular tragedy for himself in this idiotic combination of circumstances. He, as an individual, seemed to come to less harm than anyone else concerned. Lily Christine's state of mind did not bear thinking of, seeing she loved the fellow. While the thought of Muriel and her respectable circle of friends made him wriggle with discomfort.

Of course, divorces weren't reported in full nowadays, that was a good thing. All the same, there was no chance of hushing up this kind of thing, not even with old Townleigh's influence. Everyone would know. It was "news," this kind of mess. Quiet as a mouse they'd always thought him too—and now he would have to explain, explain, explain.

Casual. Yes, they'd think Lily Christine casual enough. The old ones would blame her for this. "Casual," they'd say—"unladylike. Behaving anyhow." Yes, they would, they'd blame her. And maybe they wouldn't blame Summerest so much. This was a man's country about those things. They'd say Lily Christine had got what she had asked for, behaving anyhow.

Yes, this kind of divorce would make a noise. Summerest was a famous person—the great "sportsman"—and so was Lily Christine, in her way. Well-known people. That always meant a lot of dirt.

Not that his own end of it, when he came to face it, would be so easy, either. Old Townleigh would be furious. The old boy would stick up for him; of course, as (Continued on page 137)



Q "Repent, repent of your secret sins!" Squire Purdy was crying. And then there came a woman's scream."

A VERY Respectable

*A Small-town
by the*

"THE thing I like about the Good Book," said Mr. Clem Hawley, otherwise known as the Old Soak, "is the way it keeps right on comin' true."

He was sitting, as he has sat a portion of each day for many years, weather permitting, in front of Smith's Palace Hotel, with his chair tilted back and his feet on the low veranda railing, observing and speculating upon a world with which, for the most part, he is at peace. Sometimes he reads the newspapers, but his favorite reading has always been the Good Book and the almanacs which he picks up in the drug-store.

"There ain't hardly a story in the Old Testament," he continued, "that I couldn't match up with a story that's happened right here in this village. And they keep right on a-happenin'. I'm sixty years old, and I been readin' the Good Book and lookin' round about me at this neighborhood for most of them threescore years; and when another threescore years has come and gone and I been gathered into Abraham's bosom, the same kinda stories will still be comin' true. H'lo, squire."

The salutation was for Squire Purdy, who nodded sourly and passed down the street and into the bank, of which he was president and cashier. Mr. Hawley looked after him with a distaste which matched the squire's own evident dislike.

"The squire's idear about me," said Mr. Hawley, "is that I'm a mammal of iniquity; and he's more or less right about it, too. And my idear about the squire is that he's a confounded old whited sepulcher. We both always done more or less what we wanted to, but he's got away with it; and he's respectable and looked up to and a leadin' citizen, and all that. If you're respectable in this here town, you can do what you please and not get talked about. And if you ain't respectable, it makes no difference how innocent your acts and motivations is—you'll get the worst of it, anything you do or say."

He paused and filled his corn-cob pipe and got it going. I knew there was a story somewhere in the back of his mind, but I also knew that it would be bad tactics to urge him to tell it. Either he would, or he wouldn't, as the notion took him; and if he saw that I was anxious, he certainly wouldn't.

"One way to prove you're respectable in this town," he continued presently, "is not to associate too much with me. You seen the look Squire Purdy give me, mebby—like he'd been eatin' persimmons. If he was to look pleasant at me just oncet, all the mammals of righteousness in town would think there was something wrong with the bank, and go and take their money out."

He paused again, and his pipe began to bubble and chuckle, with that peculiar noise of the corn-cob pipe which has been allowed to fall into a condition of—unkemptness, shall I say? And the Old Soak chuckled himself, softly.

"Oncet I seen Squire Purdy in a situation, not to say a fix," he continued, "where if it had been anybody else, he would 'a' been plumb ruined. But he repented his way out of it. And bein' respectable to start with, his repentance took the turn of makin' him more respectable. But for just a minute or two Squire Purdy and his respectability teetered onto the edge of destruction."

"Tell me about it," I ventured.

It was an error. I had displayed too much eagerness. The Old Soak looked at me with a blank gaze as if he didn't know what I was talking about. He is the only man I ever knew who chewed tobacco and smoked simultaneously, and now he took a chew from his plug and for ten minutes acted as if I were not in existence.

"Mebby you remember readin' in the Good Book about Moses bein' found in the bulrushes, and all the gossip around Egypt as to how it was he got there."

I silently assented, thinking that now he would probably get back to Squire Purdy in his own roundabout way.

"It was Pharaoh's daughter that found him, and more'n likely she

M By Don Marquis

Illustration by
Forrest C. Crooks

Drama told Old Soak

was a nice girl and everything; but the gossips don't care. You can't tell those wise birds anything good about anybody. And the gossips in this here town are just like they was in Egypt thousands of years ago. Give 'em an inch and they'll take an ell.

"First and last, King Pharaoh of Egypt had a heap of trouble with Moses and the Children of Israel, which was descended direct off of the original Beegat tribes of the Bible.

"There was gay times in Egypt in the early days, and if it hadn't been for the Children of Israel, King Pharaoh would 'a' been happy. The Children of Israel had been admitted into the land to build sepulchers and peerymids. If one king says he is going to have a peerymid the size of a barn, the next one says to watch his smoke, he will have one the size of two barns. And the next one would send for Uncle Hiram of Tyre and say, 'You seen what my ancestors has done? Well, expense is no object; you build me a sepulcher that will lay over all these past issues for size and style.'

"Well, this particular King Pharaoh says he is goin' to have the finest sepulcher yet, and at the least expense, and he tells the Children of Israel the straw they've been puttin' into the bricks runs up the expenses, and they got to leave it out in the future.

"THE head child of Israel says to him, 'What shall we put in instead of straw, boss?'

"King Pharaoh says, 'You can bite off your finger-nails and put them in, for all I care; what I want is bricks. Or you can shave off your beards and put them in. I'm tired of seein' them long Beegat beards of yours wavin' in the wind all over Egypt, anyhow.'

"That's rough talk, boss,' says the head child of Israel. 'Them beards is our glory from the times of Methoosalem on down through all the Beegats to Israel himself.'

"King Pharaoh got angered in his elements then, and he yelled out, 'You shave them beards and put 'em into the concrete mixer or just for the sake of argyment I'll nick the necks of the entire Children of Israel and feed 'em to the royal ibexes!'

"One word led to another like that until the head child of Israel says they are gonna beat it away from Egypt, and King Pharaoh turns onto his heel and walks back to the palace as mad as a fresh-caught bullhead and calls in his chief of police and says to him:

"How does it come you're lettin' these Children of Israel get so chesty? You been lettin' 'em eat flesh-pots against my orders, instead of roots and yarbs and vegetation. How am I a-gonna get my peerymids and sepulchers built if that bunch walks out on me? What's the use of bein' a Pharaoh if you got to take back talk from that whole Beegat tribe? Who's runnin' Egypt, anyhow—them Beegat tribes, or me?'

"Well, your Majesty,' says the chief of police, 'I'll tell you who comes pretty near runnin' Egypt. There's a young feller by the name of Moses comes pretty near runnin' Egypt.'

"Moses? Moses?' says King Pharaoh. 'Where have I heard that name before?'

"Around the palace, more'n likely,' says the chief of police.

"You don't mean that young feller my sister picked out of the bulrushes when Dad was Pharaoh and I was the Prince of Wales, do you?' says the king.

"The same,' says the chief of police.

"What do people say about that bird?' says King Pharaoh, cuttin' a look out of the corner of his eye at the chief of police.

"Just for the sake of argument,' says the chief, 'I'd rather not say.'

"Spill it,' says the king, 'or I'll nick your bean.'

"Well, your Majesty,' says the chief, 'Egypt is no exception to the rule that there's gossip everywhere. There has always been a good deal of talk about that bulrush story ever since the princess first pulled it. Nobody doubts she found him there, but the question is, who put him there? Naturally, the gossip wouldn't (Continued on page 100)



"Elvira Semple staggered down the aisle. 'I am a sinful woman,' she cried out. 'I must confess.'"



Dr.

By

ROBERT HICHENS

A "Leave my sister's pension!
But you cannot have quarreled
with Frieda!" cried Herr Weber.

The Story So Far:

WHEN Alphonse de Rothberg, millionaire and ex-roué, decided to let Doctor Artz operate on him to restore his youth, he was motivated by an infatuation for Pauline Iselle, the girl he was backing for grand opera by paying for her studies in Zurich under Marakoff. But Artz too, who had a bad reputation for all that he was a clever surgeon, also had his eyes on Pauline.

Artz was a born intriguer. And he liked to experiment on human beings. He had restored a horrible kind of youthfulness to many old people. He wanted now to experiment on Naomi Vyvyan, Pauline's kind-hearted, homely old-maid guardian, and for that reason subtly led Miss Vyvyan to fall in love with young Carl Fügler, and then to become insanely jealous of Pauline, with whom Carl was in love. Artz also wanted to experiment on Marakoff by restoring his wonderful voice, which had been ruined during the Russian Revolution.

And Marakoff, in order that he might protect Pauline, deliberately played Artz' game. When Rothberg, fearful of losing Pauline to Carl, determined to take her away to Milan, Marakoff decided to set her free of the old man. He would give Pauline lessons for nothing, and he would pay her living expenses in Zurich. But the latter he could do only if he once more earned a large income by singing.

So he agreed to let Artz try to restore his voice—provided only that Artz would fail deliberately in the operation to restore Rothberg's "youth." Artz was torn between fear of Rothberg and desire for the fame Marakoff could bring him. But he finally consented to Marakoff's plan.

Meanwhile Pauline became the victim of a terrible scene at

her pension. She had unconsciously aroused the jealousy of the Contessa di San Miniato, one of Artz'

evil-living patients; and when the Countess' latest young man, Prince Khalil Ibrahim, began to make love to Pauline, the Countess staged a hysterical melodrama for the benefit of the pension boarders. Perhaps the thing was engineered by Artz. He had devious ways of getting Pauline under his influence.

HERR WEBER, the brother of Madame Müller, was sitting in the midst of the ordered chaos of his establishment on the following morning carving in wood the fierce profile of the Nietzsche of "Ecce Homo," when the faint melodious sound of a bell indicated that some visitor had opened the outer door.

He went on meticulously with his work, bending his slight frame over it in the light from the window behind him. His mind was wholly concentrated on Nietzsche. That ferocious face, the outstanding vein on the left temple, the upspringing hair—defiance even in the hair, defiance of the opinions of the herd, defiance of the assaults of life, defiance of pain! What a man!

Herr Weber was wonderfully gentle, was emotional and immersed in the worship of beauty and in attempts to create beauty, but something in him groveled at the feet of the blazing philosopher, whose aphorisms cut like finely tempered steel, and who was lonely in light-giving.

"We must dominate!" he murmured over his carving. "Yes. We must never give in. We are here to resist and to conquer."

"Herr Weber! Can I speak to you, please?"

"Mademoiselle Pauline!"

Carefully he laid down the wooden plaque on which was appearing the profile of Nietzsche, got up and went to where Pauline was standing in the midst of old furniture, pictures, picture-frames, statuettes, vases, the crowded rummage of treasures to which Herr Weber was perpetually adding.

"What is the matter?" he added, taking one of her hands in his thin-fingered hand. His shining imaginative eyes examined her softly.

"I want to tell you. I feel I must tell you. I shall have to leave the pension."

"Leave my sister! Leave Frieda! But you cannot have quarreled with Frieda!"

"It isn't your sister. She has always been very kind to me. But such a dreadful thing happened last night."

And then she told him about the episode of Khalil Ibrahim and the Contessa, and how the whole of the pension knew, had indeed practically been witness of the horror.

"She screamed. I thought she would never stop screaming. Doctor Artz took her away to her room. But she struggled. Oh, Herr Weber, I never saw anything like that before. And everyone blames me."

"Everyone? Does my sister—does Frieda blame you?"

"No, she doesn't. But all the people in the pension take the Contessa's part. They think—they think that—but I never wanted the Prince to like me. I never tried to make him bother

ARTZ

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

about me. I am here for singing. I came here to learn how to sing for opera. I have no time—the Contessa is different. She has nothing to do. And she is quite different from me. I know she is the Prince's friend. But what has that to do with me?

"And I had no idea that he ought to have been dining with her. He didn't tell me. Everyone in the *pension* seems to have known but me. But I didn't know. And now they are saying horrible things about me. And besides—the Prince—I must leave. I can't stay there now."

"The Prince—you say?" said Herr Weber, very gently.

"The Prince seems half mad. He—I don't want him to come after me. I don't want to see any more of him. I'm afraid of him. Why can't people leave me alone?"

Herr Weber smiled and moved his studious head. "And why cannot I leave good pictures, old furniture, all these things of value alone? People do not leave you alone because you are rare, Mademoiselle." He showed her the plaque of Nietzsche. "Look at that, Mademoiselle. What do you see?"

"Strength," said Pauline, after an instant of contemplation. "That man—who is it?"

"Nietzsche."

"He was strong."

"Yes. He said 'Yea' to life." She looked at him inquiringly. "That is, he accepted life, all of life that came his way, strongly, with a brave 'yea,' not with a timid, shrinking, whimpering 'nay.' What you have to do is to say 'yea' to what has happened at the *pension*."

"But how am I to do that?"

"You say you have done nothing wrong."

"No, nothing."

"Then why must you leave the *pension*? Is that saying 'yea'?"

"But the Contessa—"

"Let her leave, let Prince Ibrahim leave, if they like to. But why must you leave? Does Frieda wish it?"

"Madame Müller knows that I had nothing to do with the Prince's staying away from the Contessa's dinner. She does not blame me. But—the Contessa is important, and she has the best rooms. And then Khalil Ibrahim is a prince, they say."

"Has Frieda asked you to leave?" said Herr Weber sternly.

"Oh, no! But I don't want to do anything that—"

"I shall speak to her. Now look well at that!" He held up before her the carving of Nietzsche. "Go back, stay on in the *pension*, say 'yea' to whatever those silly, ignorant people choose to say or do. Hold your head high. Show you are something—besides a singer." He took both her hands. "Do you know, Mademoiselle Pauline, that you have in you the power to say 'yea'? I feel it. Do not you?"

"I think perhaps I do. But only when it is something to do with my singing."

"Take this, then, as the beginning of your singer's career. Defy! You will surely have much to go through as a public singer. All artists must fight. Better begin in good time. You must not run away. I shall see Frieda today."

Pauline returned to the *pension* seized with a new intention, the intention to say "yea" to life.



"Such a dreadful thing has happened. And everyone blames me," said Pauline.

W. SMITHSON
BROADHEAD

But the situation she had to face was a difficult one. Madame Müller was greatly troubled by it and could not conceal her trouble from Pauline. The Contessa had recovered from her seizure of the night before, had demanded an interview with Madame Müller, and had delivered an ultimatum. Either Miss Iselle must be "put out" of the *pension* or she, the Contessa, would leave it at once.

Madame Müller endeavored to temporize. As carefully as she could she tried to place the blame for what had happened on the shoulders of Prince Khalil Ibrahim. But the Contessa indignantly refused to admit that the Prince was in fault. Apparently she had completely forgotten her own attack on the Prince the night before, her complete ignoring of Pauline. She defended Khalil with as much determination as a woman of the streets shows in defending her "man." He had been forced into what he had done by the shameless girl who had already made herself the talk of all Zurich with young Carl Fügler.

Madame Müller begged for a little time to think the matter over.

After leaving the Contessa she went to Pauline, who had returned from her visit to Herr Weber. Perhaps Madame Müller hoped that Pauline would say that after the scandal of the

previous night she preferred to leave the *pension*. But she found Pauline unusually self-possessed, and so confident in her own freedom from fault that there seemed really no opening for even a hint that the girl's departure would help to make things easier. Herr Weber's words had indeed borne fruit. Pauline was resolved to say her first absolutely definite "yea" to life.

Madame Müller was baffled.

For her the situation was becoming critical, for all her boarders, with the exception of the three young students, were on the Contessa's side and against Pauline.

She put on her hat with the intention of seeking advice from her brother, but on her way to him she saw Pauline's former chaperon, Miss Vyvyan.

"Mademoiselle Vyvyan!" called Madame Müller.

Miss Vyvyan stopped and looked round. "Madame Müller! How are you? But what's the matter?"

"A most dreadful thing has happened at the *pension*."

Miss Vyvyan stopped in the road. "Has Pauline anything to do with it?"

"Yes, yes, she has. It all happened because of her!"

Miss Vyvyan put out a hand and clasped Madame Müller's wrist with it tightly. "Carl—Herr Fügler! Has he anything to do with it?"

"No, of course not. Why should he have? He does not live in the *pension*."

Miss Vyvyan's hand unclasped from the wrist. "Then what is it?"

Hastily Madame Müller related the dreadful happening.

"And now what can I do?" she said in conclusion. "I am not blaming Pauline. Prince Khalil brought it about. He has fallen in love with Pauline, of course. You mentioned Carl Fügler just now. I am sure he is in love with her, too. But you see my position. The Contessa is a very valuable boarder for me. Then the young man is a royal prince."

"Of course that pleases my boarders. You can understand that."

"What do you want me to do?"

"You brought Mademoiselle out here. You are her guardian."

"No, I'm not!"

"Her chaperon, then. I thought it would be wise under the circumstances if Pauline were to go back to you. If you again took charge of her, nobody could say anything."

"No, I can't! It's quite impossible."

"But why? Why shouldn't Pauline go back to the Eden, join you there?"

"I am leaving the Eden."

"Leaving the Eden? Are you going away from Zurich?"

"Hardly that! But I haven't been very well lately, and I am going into a *clinique*."

"Really. But you don't look ill. I was thinking how unusually vital and active you were looking."

"I have to undergo a slight operation."

Madame Müller's intelligent eyes became suddenly intent. "Not—not in Doctor Artz' *clinique*?" she asked.

"Yes, in Doctor Artz' *clinique*."

Madame Müller was silent.

"So you see," said Miss Vyvyan, "it's quite impossible for me to take back Pauline at present. I shan't be at the Eden." Madame Müller said nothing. "Otherwise—perhaps—but I really don't know. Good by, Madame Müller."

"Good by, Mademoiselle."

Miss Vyvyan walked away quickly. Madame Müller looked after her for a moment.

"Doctor Artz again!" she murmured.

She got no consolation from her brother. Gentle though he usually was, he could be inflexible. And as he was totally unworlily he could seldom, or never, see any necessity for compromise. He did not tell his sister that Pauline had consulted him. He listened to her narrative of events at the *pension* and then calmly pronounced his judgment.

Miss Iselle, of course, must stay. The Contessa and Prince Khalil must go if they would. In any event the Egyptian must be got rid of. He was a danger to the girl. Miss Iselle being innocent in the affair, she must be defended against calumny.

"But my boarders!" said poor Madame Müller.

"Do not fear, Frieda! They will stay with you. Your terms are too reasonable and your cooking is much too good for them to leave you because of the vagaries of a jealous woman made dangerous by Doctor Artz."

"Doctor Artz!" said Madame Müller, startled. "Then you think—"

"I think that man is a pest," said Herr Weber with unusual animation, almost amounting to temper. "Go home and do the right thing. Be kind to Mademoiselle Pauline. Your boarders will not leave you."

"The Contessa and Prince Khalil will."

"Let them. You will be better without them. They are dirty people."

MADAME MÜLLER obeyed her brother; with some reluctance, but she obeyed him. She informed the Contessa with very great regret that she could not think of turning Miss Iselle out of her *pension*, and that she was obliged to ask his Highness, Prince Khalil, to find other quarters.

That same day the Contessa departed. But Khalil Ibrahim refused to leave, and eventually Madame Müller was obliged to send for her brother.

Herr Weber had an interview with "the Prince" in private. Nobody ever knew what happened during it. But when Herr Weber came out of the room he said to his sister:

"The Egyptian is going."

"How have you managed to make him go, Alfred?"

"Never mind, Frieda. I may not have made him see right, but I have made him see necessity."

By nightfall the *pension* was bereft of its two grandees, and Pauline was cut by everyone except the three students.

But she tried to hold her fair head high. Was she not saying her first definite "yea" to life?

Marakoff kept his promise to Doctor Artz. He had become one of Doctor Artz' ever-increasing number of patients, followed his directions faithfully and underwent the mysterious *piqûres* without knowing what substances were being introduced into his body.

The understanding between them was that when Marakoff was given back his voice, and with it his power of earning large sums of money, he would pay the doctor his fee. Meanwhile Marakoff was under an obligation to Doctor Artz. He was in his hands as a patient. He was also in his hands as a debtor. But Doctor Artz was very amiable with him in the latter capacity.

"The advertisement to me, when your voice is restored to you through me, will be so great," he said, "that the money question won't be of importance. But all the same, when you are

in a position to pay I shall ask you to pay."

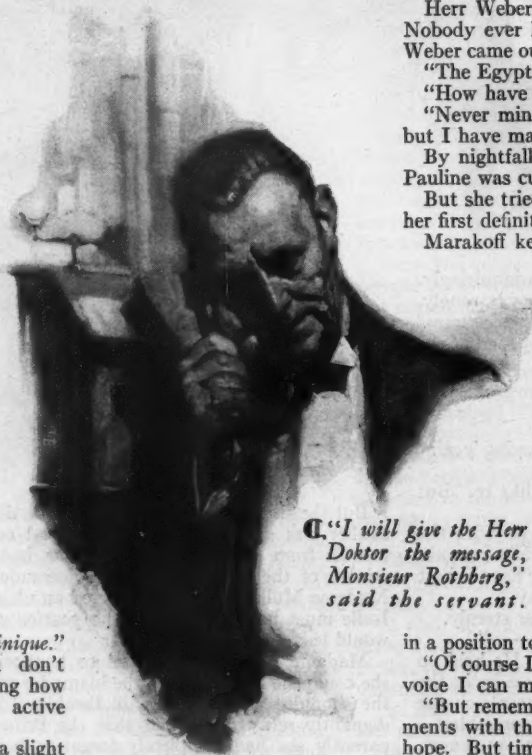
"Of course I will pay you," said Marakoff. "If I get back my voice I can make another fortune."

"But remember!" said Doctor Artz emphatically. "No experiments with the voice until I give permission. You can live in hope. But time is necessary for attainment of our end. Experiments—I forbid them."

Marakoff was not accustomed to obedience. But with Doctor Artz now he was strangely submissive.

He hoped so much from Artz.

"Do not forget, Marakoff," Artz had said more than once, "that on account of you I have lost a great chance of publicity. And not that alone! No! I shall make a great enemy on your account. An uncured patient is always the secret enemy of the doctor in whom he has believed and who has betrayed his belief. For you I have failed in my duty, in my trust, as a doctor to



"I will give the Herr Doktor the message, Monsieur Rothberg," said the servant.



C"You have tricked me," said Rothberg in a passionate voice. "Now, Artz, make no mistake. I shall withdraw the allowance I make Miss Iselle and she will have to leave Zurich."

Rothberg. He is a passionate, a vindictive man. When he finds it out, he will hate me, he will revile me."

"When will he know?" asked Marakoff.

"Very soon. Too soon!" said Doctor Artz very gravely.

Marakoff received at that moment a strange impression. For the first time since he had known him he had the feeling that in certain circumstances Artz might feel fear.

So matters were when in December Rothberg, after a stay in the south of Italy to convalesce after his slight operation, and to test results, returned to Zurich.

He had not written to Artz while away. He returned without letting Artz know he was coming. But no sooner was he again in his rooms at the Baur-au-Lac than he looked up Artz' number in the telephone book and then rang up the house in Kreuzbühl Strasse.

Artz' footman answered the telephone, and in reply to the dry and rasping inquiries of Rothberg said his master was out.

"Where is he?" came through the telephone.

"The Herr Doktor has gone out to see patients at the *clinique*," said the footman.

"Ring me up at the Baur-au-Lac directly he returns—directly!" said the dry voice imperatively. "Monsieur de Rothberg—Alphonse de Rothberg. Have you got it?"

"Yes, sir. Monsieur Alphonse de Rothberg at the Baur-au-Lac Hotel."

"I wish to know *directly* the doctor is back. I shall not leave the hotel."

"I will give the message, Monsieur."

Doctor Artz came in only when darkness had fallen.

The footman heard the motor and opened the front door. Artz came up under the portico wrapped in a big sable coat.

"What is it?" said Artz, directly he looked at the footman.

"There has been a telephone message for you, Herr Doktor."

Artz stood still in the lighted hall. "Who telephoned?"

"Monsieur Alphonse de Rothberg from the Baur-au-Lac Hotel, Herr Doktor."

"Ah!" The word sounded heavy and deep in Artz' throat.

AFTER a pause Artz opened his coat and flung back the two sable-lined wings of it.

"What was the message?"

"Monsieur de Rothberg wanted you to ring him up directly you returned, Herr Doktor. He said he would not leave the hotel. He specially wished you to ring directly."

"Ah!" said Artz again. And his small black eyes went to the telephone which was in the hall and close to where he was standing. After an instant of silence he added, "Take my coat, Heinrich."

The footman drew off the heavy coat and moved to carry it away.

"It is my evening with the quartet," said Artz.

"Yes, Herr Doktor."

Artz looked at his watch. "Not much time now. I cannot—"

At that moment the telephone bell rang.

Doctor Artz started violently. The footman went to take down the receiver.

"Hallo—ja?"

Artz slipped over to him with soft-footed swiftness. "Do not say I am here," he whispered. "I—"

"No, Monsieur! The Herr Doktor has not come back yet . . . I expect him at any time, Monsieur . . ."

"Tell him you know I am engaged this evening," whispered Artz.

The footman nodded his fair pomaded head.

"The Herr Doktor is engaged early this evening, Monsieur. He has his music . . . The quartet, Monsieur. The quartet. At—"

"Do not say where I shall be, you fool!" whispered Artz angrily.

"I do not know where he will be playing, Monsieur. But I know the Herr Doktor will be out the whole evening—until very late, Monsieur."

The footman listened. His eyes went to his master—he listened.

"What is it?" whispered Artz.

The footman took his lips from the receiver.

"The gentleman says he is coming here to wait till you return. He must see you before you go out again. What am I to say, Herr Doktor?"

Artz frowned. Then his face set firmly, like the face of one who has taken a strong resolution.

"Say that directly I come in you will ask me to go to the Baur-au-Lac and you are sure I shall go."

The footman repeated the message. "Very well, Monsieur. But—would it not be better if the Herr Doktor—"

"What is it?" whispered Artz.

"The gentleman insists on coming here. He says he is starting now, at once."

"Then I—"

"Very well, Monsieur! But really, Monsieur, I—"

The footman put the receiver back and shrugged his broad shoulders.

"The gentleman has rung off, Herr Doktor."

"And he is coming here?"

"Yes, Herr Doktor."

"Give me my coat, Heinrich."

The footman went to fetch Artz' coat. He brought it. Artz stretched his long arms behind him and the footman helped him into the coat.

"My hat!"

"Here it is, Herr Doktor."

Still frowning, Artz went towards the front door.

"But when the gentleman comes," said the footman, "what shall I—"

"He can wait!" said Artz brutally. "If he waits all night I do not care. Get me my violin and my music case. They are on the table in the music-room. Quick!"

The weekly quartet evenings of which Doktor Artz was so passionately fond were usually brought to an end punctually at eleven o'clock.

Doctor Artz was often the first to give the signal for breaking up. But at the house of Herr Friedleben that night he was extraordinarily conversational. When eleven o'clock struck he had still much to say.

The clocks of Zurich sounded midnight while still the ardent musicians were loudly talking, and Herr Pfeiffer, the first violin, exclaimed: "Twelve o'clock! My wife will think—what will she not think?" He got up. "I must go. You are such a devil to talk tonight, Artz. Never have I heard you so full of talk. And you who never forget the hour!"

"And who did not forget the hour tonight either!" said Artz to himself grimly, as he woke up his chauffeur and got into his car.

He sat back and stared out of the window. This part of the city looked deserted. The big houses showed no lights, the roads no passers-by. Zurich was sleeping. And Rothberg was surely sleeping, too, or preparing to sleep in his apartment at the Baur-au-Lac.

That night Artz had now secured. But tomorrow would come swiftly. And then?

At any rate he had the night. That was something. And perhaps he would devise—invent—arrange—

The motor-car stopped before his door, between the two lamps. As Artz got out he stared at his house like one asking a question. He had a latch-key and had put his hand into his pocket to get it when the front door was opened by Heinrich.

"Why have you stayed up?" said Artz. "You know that—"

"That gentleman from the Baur-au-Lac is still here, Herr Doktor, waiting for you."

Artz took Heinrich by the arm and gripped him with such savage force that he tried to get away.

"Herr Doktor! Herr Doktor!" he stammered. Artz let him go.

"You fool! What do you mean by letting him stay? How dare you let anyone stay on in my house till after midnight without my permission?"

"But the gentleman would not go, Herr Doktor. I tried to—"

"Where is he?"

The footman pointed in the direction of the drawing-room door.

Artz turned away, took two or three steps, stood still with his back to the footman, then walked slowly down the hall to the drawing-room door, opened it and went in. The footman heard him say:

"Welcome back to our Zurich, Monsieur Alphonse!"

Then the door closed behind him.

AS ARTZ came into the drawing-room Rothberg, who had been sitting in the corner of a large sofa under two pretty pastels of women, got up slowly. He was dressed in a loose gray traveling suit, in which his body looked meager. His unwrinkled face was pale as parchment. The two scars close to his ears looked livid. There was a sort of sick fury in his eyes, an expression that suggested anger gone sick because of its own futility.

Without holding out his hand or any greeting he stood in front of Artz and said:

"Artz, you are a liar, a cheat, a charlatan. Your science is only a pretense. You know no more than any little doctor in a country village knows. You are a pompous bulging sham. You are a miserable money-maker who gives nothing in return for the money you suck out of your patients. Your experiments—your discoveries—your marvelous new treatments—there is nothing in them. They mean nothing. They lead nowhere. Nothing at all happens because of them except this, that you get money through them. As to your operations—for a moment the meager body in the loose gray suit shook violently—"how dare you perform useless operations? How dare you make me submit to—" The little body was still again.

Rothberg turned away abruptly, walked down the big room with his hands behind him and his almost bald head thrust forward, turned and came back. His eyes were now staring straight before him and looked like the eyes of a man quite alone in fury, raging in solitude because of some hideous affront or deadly wrong. He passed Artz without looking at him or seeming to know he was there, turned and once (Continued on page 119)

By Royal Brown

Absolutely No "IT"

Illustrations by
C. A. Voight



"What do you know about yourself, Ann?" Tommy asked. "You don't even know your nose should be powdered."

EYES and ears and nose, hair and lips and even toes. Such, described in glamorous detail, was the stuff heroines were once made of. But nowadays one word suffices. Either a girl has "It"—or she hasn't. And if she hasn't, the best she can hope for is to achieve a philosophy of sorts. As Ann Randolph, with absolutely no "It," had achieved her philosophy; this being, basically, that life was not going to hand her anything, even on a pewter platter, and that what she got from life she'd have to work for.

In brief, where other girls—such as Ann's younger sister Marge, for instance—used their eyes or their dimples to subjugate the male, Ann used whatever substitute suggested itself to her as most productive of results. Even her elbows, if necessary. The way she used them this night in late December as she worked her way through the crowded street-car as it neared her stop.

"Pardon!" she suggested to the bulky specimen of so-called manhood who stood blocking her progress.

Her voice was not the voice of a siren. It was crisp, efficient. Ann was crisp, efficient. But it failed to penetrate as—well, as Marge's murmured coo would have. Yet Ann was not without resource. She brought an elbow into play.

"Whoof!" grunted the target of its thrust.

He glared at her. If it had been Marge, Marge would have flinched an incorrigible eyelid at him and he would have smiled.

Ann, however, was not Marge. He did not smile.

"Ann," was the way her mother put it, "is so sensible. Men just don't interest her. She's not that sort."

To which Ann retorted—but only to herself: "And that's what I call a kind and considerate way of putting it. Anybody else would say I'm not the sort that interests men."

Yet it was true that men didn't interest her a whole lot. At least not such men as Marge was forever bringing home. Marge was all "It."

A flame for masculine moths, Marge. But not Ann.

Ann had her health, a sense of humor and a darned good job. She was private secretary to Samuel Benton, a patent lawyer who spent half his time in Boston and the rest in Washington. He had two sets of grandchildren, a full beard and hair in his ears.

"I," he had told Ann testily, when she applied for the position, "can't be forever breaking in new secretaries. If you're just taking the position as a stop-gap until you get married—"

"I," Ann had broken in, "have nice regular teeth and am awfully good to my mother."

He had stared at her all but open-mouthed. "Nice teeth—good to your mother?" he had echoed uncertainly.

Ann had disciplined an impulse to grin. She had wanted the position awfully. They'd get along together, she knew.

Some men made Ann feel that way. They warned to her quickly. Street-car conductors with six children, fat old policemen. Such men, in short, as Pascale, the bootblack, who came to the office and who told her that Tony, his oldest boy, was winning

prizes at Boston Latin and would go to college and be a great lawyer some day.

They interested her, responded to her interest. Oh yes, she had felt she was going to get the job.

"Exactly the sort of girl," she had explained coolly to Samuel Benton, "that any sensible man would know would make a much better wife than some fluffy little thing that coos and makes eyes at him. But then—a man is never sensible when he falls in love."

He had chuckled at that. He was over seventy and he looked like a moth-eaten Jove. In his dim, incredible past, as she was to learn, he had stroked a college crew; now his predominating interest was in the first editions he collected.

"You're not as bad as all that," he had assured her.

Nor was she, as far as eyes and ears and nose, hair and lips and even toes were concerned. Her eyes were clear and direct, matching in tone the not uncolorful brown of her hair. Her nose was straight, her lips not so bad. As for her toes, they, shod in trim pumps, must have been delectable, for at least they were the terminals of the loveliest legs imaginable.

EVEN Marge conceded Ann that. "I wish I had your legs," she had assured Ann, more than once.

Nevertheless, it was Marge who got the men. She wasn't so amazingly pretty in some ways and she was definitely spoilt and selfish. Yet she got them just the same.

"She just can't help attracting men," was the way her mother phrased it. Mothers will boast that way. Especially to mothers of less fortunate daughters.

"Isn't it strange that Ann is so different?" some of the latter would suggest, sweetly.

But Mrs. Randolph was not to be squelched.

"Oh, of course, Ann could have men too if she wanted them," she would reply loftily. "But she's all for business. And she has such a very important position—in charge of the office all the time Mr. Benton is away, you see. He simply adores her. Why, he gave her a hundred dollars for Christmas."

And well Samuel Benton might! Ann not only attended to the

office routine but picked out presents for his grandchildren, registered swift if not always sincere admiration for his follies in first editions, and saw to it that he went to the barber's when he should. At such times she felt like a mother to him.

The hundred dollars had been a complete surprise to her. The first Christmas he had given her a book, the second two books.

"This year," Ann had thought, "it will be three books. If we stick together long enough I may work up to a Christmas where I'll get a full set of Dickens or something like that."

On the other hand, he might close his one-man office and retire any time. Ann knew that, but it was no use worrying. She would get another job presumably, and she hoped it would be as good as the one she now had. She was not so sure of that, however. Samuel Benton was a liberal man, as employers went; he had started her at twenty-five a week when she was twenty-two; now, at twenty-five, he was paying her forty.

This Ann never told anybody at home. There was a reason. Andrew Randolph, her father, gray and nearing fifty, was a sublimated head broker who received eighteen hundred a year. A pathetic, almost tragic figure in a way.

"He wouldn't say a word—but he'd feel like more of a total loss than ever if he knew I was getting more than he is," Ann thought.

The only thing to do, of course, was to pretend that thirty dollars a week could contrive all the miracles forty can be stretched to. Some girls are that way, even these days.

Marge worked too, but: "Goodness gracious," she had protested, answering her mother's suggestion that she might contribute something for household expenses, the way Ann did. "I've got to have clothes and lunches and some spending-money, haven't I? Of course I want to help and the minute I get a decent salary—"

But then, Marge was younger. Exactly eighteen months younger than Ann. Not so much in time but it had made a big difference in Ann's life, even if she never had realized that.

The first person ever to think about that was, curiously enough, Tommy Adams. Curiously, because, at first glance, he was pretty much the sort of youngster that Marge might be expected to bring home. A lean, lithe male of twenty-eight perhaps, with a swift grin and a perfect peach of a car.

The peach of a car was standing parked at the curb as Ann approached home, this night in late December when she had used her elbows to get out of a street-car. "Marge," she thought, as she glimpsed it, "must have a new man on the string."

Which was why she didn't pause to give the roadster even a second glance. Instead she ran up the steps toward the front door. A moment with her latch-key and she was in the hall.

The room to the right of the hall, known in Ann's youth as the parlor but now less definite and much more livable in character, was lighted and in the doorway stood Marge.

"Well," she announced, "I thought you'd never get here!"

This was surprising. But before Ann could assimilate it, Marge had seized her.

"Wait a minute," she commanded and, cocking Ann's hat on

at a different angle, she added, "Why don't you learn to wear your hat at the right tilt?"

Ann simply stared her amazement.

"And," added Marge, "you *might* powder your nose now and then. Hold still, dearest—" She produced her compact and powdered Ann's nose.

"Well, for heaven's sake!" exploded Ann. "What do you think—"

This Marge ignored. "Now," she commanded, "come in and meet the Prince of Wales."

Of course it wasn't the Prince of Wales. It was just Tommy.

"This," announced Marge to him, "is my sister. I'm sorry she



¶ To Ann the runway seemed miles long. She was

has wool stockings on—but she's the sort that would, you know. But—look for yourself."

To Ann this was all as unintelligible as Greek.

"How do you do?" said she, very coldly, to Tommy Adams. Ann disliked him. Just why she could not have said.

This had nothing to do with the insouciant announcement that Marge made at dinner.

"Oh, he came in for a manicure," Marge was explaining, as Ann slipped into her place at the table. "He's something or other to do with a big shoe company and he's on for the shoe show that opens next week."

This was addressed to her mother. It was Mrs. Randolph and her younger daughter who provided much of the table-talk.

Something was forever happening to Marge. She had started out, as had Ann, to be a stenographer. She never had been particularly good at it; when her notes proved obscure she extemporized and a misspelled word was nothing in her life. Nevertheless, she had no difficulty in securing positions.

The trouble was that she never held them long.

"Oh, he got too darned fresh," might be her explanation. Or, "He certainly thought he was God's gift to women—and I told him where he got off."

Of course an attractive girl like Marge would be persecuted that way. But even in the beauty shop to which she had gravitated she had had troubles.

"I hate women!" she had announced passionately, when that position had gone the way of all Marge's jobs. "Especially women who think that they own the earth just because they happen to have husbands who have money."

Marge's mother had not liked her present job. "But—manicuring in a barber shop doesn't seem—quite nice," she had protested.

that mine wouldn't change his opinion and so I said, 'You ought to see my sister's.'"

"Marjorie Randolph—you didn't!" gasped Ann.

"Don't be mid-Vic!" counseled Marge. "I've always told you you have the loveliest legs ever."

Andrew Randolph gave a snort of disgust. "Nice table-talk!" he began. "I—"

"And I dared him to bet a pair of silk stockings that I couldn't prove it," Marge went on, unperturbed. "And he took me up and—"

"Is that the way you talk with men who come in to get manicured?" demanded her mother.

"Why not? There's something about a manicure with a man that works just the way a shampoo does with a woman. They both tell you their life histories and—"

"But to—to discuss your sister's—your sister's—" The word stuck in Mrs. Randolph's throat.

"Limbs?" suggested Marge sweetly. "Oh, Mother—he was just telling what an awful time he was having to get manikins to display a new line of shoes he's horribly interested in. And you see legs—I mean limbs, Mother dear—are so important."

"Did you think," interrupted Ann coldly, "that I'd be interested in becoming a manikin?"

"No, but he did—until he saw you," explained Marge serenely. "He knew in a second then that he might just as well try to get Queen Mary. But he was a good sport just the same. He admitted I'd won my bet and—"

"I should think," said her mother, "you'd be ashamed of yourself."

Naturally Marge wasn't. And when the fruits of the bet she had won appeared—as they did, promptly, the next day—she brought them home and exhibited them triumphantly.

"The man has taste," she purred contentedly. "Not an inch of anything but silk. Even the toes." She swiftly slipped out of the stocking that sheathed her right leg and drew on one of the new ones. "Gosh!" she breathed, enchanted.

She held her leg outstretched before her. The stocking—the thought was Ann's—might have been made by gathering up fairy cobwebs from the grass at dawn and dyeing them the color of dead leaves in the fall.

"They must," was Marge's reaction, "have cost him plenty."

"It doesn't seem to me," her mother protested, "that any man would give a girl stockings unless—"

"Unless his intentions are honorable—or the reverse?" suggested Marge. "Well, I'll ask him which the next time I see him."

"You expect to see him again then?" asked her mother quickly. "Well, he's to be in town and he may need a manicure," replied Marge. And added, cryptically, "Men do, you know."

Evidently she quite expected he would. Well, so did Ann. Surely Tommy Adams would not have paid his bet so prodigally if his interest had not been caught. Nothing that Marge might have confided about Tommy Adams' future activities would have surprised her.

What did surprise her was Tommy's appearance at her office the next morning. At the moment Samuel Benton was in Washington. He would return the following Tuesday—January third.

"And then," he had told her when, at Christmas, he had given her the surprising gift of a hundred (Continued on page 170)



conscious of misty faces all around her.

"It's a swell shop—and so are the tips," Marge had replied serenely.

And of course Marge had her own way. She always did. And it was, naturally, in the barber shop that she had met Tommy Adams.

"I guess he's a lot older than he looks," she went on, at the supper table, this December night. "He was in the war, anyway."

"Why didn't you ask him to dinner?" suggested her mother, moved as much by curiosity as hospitality.

"Good Lord—in this dump!" exclaimed Marge scornfully. Her father gave her a curious glance but she never even saw it.

"Besides," she added, "he only came to see Ann anyway."

Ann and her mother both stared at her, a bit open-mouthed.

"Or perhaps"—Marge paused and grinned—"I should say Ann's legs."

"Marge!" protested her mother. "I don't think that's nice."

"Why not?" asked Marge, too innocently. "Ann has got legs—anybody can see them. And they are awfully nice. And he said that Boston girls have the worst legs he ever saw. And I knew

Kindly Flames

By Katherine Mayo

A True Story of MOTHER INDIA

"GIVE me a child's first seven years," say the wise men, "and I will fix its character forever."

Does that explain Kamla Devi?

Kamla Devi was born in the Northern Punjab, where the very air makes men. Further, her village, because of the vigor of the Deputy Commissioner Sahib, backing the inexplicable fancies of its army-trained Muslim chief, was commonly healthy and cleanish. Further still, Hindu though she was, Kamla Devi, ugly, wiry, laughing little imp, played all day long with sturdy Muslim youngsters under the open sky; so that the strength of the Punjab sun and air struck deep, deep down into her body and mind.

"She is like a boy. Her merry heart lightens my days," said her father, often, "wherefore may the gods grant we keep her to the very limit of her time!"

And as often the mother replied: "May the gods in their mercy so grant it, O Lord of my life."

Before Kamla Devi's second birthday, her father, a prosperous Hindu farmer, had arranged her marriage. This in the greater haste because the region was not Hindu, but Muslim, making families of his caste marriage-circle so far to seek as to involve the possible damnation of his soul—a thing bound to occur should he fail properly to marry his daughter. For the same reason he had been forced to a match inferior in all but caste—the one inflexible requirement.

Then, in profound relief, he had put disturbing facts from him and had settled down to the luxury of utterly loving his pet while yet he might, giving her all that he could of freedom and special indulgence. "I may keep her till her twelfth year," he thought—and would think no further.

But Kamla Devi was not quite eight years old on the day when her childhood ended.

"The health of her husband requires her. Let her therefore forthwith be sent to him," quoth the messenger, while little Kamla Devi, all unconscious, shouted with her playmates in the sun.

That was the last play-hour of her life.

"Must it be—and she so wee—such a baby yet!" wailed the mother.

"Peace, fool!" growled the farmer. "Doth not her lord call? Is our daughter to blacken our faces with shame?"

So followed the farewells—the shrieks and tears of the mother, the father's violent grief, and the long journey south.

But the use of her clean child-body did not arrest her husband's fate, for all the promise of the ancient code. Within a week he lay dead—and Kamla Devi entered upon the life of a widow in a Hindu joint-family house.

Much might be said of the nature and effect of the Hindu joint-family system, whereby generations of descent, direct and collateral, live under one roof, dominated by the will of the eldest member. For Kamla Devi, eight years old, the effect was this: To make her the butt and slave of seventeen relatives-in-law and in especial of her late husband's mother.

"Devil! Monster! Blight-faced spawn of Hell!" the old woman would scream. "But for your sins my son would yet be here in the pride of his manhood! How, but for your crimes in a hundred past lives of crime, could such a son die! Curses be upon you forever! May your vile body be eaten alive and your soul descend into a blind maggot. May—"

Or, when breath failed her, the others took up the effort, till no unsayable thing had been left unsaid nor any fantastic evil unpictured. With such words they drove her to the dirtiest, most tiresome tasks. With such words they salted the scant, hard food that makes the Hindu widow's fare.

When she would have crept in amongst them to witness from some dark corner their household pleasures, they chased her away, in unfeigned terror of her "evil eye." And when, in

loneliness and misery, exhaustion and inward revolt, she, child of love, sobbed herself to sleep, they awakened her with blows, to assign new labors and to rail at her ugly face.

Yet, as time passed, Kamla Devi not only survived—as millions of Hindu widows, serfs and "sinners" all, survive—but somehow maintained the secret freedom of her soul. Somehow, too, in spite of starvation and drudgery, shed her physical chrysalis until, when her twelfth year brought achieved womanhood, only hatred could fail to see the comeliness of her face.

And then it was that real trouble unfolded; Kishan, her husband's eldest brother, perceived her new beauty with the eye of desire. According to the local custom of the caste, a deceased man's brother may claim the widow in marriage. And Kishan demanded that Kamla Devi become his personal slave and his wife.

Now Kishan was an evil, dirty, foul old man, broken by disease, and Kamla Devi's very marrow recoiled from the thought of his touch. Yet the whole family, turning in a pack, hounded her to consent. The reproach of widowhood would thus be removed from her—so they reiterated, hour by hour; and she, without further expense to their purse, could produce for them legitimate children. Hour by hour, night and day, they harried her, while Kishan pressed his sickening suit.

"I will throw myself down the well!" one day she cried in open revolt, thinking of the Hindu girl-suicide's most frequent recourse.

"Come here!" called the mother-in-law from her place beside the fire. "Take that!" And seizing the child's hand, she thrust it into the boiling rice. "Let that teach you to talk of drowning yourself, dearly as you'd love to spoil our water and rob us of your work!"

"Assuredly you are possessed of a demon. Assuredly the Muslim fry you were bred with have rotted your soul, for no honest Hindu widow had ever such obstinacy as yours!" the old woman railed on. "As for the escape of death, never dream of it! Are its doors not guarded by our eyes?"

WELL Kamla Devi knew the truth of the words. Never for a moment, now that they felt the need of vigilance, could she elude their sight. Yet she terribly feared to live, lest in the end their ceaseless clamor should break down her will, and deliver her into the clutch of the unspeakable Kishan.

Now, her right hand blistered from its plunge in the boiling pot, she crept back to her morning's task of molding cow-dung cakes and sticking them to dry on the wall around the courtyard gate. In rows they clung there already, as high as she could reach to affix them, hundreds on hundreds of cakes each bearing the imprint of her tiny hand. And yet a heap of dung remained. As in a dream, she worked on.

Presently through the dream shot jagged words:

"... Sutte. In the Golden Age, before the British came, our Hindu women were brave and pure of spirit. Queen or peasant, joyously they gave their lives on their husbands' funeral pyres, passing triumphant through the fiery portal to another life. But now the British, in their diabolical hatred of us and our ancient culture, have snatched from our women that holy privilege.

"O Hindu widows, daughters of a thousand sorrows, your departed lords and masters in their present state, be that what it may, know full well that they were happier, higher, far, had you not neglected the glorious rite. But you, alas! have fallen victim to our Oppressor.

"You, once so strong and proud, are now grown soft and poor of spirit. No longer have you the courage to serve your lords to the end. No longer have you the virtue that, in one splendid act, glorifies and exalts all your lord's family with surpassing merit and fame. The British in their jealousy have debased your souls. The Golden Age is past! . . ."



H. H. Field

Katherine Mayo with a group of her Indian friends.

The singsong voice trailed on—the voice of the scholar of the household, reading from some political hand-bill. Kamla Devi stole a glance that way. Enmeshed by the words, the whole family had assembled in the courtyard. But every creature's eyes were fixed on the reader's lips. For once they had forgotten her! Silent as a shadow, Kamla Devi, on her little bare feet, slipped out through the courtyard gate.

Hours passed, filled with hue and cry and searchings. But at noon the child reappeared of herself and stood before them all. "I have been to the river. I have duly bathed, in such form as the law commands"—the words came not as a child speaks, but dully, impersonally, as if from the dead. "Before this sun-down I shall be suttee. To the holy gods I have vowed it."

Instinctively the household turned to its head. The old woman, tense as a drawn bow, crouched for a moment at gaze; then, darting forward, seized hold upon the child, peering down into her great dark eyes. Long and fiercely she sought, as one who tests the inmost fiber. At last, with a cry of supreme exultation she threw her arms aloft.

"Blessed be this Day of Days, that restores to my son his bride! Blessed be this Day of Days, that confers high honor upon all my family! Blessed be this Day of Days, that exalts me among all women, for a suttee shall be done to the glory of our house!"

"Will the girl hold firm?" asked the younger women, breathless. "She will hold firm!" the Old One answered. "Have I not read the soul behind her eyes?"

At once the whole household gave (Continued on page 175)

One of the 30

By Irvin S. Cobb

HAVING double-crossed Crummy Mix's mob, old man Kramer was now paying for it. He lay on the floor of the back room of his pawn-shop and breathed bloody bubbles out and in, in and out. On his body there was a bruise or a broken piece of skin for every square inch of him, nearly, and his face was an abomination before the Lord. For no conceivable reason whatsoever he had double-crossed them, not once only but twice in close succession; first in certain involved details having to do with a parcel of loot belonging to an independent cracksman from Toledo, which business they had steered his way and on which they were entitled to the regular middleman's commissions; and then almost immediately after had followed the matter of those ninety bolts of silk out of that loft job of theirs over in East Thirteenth Street. And they had found it all out on him, absolute proof coming sharp on the heels of suspicion.

"Can you 'magine ut?" Crummy's girl, Kittie Steinway, murmured in shocked amazement when she heard the news. "Can you 'magine ut? That dirty old two-timer! And him always such a square shooter with everybody up to now. Next thing he'll be turnin' stool-pigeon, straight out and out. Naw, he wouldn't dast to do that; they've got too much on him. But what's come over him all at once, goin' sour on the best friends he's got anywheres?"

"I ain't worryin' so much about what's come over him," Crummy answered her. "But I know what's comin' to him. He's goin' to take the cure, that fella."

Crummy was good and sore, naturally. His own mob were sore. And the outside worker, who had trusted in them and in their sincere reports on the old man's reputation for straightforward dealings, was sore too. If you couldn't depend on your fence, who, in heaven's name, could you depend on?

So Crummy and big Snuffles Gavin, also known as The Mustard, and the out-of-towner whose name was Bates, *alias* Baxter, constituted themselves a committee of three representing all the parties aggrieved, and they went around to his place late at night and got him up out of bed and gave him the cure. They gave it to him very thoroughly. They certainly took him for one of these indoor buggy-rides. But before he was past speaking, they made him confess.

His explanation, if you could call it that, was most lame and insufficient. He said something just came over him. He was sorry and all that, and between his groanings and his beggings, swore up and down that he'd never do it again but he said he just couldn't help himself because something just seemed to come over him. This sort of talk only made them sorer than they were already. They handed him some extra touches on that account.

Before taking their departure the visiting delegation went through old man Kramer's safe. Under pressure he had been induced to tell the combination, and while he still was conscious they had taken the precaution of seeing whether he lied. It had been the right combination though, so Crummy, who was panting a bit from his exertions, blew gently on his chafed knuckles and said:

"We've took our pleasure out of this; now let's go to it and do a little real work."

They collected what they figured was coming to them—plus back interest, plus fines and costs, plus special assessments and penalties. In other words, they took whatever of worth the safe



"I must 'a' forgot about that," Crummy said and hauled out the bag of old coins. "Forgot, huh?" mimicked Gavin.

contained. They took all the currency, all the jewelry, some unmounted stones and a few valuable-looking curios. There was no fear that old Kramer—provided he ever came out of it—would go tattling to the cops.

As a notorious receiver and disposer of stolen goods, his position in society, delicately poised and adjusted as it was, on the half-way ground between professional thieves and the final purchasers of his wares, would not permit of complaint on his part, for then should investigation ensue, too many, himself included, would be seriously involved. Besides, they had promised him a second and an even more rigorous treatment in case he lived and started babbling. So they were safe enough there and, ethically speaking, also were well within their rights.

AMONG the things in the safe they found a smallish canvas sack which on being opened yielded a variegated assortment of old and curious-looking coins—mostly copper and silver coins but a few gold ones, too—with outlandish blurred markings on them and these, they decided offhand, undoubtedly had been the property originally of some collector or or dealer in such rarities. On the sack, in neat ink marks, they read a date and sundry private ciphers of old Kramer's private code. Having examined this writing, Bates, the crook from Toledo, said:

"Unless he lied to himself, this here shows he got hold of this junk just the day before he got hold of that stuff of mine that he gyped me and you fellas both on. Me, I'm wonderin' why he



away turning ugly. "So you must 'a' forgot a thing that weighs about three pounds! That's what you want us to believe, huh?" The stuff was dying out in The Mustard, he being a hop-head. Before he undertook a job he hit the pipe but the jolt was wearing off now and his nerves were raw; that's partly why he had turned so nasty.

He could have had a jam with Crummy for the asking. To protect himself, Crummy had to make a strong play at being indignant. The others immediately were peace-makers, speaking soothing sentences. What was the good of starting a clem over such a little thing? That didn't get nobody nothing—now did it?

Their mouths made the questions but their eyes, when they flashed them on Crummy's scowling face and then shifted them elsewhere, told what was really in their minds, namely, that they shared with The Mustard the belief that he had. But they had respect for the qualities of Crummy's leadership. Until this moment, they had had no doubt touching on his squareness with them. Now they had a doubt. They were careful though not to put it in words. They strove to avoid putting it in looks—all but Gavin.

Crummy could tell, though; he wasn't fooled. As the only man of the lot who neither used drugs nor smoked opium, he felt a quick new-born contempt for all dopes whatsoever. For one particular dope he felt more than contempt. A rush of hate for Gavin, whom heretofore and always he had looked upon as a dependable lieutenant, mounted in him.

This, however, was not the moment for pressing the issue. Grumbling to cover his guilt and his rancor, he settled back into the chair from which he had risen, and untied the mouth of the bag and let its contents trickle out on the bed, and Dumb Izzy Horowitz, who was supposed to have expert knowledge in such matters, made a swift appraisal of them and gave it as his best opinion that after throwing aside the baser bits—the coppers and bronzes—as of no account, what was left in precious metals might be worth, say, three hundred bucks. He wouldn't guarantee these figures; with him it was just a rough guess.

Still and even so, he would take a chance; he'd give them fifty bucks apiece and take the whole pile and maybe he'd come out a little bit ahead on the deal and maybe he'd come out a little bit behind. Or, to show he was on the level, he'd be glad to get fifty bucks for his part and let somebody else take the risks.

Promptly it was agreed that Dumb Izzy should have the speculation all to himself. So he scooped up the coins, a handful at a time, and to distribute the weight put them in various pockets. Thereupon Crummy confiscated the discarded canvas sack and used it for enclosing a rather fragile silver-gilt mantel ornament which by allotment had fallen to him.

He took the ornament to his flat and gave it to his girl, Kittie Steinway. When he uncovered it he felt something small and flat and solid down in the bottom of the bag and shook out an exceedingly dilapidated, badly discolored silver coin with dim markings on it and bent worn edges, which had somehow been overlooked at the conference with his allies.

He tucked this coin into the fob-pocket of his breeches. He could always give it away or throw it away or he might sell it, provided some boob attached any special value to it. Or then again it might be lucky, who could tell? Maybe he'd keep it awhile for a luck-piece and see what it brought him.

It stayed in his pocket and he forgot about it. Anyhow, he had something else to think about.

He had his quick-growing rage against The Mustard to think about.

Once a man sets himself to plucking the beams out of somebody else's eye he has his work cut out for him—the beams keep multiplying so. On recapitulation, Crummy could think of any number of things about The Mustard that he did not care for. He remembered friction in the past, disagreements, disputations.

Looking back on it all, it seemed to him now that this fellow had continually questioned his judgments, had forever been trying to undermine his authority by doubting the wisdom of

ain't got rid of it before now—stuff like this is dangerous to have around; too easy to trace."

"Twon't be no pipe to trace though once it's melted down—gold in one lump, silver in another, and the rest dumped in a manhole or a sewer-gratin' or somethin'," said Snuffles Gavin, the one known also as The Mustard. "Shovel it back into that bag and you bring it along, Crummy, with the rest of what you got. I'm already loaded till I look like I got dropsy."

The three bestowed upon their persons the last of the pickings and turned off the lights and went away, leaving old Kramer lying there in the dark. They went over to Avenue A to an agreed-on meeting-place where the three remaining members of Crummy's mob awaited them, and here they all sat down and proceeded to cut up the proceeds six ways—one share to each of the five regulars and one share to the Toledo man, as seemed fair, he having been a heavy loser by Kramer's duplicity.

Without much wrangling the division had been completed, when Gavin asked what had become of that bag of old coins.

At that Crummy said "Oh!" sharply, as though he had just remembered. "I must 'a' forgot about that," he said apologetically, and hauled it forth from the bottom of a deep side-pocket of his overcoat. For a matter of fact, he had not forgotten. An impulse, coming on him quickly after he felt the drag and clink of the heavy lump in his pocket, had influenced him to keep back this much for his own.

"So you must 'a' forgot it, huh?" mimicked Gavin, right

his decisions. He gathered up small detached incidents of no moment, and wove them together into a fabric and he tasseled and finished the pattern with the cankering memory of this one particular incident—the one of the night of the split-up over on Avenue A.

To him though that was not an incident. It was a cause and a culmination. So far as he, in his present temper, was concerned it brought to a climax the issue of whether he was or was not the head of this mob.

The rest of the mob was puzzled to account for his changed attitude. Gavin himself was deeply bewildered—at first; then rapidly his mood changed to one of resentfulness, then to open hostility and open defiance. And the three who were outside the quarrel found themselves being drawn into it.

Passively and furtively, they became partisans on the side of Gavin. They blamed Crummy for making—without just cause, so far as they could see—a breach in the line-up. A feud within a mob meant the breaking-up of the mob; sooner or later that was exactly what it meant. Theirs had been a very effective organization, its members hand-picked and fire-tested.

The upshot was that Crummy decided no mob was big enough to contain him and Gavin at the same time. No, that was stating it too mildly: This world wasn't big enough to hold the two of them. He dissembled his purpose though. He made friendly overtures and Gavin accepted them, and the group of five celebrated the restored peace with a racket at a road-house on Long Island where much smuggled Scotch was consumed, and they pulled out their gats and shot up the place, Wild West fashion, much to the discomfort of the proprietor and the waiters who didn't like Western fashions.

Returning to town, the whole lot of them were ory-eyed, and at parting the lately estranged pair exchanged maudlin embraces and kissed each other. But Crummy was not so maudlin as he let on to be. He was stewed all right but his brain functioned through the fumes so that he still could play a part.

The next night late, Gavin was going into the hallway of a hop-joint in Mott Street, which is in Chinatown, and right then and there, with no eye-witnesses present, he got his and got it full and plenty. He was dead as a nit, with two bullet holes in him, close together, just above where his suspenders forked in the back, when the cops came.

Nobody white or yellow, in this building, or in the immediate vicinity, would admit even to having heard the shots. The detectives talked to the Headquarters reporters about "clues" and "leads" but that merely was Central Office stuff for publication. Among themselves, the detectives were bound to admit that whoever had done it had been pretty slick about it.

The only person held even temporarily in connection with the killing was a lone cocaine dope who heard the shooting from around the bend and went and gave the alarm by telling a policeman on post in Chatham Square. The reward of this informant was that the bulls questioned him sharply and took turns at browbeating him and locked him up overnight as a suspicious character; and then, being altogether disappointed in him, let

him go with what in effect amounted to a few good swift kicks.

Crummy deemed it the part of caution to stick pretty closely to his flat the following day. He wasn't troubled in his mind but he would wait a little while before stirring about and see what happened, if anything.

Nothing happened except that, on inside pages, the morning papers carried stories averaging about half a column in length telling of the killing of Peter Gavin, an "underworld denizen"



Kittie asked Dumb
Izzy to run out
to Chicago and
give her the low-
down on Crummy.
"Not for mine,"
he said. "It's
hands off for me."

as one paper called him. He read one of the accounts to Kittie, professing casual regret for the taking-off of an old associate and philosophically adding that the way things were these times the best a fella could expect was the worst of it; and if Kittie had any private opinions of her own in the matter of Snuffles' abrupt exit from a troubled sphere, she kept them to herself.

But in the afternoon something did happen. Kittie had gone out to the movies with a girl friend when Crummy had a caller.

The caller had telephoned in advance of his coming, saying that he had news of importance to tell. So Crummy was expect-

The visitor lost no time in getting to business. "About this here bumpin'-off last night," he began.

"Meanin'?"

"Snuffles Gavin."

"Oh, I seen about that in the papers. Well, what about it?"

"It's bein' laid against you."

"Who's layin' it against me?"

"Not me. Don't get me wrong on this. But there's some

they're doin' lately, they needed a nice strong-arm boy that'd smelt some gat smoke in his time and was used to it. In fact he'd good as joined up with them. That's the talk, anyhow."

"First I knew of it."

"All the same, that's the talk. And besides, Snuffles had a half-brother and this lad also lately joined in with Johnny's push. Maybe it give Snuffles the idea. I don't know."

"I never knowed about that part neither."

"No? Seems like there's been several things goin' on that you ain't been wise to. Anyhow, here's the low-down: They claim you pulled that trick off in Mott Street last night. They claim there wasn't nobody else would feel called on to do it. They claim that wasn't no way to do—salvin' up a boy that you been bad friends with, and makin' him think everything was Jake again between him and you, and then slippin' him the woiks behind his back—wait, I ain't sayin' that's the way it was, I'm only just sayin' that's the way they say it was. They're sayin' there can't no gun go 'round wipin' out a boy that's already, as you might say, as good as in their outfit, without him payin' the bill for the damages."

"Crummy, I'm friendly and I'm tellin' you: They're out to fix your clock so it'll quit tickin'. You can't look for no backin' from your own mob, neither. You ain't seen none of 'em to-day, huh? Well, they're sore. They maybe ain't goin' 'round sayin' what they think, but they're thinkin' all right and they ain't thinkin' your way. Never mind how I know, but I know. You're throwed out on your own in this jam and the percentages is all runnin' against you. I'm takin' a chance meself comin' in broad daylight like this and tippin' you off . . .

"Crummy, you ain't got no time to be playin' 'round. Comin' here, I seen that half-brother of his hangin' 'round down there at the corner of this block. What's he doin' over here in this part of town away off his beat? I'll leave you have one guess." The informer spread out his hands palms uppermost. "There's the layout, pal, take it or leave it."

"What would you do?"

"Me, I'd blow. Yes sir, I'd lam out of this burg tonight. I wouldn't let tomorrow mornin' find me within a hund'ed miles—yes, nor five hund'ed miles—of here."

"That'd make it look sort of bad with the bulls in case they got any foolish notions about tryin' to tie me in with this job—me blowin', I mean."

"It'd look worse, wouldn't it, you goin' for a free ride in the meat wagon to the Morgue?"

"I guess I'll get out of town for a while," said Crummy, making his decision.

"I guess you're wise," said the caller. "Anything else I kin do?"

"Yes."

Crummy gave him some money and sent him to a ready-made clothing store in the neighborhood for a complete change of wardrobe—dark suit, plain cheap overcoat, hat, shoes, everything.

Kittie came home at dusk to find Crummy gone. Crummy's tight-fitting fawn-colored suit and his blue shirt with stiff collar to match were lying on the floor where he had shed them. On the mantelpiece, flat against the mirror, was a note for her. It was held in place by a pile of small belongings which he had taken from pockets of the discarded garments—a watch, a silver luck-piece, a plated gold penknife hitched to a plated gold key-chain, one trinket and another.

Before completing his disguise for his flight, he had rid himself of whatsoever might be recognizable to anyone acquainted with the keepsakes which ordinarily he carried. Only his automatic was missing from the lot. Of course he wouldn't stir abroad without his automatic.

By reason of this display Kittie pretty well could figure out what was afoot. She stowed (Continued on page 160)



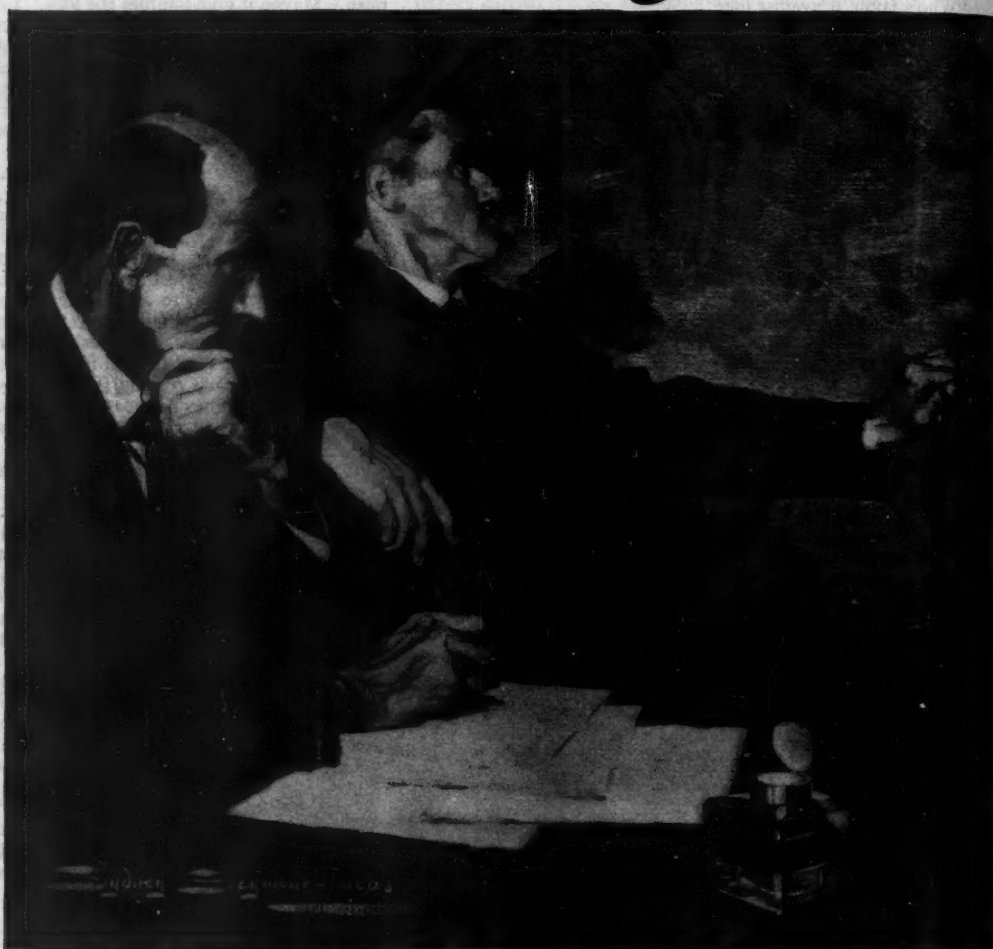
that is. Not the bulls. Least, I ain't heard it if it's so. The Johnny Greek gang, that's who."

Crummy looked puzzled. A gang was a vastly different thing from a mob. There might be ramifications which under given conditions would relate one to the other, but in themselves they differed radically and, in the main, followed separate avenues of activity.

"What's Johnny Greek's gang, or so far as that goes, any other gang got to do with an outsider to them gittin' sneezed off?" he asked.

"Well, seems like he was framin' it up to go in with them account of you and him bein' in a muss. Hijackin' 'round like

Enter Sir JOHN



“Sir John believes that we have sufficient grounds for an appeal,” said
won't have it. If they want to hang me they can. Imprisonment for life

SIR JOHN stepped out of his car at the door of a small and perfect Georgian house, which stood in a cul-de-sac somewhere in the city of London.

It was the office of his solicitor, Mr. Trenny Rice, senior partner in that enormous firm, Danby, Mareschal & Cuff.

“Well, Sir John,” the lawyer greeted him, “how have you fared?”

“No doubt my letter surprised you?”

“To some extent,” Mr. Rice admitted cautiously. “You appear to have gathered a great deal of information in a very limited space of time,” he went on, “and one or two items are of great interest.” He paused. “It is all exceedingly plausible—” He paused.

“Plausible?” Sir John cried, exasperated by this lack of enthusiasm. “It is conclusive.”

“No,” said the lawyer slowly, “no; far from it. It is circumstantial evidence; and you have to remember that we are to set it up against a finding that amounts to *flagrante delicto*.”

“Circumstantial, yes, but how circumstantial! True, I did not discover any person who actually saw the murder committed, but I think that certain of my facts are not easily dismissed. For example, the cigaret-case, with its telltale smear of blood.”

He produced it from his pocket; Mr. Rice was not impressed. “How do you know it is blood?” he asked. “Have you had it analyzed?”

“Of course it is blood,” Sir John rejoined. “What else could it be? And my policeman, my false policeman. Why should a

man dress up and come here in a policeman's clothes? Who drank the brandy? What of my broken basin, and the voices, which need no longer be considered those of two women, but may equally probably have been those of a woman and a man? What of all these things?”

“Yes, my dear Sir John,” said the lawyer, “you have given us a number of very interesting questions. Unfortunately, you have not provided equally satisfactory answers. Let us see, now, what you have to offer a jury.” He checked the points on his fingers.

“An ivory cigaret-case, owner unknown, with a dubious smear, which may or may not be blood. If it is, what is to prove that it is the blood of the dead woman? A policeman is seen, who walks away from a street disturbance not on his beat. The policeman on the beat was Grogan, who appeared in due course. The other man did not interfere because it was not his business. One of the actors in the company takes his stage clothes home with him to clean and press. He objects to having the clothes fingered by a child.

“I cannot see that the broken basin has any connection with the affair at all. The voices which Miss Mitcham heard may have been those of a woman and a man. But what man? Produce him. What man came into that house between the hours of eleven and three, except Druce, Markham and Grogan? You cannot prove anything. Finally, you, and one or two others, are convinced that the accused is innocent; my dear Sir John!”

“Rice,” said Sir John, “listen. Do you never for one instant

Concluding a Mystery Novel by

Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson



Illustration by
Sydney Seymour-Lucas

Rice. "Appeal?" Martella caught up the word. "I—why, a week of it has driven me half crazy."

cease to be a solicitor? Do you never let your thoughts range skywards? Among these deeds in their tin coffins, dead deeds, do you never dream of deeds imaginary, rainbow-colored, living?"

"Not in my public capacity," said the lawyer, smiling, "and you are here this morning as a client."

"Be private for an instant," Sir John implored. "Rice, I beg you; just for ten minutes cease to be a trustee, a commissioner for oaths, a functionary without—"

"GO ON," said Trenny Rice; "as a mere taxpayer, I'm listening."

"I begin," said Sir John, "with the assumption that Martella Baring is innocent. Presumably, therefore, some other person is guilty. But what other person? Evidently someone in the company. A tramp, an outsider, would have stolen. Nothing was missing. Now, man or woman? The only other women of the company were Mrs. Markham, who was safe in bed, and two unimportant ladies, also in bed. It was a man, therefore; and here I am inclined to limit the possibilities. I am inclined to believe that our choice lies between the two young men who occupied the dressing-room with the broken basin, in which the cigaret-case was found. Both the young men had access to policemen's uniforms. To one of them the case belongs."

"Which one?" asked the lawyer.

"That," said Sir John, "is what I propose in the next few minutes to discover."

"How?" asked the lawyer.

"Ah, that I shall leave to you," Sir John answered blandly. "Did I hear a bell?"

"Why should you hear a bell?" demanded Trenny Rice.

"Because it is half past eleven," said Sir John, "and I told, or rather, Markham told one of the young men, Mr. Ion Marion, to be here at that hour. We haven't yet traced the other."

Mr. Rice eyed the complacent knight with wonder, and some irritation. "My dear Sir John, of course I'm ready to do anything I can. But my time's not my own."

"My dear Rice," said Sir John, suddenly becoming human, "I know the value of your time. Believe me, if it were anything else—but it's the girl's life. I think she's innocent; and while there's a chance, I'll fight!"

Mr. Rice hesitated, then went to his telephone.

"Mr. Ion Marion, is he there? Yes. Very well. Send him up. Now," said he, "what's your plan of campaign?"

"Ask him," said Sir John rapidly, "about his relations with Magda Druce. You remember that piece of information I had from Markham. Ask him why he went off so suddenly on the morning of the tragedy. Ask about the uniform. Ask about the cigaret-case. Bluff him. I'll help!"

They both knew the type when Ion Marion entered the room. He was easy, well-dressed, confident; the man half-way to success. His quick glance recognized Sir John, but he was puzzled by Rice, until the lawyer explained himself.

"Good morning, Mr. Marion. Sit down, if you please. I don't suppose you remember seeing (Continued on page 201)



"Celia," said Hulda, "it is the most extraordinary thing, but there hasn't been the slightest fuss about your disappearing at all."

The

By A. S. M.

Hutchinson

AS BAD a child as ever I heard of was Celia Hinch. At the age of fourteen she had been, in the convenient phrase suggested by her head mistresses, "withdrawn" from two boarding-schools; and at the age of fifteen (in which I now present her) she was doing all she could to get herself "withdrawn" from a third.

A child like that should have come to a bad end; and it is highly disturbing to me, in my capacity as a writer of moral tales, that in point of fact she has come to a quite reasonably good end, and is now a respected, industrious, example-setting member of the school of which formerly she was the byword and reproach. However, as I have said somewhere before, I do not invent my own stories but tell them as they come to me; and this one, unfortunately, came to me in the shape in which I now proceed to set it down.

Sketching in Celia's history with the few deft touches of a born novelist, I will ask you to know that her mother died when Celia was six; that from six to thirteen she knocked about with her father, indulged to the hilt, undisciplined to the limit, father and child indissolubly welded together in a mutual-adoration society; that when she was thirteen this devoted but entirely unsuitable parent perceived at last that school was essential for her, and that she was placed for the purpose with two maiden aunts of grimmish appearance and highly starched habit while he wandered off around the world again until his daughter should be of age to rejoin him. Mutinous, miserable, entirely undisciplined, it was as a result of all this that Celia went to her first boarding-school, and then, speedily "withdrawn" from it, to her second, much as a wildcat goes into a cage; and to find, after her second "withdrawal," a third school that would accept her was, as you may imagine, as grim a task as ever the grimmish aunts had tackled. Each of the many institutions they approached eagerly flung wide its doors until it learned Celia's record, when each as swiftly closed its doors and in coldly decisive language barred them against Celia forever.

Celia was well-pleased; her aunts were ill-pleased. "There's not a school in England will receive you!" cried the grimmish but unfortunate aunts, opening an eighth or tenth refusal of their niece's candidature.

"I hope not," said Celia, and was at once sent to bed, where her conduct caused her to spend the greater part of her time.

But so impious a hope was not to be granted by the fates which govern these things. Within a week of her expressing it, a school actually was found whose head mistress was willing to accept her; and our story, I am very glad to be able to tell you, now begins to pulse and quiver.

The school was not a good school. It had been a good school once, but under the protracted reign of a weak and inefficient head mistress now long past her job it had fallen into decay. To me it is a most extraordinary circumstance, and I am glad not to be responsible for it, that this head mistress, weak by nature, was also Weak—Miss Weak—by name.

Very well. The school was a trust school, administered under a trust by a board of trustees who, through years and years of sleep at their board meetings, also had fallen into decay and who, decayed, had, as to four of their number out of five, incontinently died in the very term previous to Celia's entry. The aged survivor, stunned by

Disciplinarian

Illustrations by
W. E. Heitland



"I wish I'd never read that beastly book," said Celia.

this appalling holocaust among his senile comrades of many a happy sleep, lost what head he had, and in coopting four new trustees, made the unfortunate mistake of coopting keen, vigorous men of affairs who, shocked at the condition of things they found prevailing, immediately and in the most brutal way combined together, flung out from the board the poor old survivor of the holocaust and proceeded, in Celia's first term, to give Miss Weak notice and to search for a new head mistress who should be above all else a disciplinarian and, in their own impassioned words, Pull Things Together.

Any more dramatic string of circumstances I find it very hard indeed to imagine; and dramatic to the point of severe emotional strain is the scene to which now I move you—namely that of the last day of term, when poor old Miss Weak, seated on a platform with the four trustees about her, took leave of her school and her pupils.

The chairman of the trustees spoke the most hideous lies about the profound dismay and heart-felt regret with which the board had received Miss Weak's resignation; Miss Weak swooned; the girls, beginning with sniffs, climbed upward through snuffles and sobs into a hysteria of emotion in which some of them howled like dogs; the chairman staggered from the back of the platform to the front of the platform with a stupendous black marble clock presented by the board; four senior girls staggered from the foot of the platform to the top of the platform with an absolutely identical clock which, by singular misfortune, was the presentation subscribed for by the pupils and staff; Miss Weak, butressed in by marble clocks, swooned again (as well she might); and the whole proceedings were in fact—well—terrific.

And what of Celia all this time, all this term, and especially in all this maelstrom of emotion at the

end of term? Celia, you must know, though fallen into her usual position of the worst girl in the school, had not, thanks to the quavering hand of Miss Weak, suffered the penalties to which she was accustomed. She would have viewed, it might be thought, with dismay, if not with sorrow, the departure of that foolishly kind old soul and the coming of one who as disciplinarian boded her ill; but she was fearless of authority as she was devoid of sentiment (except toward her father) and I have to report that she sat through the moving scenes of the farewell with no other emotion than the very remarkable one of keen excitement.

Why?

The reason was that she was a voracious reader, not only of any book, but of any newspaper she could get hold of; that she firmly believed that life is as it is represented between the covers of indifferent fiction; and that here her imagination was set agog by the living presentation of a situation which *was* life as more than once her story-books had presented life to her.

This dismissal by the trustees of an old and devoted servant—how often she had reveled in its poignancy on the printed page,



"I wanted to meet you because I heard you were the worst girl in school," said the new mistress. Celia sat mum.

How thrillingly she greeted it now in actual fact! A story she had read quite recently in which an aged clerk had been dismissed on a wrongful charge and then triumphantly vindicated and reinstated by the efforts of a junior gave her a line as to how the case of Miss Weak might be met, not for Miss Weak's sake but for her own splendid entertainment; and immediately the presentation ceremony was ended she called unto herself four girls who shared her dormitory and over whom her imperious nature enabled her to exercise dominion, and communicated to them the ideas which already her active brain had marshaled.

The four were by name: Hulda Lumpf, who was fattish, greedy and of German extraction; Ella Lank, thin, with a sharp nose on which spectacles rested; Katie Mull, a cowed and frightened child; and Annie Budge, a stubborn, mulish creature with thick ankles. They had but two qualities in common: one that they were easily led, the other that they were led by Celia.

"I've got most frightful fun," said Celia, addressing them in the corner of the school garden in which she had assembled them, "most frightful fun for next term. Now, then. Those fearful trustees have given old Weak the sack, and what I vote we do for her is what they always do in books when any leader gets turned out and that is Strike a Blow for her. They always do that in revolutions, too, you know, and did for Bonnie Prince Charlie, for instance."

She stopped and was for a moment in profound thought. "That's one idea," she then said. "Next term we might all be sort of Flora Macdonalds trying to get Bonnie Prince Charlie back again, eh?"

Ella Lank twitched her sharp nose—an unpleasing habit of hers. "You can't possibly imagine Miss Weak as Bonnie Prince Charlie," she objected.

Celia's active mind, when in the gallop of an idea, detested a slow mind that would hinder it. "Could you imagine yourself Flora Macdonald?" she inquired, laying a trap.

"Yes, I could," said Ella Lank, stepping into the trap.

"Well, nobody else could," said Celia, closing the trap. "You're about as much like Flora Macdonald as Miss Weak is like Bonnie Prince Charlie. However," she continued, "I have a better idea than that all of a sudden. It's a simply ripping idea and I will work it out during the hols and it will give us no end of larks." Her eyes sparkled. "This new head they are going to put in is going to be most frightfully strict, my aunts and all our people say, a disciplinarian and all that sort of beastly thing, and of course we shall simply loathe her after old Weak. Well, the blow we will strike will be that in some way I shall think out in the hols we will make things jolly unpleasant for her—I have often read of boys doing that to a master—and we will do it in a league together and—this is the ripping thing so far—we'll call ourselves the Big Five!"

"Why?" said Annie Budge, the mulish one.

Celia gave an impatient click of her tongue. "Because if you ever read a paper in your life, which I don't suppose you have, you'd know that is the expression that's always used nowadays about the chiefs of everything whatever it is—the Big Five or the Big Three or whatever the number is. It will be ripping!"

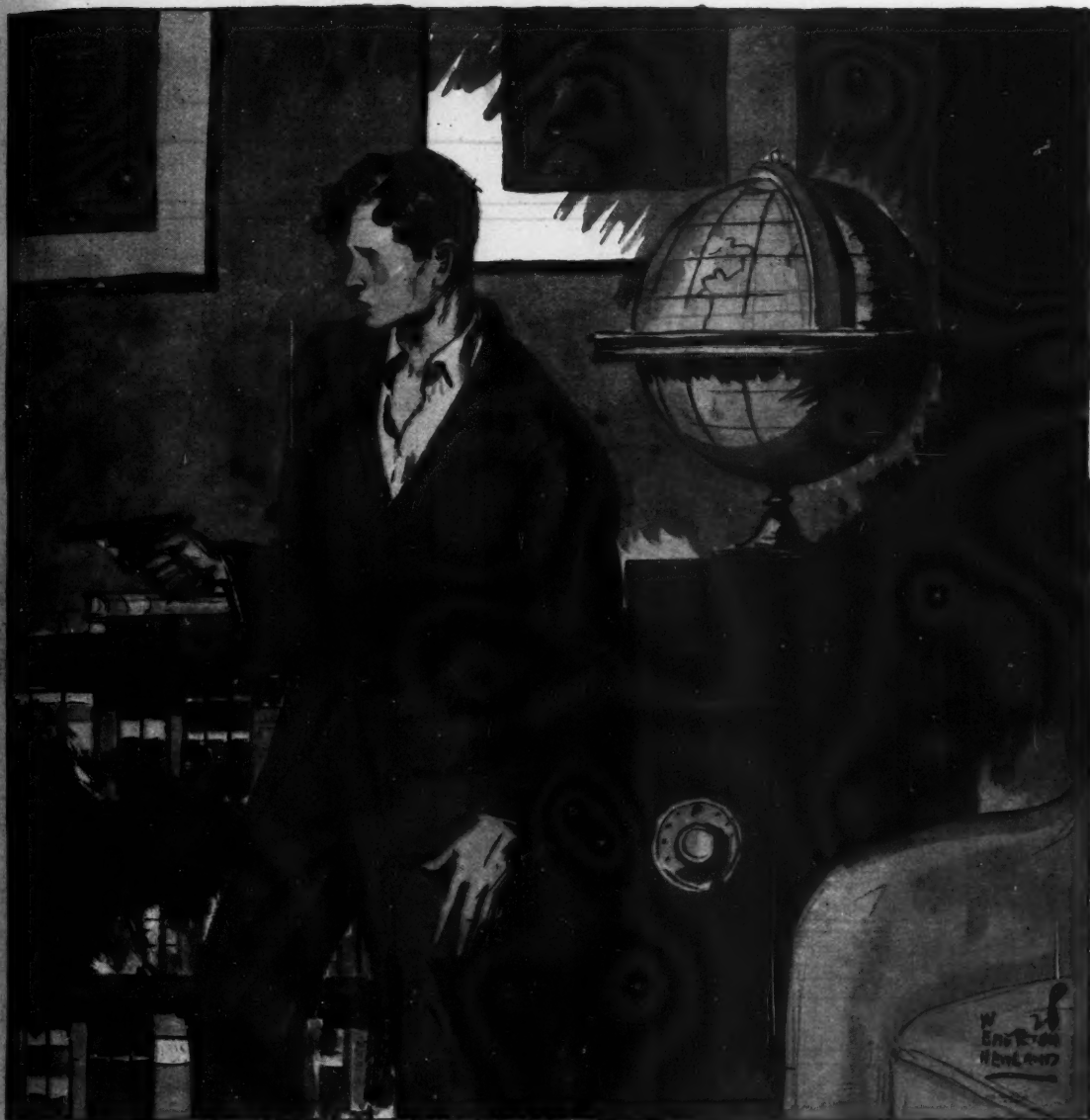
Firing herself with her own enthusiasm as she proceeded to describe how ripping it would be, she set alight and fired the others. All were idle and sluggish girls who anticipated with glum foreboding the tightening up with which the next term would be charged by the disciplinarian and, flushed with that order of boldness which the meanest of us can summon when the danger is far enough away, they departed for their holidays highly excited at the thrill and mystery of being members of the Big Five.



"Put up yer 'ands!"
burglar. In all his

Thrill and mystery, not only for the Big Five but for the whole school, attached also, when term began again, to the first meeting with the new head and to the changes which, as disciplinarian, she would bring into their lives. She was called (again I must express my surprise) Miss Strong; but although she was certificated up to the hilt and to the high approval of the board as a disciplinarian of the finest degree, she was in appearance and in manner about as far removed from the conventional idea of a disciplinarian—firm-mouthed, fierce-browed, sharp-voiced and so on—as it is possible to imagine. She was about twenty-eight; she was slim, tall, girlish, fair-haired, blue-eyed, very distinctly pretty, jolly-voiced, and always, apparently, much more ready with a laugh than with a rebuke or command.

Of course that all boded well enough for the girls as far as it goes; but I will remind my grown-up readers that youth and comeliness in a school-teacher do not, with pupils, go very far. Howsoever young masters or mistresses may be, they appear enormously old to fourteen and fifteen; and Miss Strong, charming as



"What for?" inquired Celia. This absolutely beat the unfortunate study of burglar ways, he had never heard of such a question.

she looked, was a head mistress, was a disciplinarian, *did* find the school in a very lax and slipshod way, *did* make changes which abolished old customs; and by those who had made up their minds to resent her, was, therefore, ripe for resentment.

The difficulty, as Celia immediately found, was to show it. Celia, because she had been in contact with a measles infection, came back to school a fortnight late. Arriving with her head full of thrilling plans for the Big Five, and with a mutinous eye in her head for the person for whom the plans were designed, she was conducted at once to a noble high tea alone with Miss Strong in Miss Strong's private sitting-room, and there, at intervals shooting her mutinous eye at Miss Strong and refusing to be disarmed by the prodigious spread set before her, which Miss Strong most heartily devoured, found, as I have said, how difficult it was to fight Miss Strong.

"You know," said Miss Strong cheerily, refusing entirely, to Celia's mortification, to take up arms against the stupendous sulk in which Celia sat embedded, "you know, I have been looking forward most awfully to your coming back. I was sick—sorry, I mean—I simply can't break myself of slang, can you?"

"I don't try to," said Celia, seeing her first opportunity to show her spirit and taking it boldly.

"Well, you are jolly lucky," responded Miss Strong. "I have to, unfortunately. Anyway, what I was saying, I was sorry when you had to be delayed two weeks coming back. Of all the girls in the school I have wanted to meet you more than any. Do you know why?"

Celia could not conceive why but had no intention of showing any interest and therefore said nothing.

"Why, because," said Miss Strong, helping herself to an enormous bun and buttering it lavishly, "because I heard that you were the worst girl in the school. I found in the records that you had been expelled twice, and I saw your form mistresses' reports about you, and heard about you in other directions, and all agreed that you were the worst, and I was fearfully bucked about it—very excited and interested about it, I mean. Do you know why?"

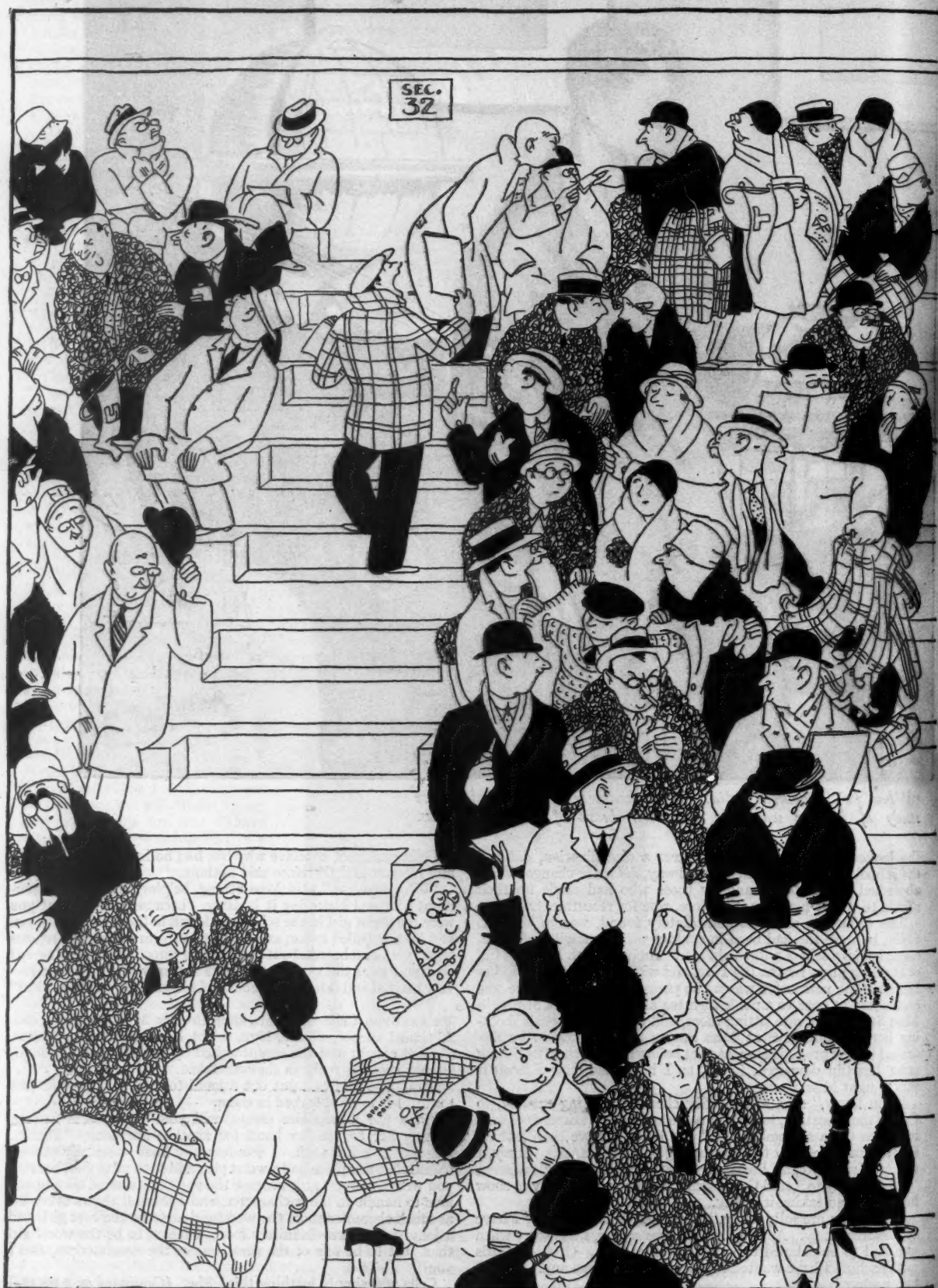
IT ANNOYED Celia that, intending to defy Miss Strong by continued silence, silence, here, might be interpreted as shame. She felt caught and she compromised by putting as much indifference into her reply as she was able.

"No," she said and put out a hand to turn a vase of flowers toward her to be absorbed in them.

"Pass the Devonshire cream, will you?" said Miss Strong, causing her to use her hand for another purpose. "Thanks. I simply love this stuff. I was fearfully buck—fearfully excited to find that this place had a worst girl, and so to meet you, because you were the worst girl; because the one thing I most admire and love to handle in life is character, and I think it shows every bit as much character to be the worst girl as to be the best girl, and a jolly sight more—ininitely more, I mean, to be the worst girl than just to be one of the ruck, one of the nondescripts, don't you?"

Celia was simply loathing this. She (Continued on page 164)

F O O T B A L L



By Gluyas Williams



A Limousine at the Door

HE WAS there when Julie stepped out upon the tiny platform at one end of the showroom. Immediately her gaze seemed drawn in his direction and she saw a tanned face, its brown accentuated by slightly graying hair, keen inquisitive dark eyes, a humorous mouth and a fine figure in perfectly tailored clothes that were worn with an easy indifference as he nonchalantly slouched in a large upholstered chair. Beside him sat an extravagantly befurred young woman who, like the man, radiated an aura of wealth and quiet elegance.

Julie slowly pirouetted upon the platform while hidden spot-lights played their soft shafts upon her, then she came down the few steps and glided about the room with that graceful air acquired by all manikins. It cost an effort for her to refrain from staring at the man, perhaps because she felt that he was appraising her and not the gown she wore.

It was only when she was about to pass him that her eyes stole around in spite of herself and collided with his. For one long stirring moment their look held, then Julie passed on.

When she entered the dressing-room a slight flush was tinting the cream of her cheek. The other manikins stood about in short satin slips amid the riot of color that dripped from the hangers on the racks, or were busy slipping into or out of the exquisite creations that Pierre Kendeau designed for the smartest of rich women.

"Did you get a look at Todd, Julie?" one of the girls greeted her.

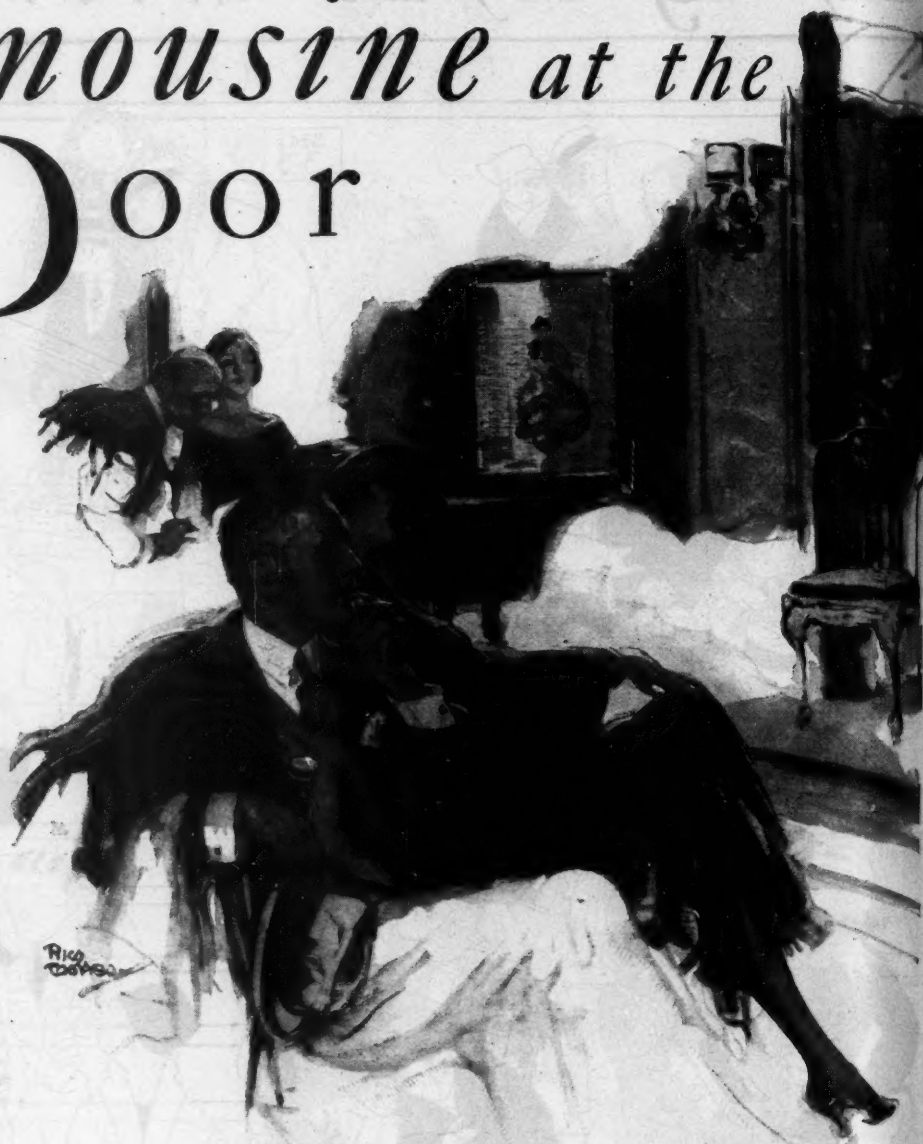
"Who?" Julie asked carelessly. Her mind was still back in the showroom, dwelling upon that arresting figure in the big chair.

"Todd—Stephen Todd. You couldn't miss him—the fellow with the Palm Beach tan and the grayish hair."

Julie's attention was captured with a jerk. "Oh, him!" she murmured slowly. "Yes, I saw him. What about him?" she added, trying to sound casual from the midst of a vibrant mass of flaming chiffon that she was slipping off over her head.

"What about him!" piped pretty red-haired Linda. "Ye gods! Don't you ever read the papers?"

"Better study your 'Who's Who,' Julie," Mazie, the tall stunning



Illustrations by Rico Tomaso

blonde, broke in. "It's a good book to know by heart when you're traveling around New York—saves wasting your time."

"But who is Todd?" Julie questioned. "The name is sort of familiar but I can't place him. What does he do?"

"Everything that everybody else would like to," laughed Rita, as she added a touch of rouge to the lips that were already vivid against her white skin and shining black hair.

"I'll give you the low-down," Mazie offered, with a lazy smile. "I can tell you the history, public or private, of every man with money in the country. I keep them catalogued"—she winked at Linda—"and Stephen Todd, millionaire, about heads the list even if his grandfather was a coal miner. Football hero at college and all that—just about owns two or three banks and what not, to say nothing of one of the biggest steel companies in the world. I wouldn't mind knowing him at all. He's good pickin's."

"Mazie!" came the voice of one of the saleswomen. "Put on that green and white Angora sports outfit—and hurry."

"Yes, Miss Thompson." Mazie languidly strolled toward one of the racks. "Anything to oblige," she muttered under her breath.

Linda took up the subject of Todd. "You must have read about his divorce a while ago. It was head-line news. His wife

By Shirley Warde

The Story of a Model and a Millionaire



It cost Julie an effort to refrain from staring at the man, perhaps because she felt that he was appraising her and not the gown.

ran away with some rich South American, I think it was. She was a pretty thing, but too gay, I guess. She was Connie Lacey, you know—the cotton king's daughter. Don't you remember?"

While they had been talking it all had come back to Julie. Why, of course! She knew all about him. Hadn't she pored over his pictures in the Sunday papers many a time—pictures that showed him bathing at Palm Beach, riding at Aiken, sailing for Europe?

"Yes, I remember now," she murmured.

"Julie! I want the peach-blossom robe de style," came an order. Linda went on talking while Julie hurried into the gown and stood arranging its shimmering folds before a mirror.

She entered the showroom and stood upon the platform. There was only one idea in her mind—Stephen Todd, millionaire. Her eyes flew about the room in frantic search, but he was gone.

Just as work was done that evening and the girls were rushing to get home there was a flurry of footsteps, a wave of heavy perfume and a vision in mink swept into the dressing-room.

"Florrie!" came a chorus of delighted voices and the girls swarmed about her. "You're looking great, Florrie. Where've

you been?" "Palm Beach? Isn't she the lucky one!" "How's the boy friend?"

It was a babel of queries and overlapping exclamations. Julie stood eying them from a corner where she was dressing. She had been at Kendeau's for only a few weeks and this newcomer was a stranger to her. Her eyes devoured the beautiful fur coat and she wondered who this girl might be.

"Hey! hey! Whose jewelry store have you been robbing?" Rita laughed as she held up a furred arm. "How's that for a collection, girls?" The slender wrist that was exhibited sparkled with bracelets. Julie's eyes widened.

"Oh, let me see, Florrie," cried Peggy. "You've got a couple of new ones."

After a few minutes the group scattered and Florrie drifted about with Mazie, Linda and Rita while they puttered into their clothes, all four keeping up a vigorous chatter.

"I've got my car here so if you'll make it snappy I'll drive you home," Florrie told them. There was a scramble for hats and coats and the foursome swirled out of the room.

"Who was that?" Julie asked of Peggy, who was passing.

"Florrie Cameron—she used to work here."

So that exquisite creature had been a model! She must have married someone with lots of money, Julie thought wistfully. How was it that all the girls seemed

to have beaux who gave them wonderful presents? How did they meet rich men like that?

It might have occurred to Julie to question just how these girls got their finery, but it didn't. She wasn't ignorant of the fact that gold-diggers and worse women existed, but back in Ohio one didn't meet them in every-day life.

She lingered over her dressing and her thinking until she found herself left alone. All the other girls had gone, but she was too tired to hurry. She stood before a tall triple mirror and pulled her close black felt hat into shape, with weary fingers tucking her hair into soft curves beneath the tiny brim. Her hands dropped limply to her sides as her eyes shifted from her own mirrored face to fasten themselves hungrily upon a far more interesting reflection.

For behind her stood a long rack filled with hangers and upon each hung a melody of line and color—the models from which the elite selected their wardrobes.

There were gowns of chiffon, soft rippling things of haunting beauty in the most delicate of pastel tints—blues, violets, yellows, rose—others in the new figured prints, in startling vivid colors or in virginal white. There were gowns of clinging satins, golden sheaths of brocaded lamé, saucy bouffants of taffeta. On other racks hung sports clothes, tailleurs, coats, wraps, bathing-suits—fulfilment for any desire of the feminine heart.

Julie stood fascinated by the array of beauty—all behind her—only their reflection before her. She sighed and her fingers unconsciously plucked at the smooth black satin of the dress she wore.

It was smart, for Julie knew style, but it was very simple and inexpensive since her purse could afford nothing else.

She reluctantly turned away with one last feasting look at the racks, but their image remained before her and tormented her as she walked the few blocks to her tiny apartment. For Julie wanted things—wanted them desperately—all the luxuries and

beauties that the world had to offer. But they seemed doomed to the possession of others.

She felt herself caught in the vortex of an ironical world with the only possible escape marriage, and that seemed remote, for up to now Julie had met no one whom she considered worth marrying.

"Make up your mind to have the best," her mother always had told her. "Choose a husband with your intelligence as well as with your heart. You're worthy to sit on top of the world, so don't let any man start a landslide under you."

It was embittered advice. Julie always had known that, yet at the same time she had had before her the tragic example of her mother's life that spoke eloquently for its soundness.

Julie saw the cultured Southern woman left with only an aging disheartened editor of a small-town newspaper in place of the ambitious and handsome young poet she had married—only a dreary existence instead of what might have been. All that remained was a burning wish that her child might have what she had missed.

"There's no one here worth even a glance from you," she had said to Julie when she was nineteen. "You want to be an artist—you shall go to New York. I'll save the money somehow to send you. There you'll have a chance, at least, to try to make something of yourself."

Julie had come to New York only to discover, after six months in art school, that home-town praise and the love of a thing could not fill the void where real talent should have been. Rather than return to the one-way street of life in the little Ohio town, she had traded her youth and beauty for a position as a manikin.

But her life held less variety than it might have if she had gone home. There was only the hope that she might some day meet the man she had created in her dreams who would give her all that she yearned for.

Julie had few comrades in New York. She had gone on two or three parties with the girls at the shop, but found that her idea of fun differed from theirs and soon she had diplomatically erased herself from their invitation lists.

There remained for companions only some left-overs from art school days, now too busy to give her much attention, and a few recent acquaintances. So Julie found plenty of time to be lonely.

For days after her first glimpse of Stephen Todd life went on—

a monotonous routine. Then there came an evening when she hurried home in pleasant anticipation. She was going to dinner and the theater with young Freddie Pierson, a boy she had known at the Art League who had deserted to the field of advertising, where he found a moderate livelihood.

Julie liked him but she was sorry for him, for she was aware that his affection for her bordered too closely upon a deep-rooted love, and Freddie was not at all the man she wanted. Oh, no, she had in mind a very definite idea of that man.

JULIE was on tiptoe throughout the entire evening—alive with some mysterious sense of expectancy. And for once she was not ashamed of her dress. Inside it she proudly knew there was sewn a little marker which bore the name "Pierre Kendeau." It was a last year's model, to be sure, but still beautiful although it had suffered several cleanings. She had bought it when it was passé at Kendeau's and soiled from modeling, but even the forty dollars she had paid for it cost sacrifice and saving.

Freddie thrilled her by taking her to the Velmore for dinner, to the newest musical hit, and then, as if to crown the party with a reckless gesture, to one of the smartest night clubs. He explained his unusual extravagance by telling her they were celebrating a raise in his salary.

They went to a crowded room, smoke-laden air, music and gaiety. The orchestra was irresistible but dancing inadvisable unless one cared to suffer a buffeting on the tiny square of polished floor. But Julie saw in it all only paradise, for beside her sat wealth.

After a while they dared a dance. As they inched their way about the packed floor Julie, lost in the rapture of being there, of feeling admiring stares, was startled to hear a man's voice almost in her ear.

"Hello, there!" it said. She turned her head and looked squarely into the dark eyes of Stephen Todd. For an instant the room swam before her vision. It wasn't possible—he couldn't be speaking to her—yet he looked directly at her. In a panic she wondered what she should do. Then Freddie rescued her. "Good evening, Mr. Todd," she heard him answer, and then they were bumped away.

"That's Stephen Todd, the millionaire, Julie," Freddie told her through the wailing of the saxophones. "I did some work



C "I thought we could find some happiness together," said Stephen. Julie laughed harshly. "Oh, no, you can't buy happiness."

for his company a few weeks ago and he was awfully keen about it. Darned nice to me, too. I tell you it's a real kick when a big man like that thinks well of your efforts."

"Yes, indeed," Julie murmured, but she scarcely had heard him. She could think of nothing but those keen eyes that once more had regarded her with intense interest. And Freddie knew him!

The music suddenly ceased with a weird whine of "Tha-a-at's—all," and they were jostled back to their seats. She scanned the room in an effort to locate Todd's table, but was unsuccessful. Freddie rattled on while she listened inattentively.

All at once Freddie's chatter stopped short and he broke into a worshipful smile. Julie looked up and saw Todd standing beside their table. He shook hands with Freddie in a most friendly manner and then turned to accept the boy's eager introduction to Julie. She uttered a quiet, brief acknowledgment, a waiter placed a chair and Todd sat down. A word or two and then he turned to Freddie.

"I wish you'd come in to see me at the office the first of the week. I've recommended you to a friend for a special advertising campaign he's planning." He went on explaining.

JULIE contemplated him. She saw in him a man who represented perfectly that world of money in which she longed to dwell. She was awed and excited in his presence.

Above the blurred murmurs of the crowd the orchestra blared the announcement of a dance. Todd rose and bent over Julie.

"May I have this dance, Miss Rand?" he asked. "You'll spare her to me for a little while, won't you, Mr. Pierson?"

He looked at Freddie, who graciously assented, and Julie found herself in the arms of Stephen Todd, edged into the jostling crowd. They danced in silence for a space of seconds, then he looked down at her and smiled.

"We've met before, haven't we?"

"Met before?" Julie's face was raised to him in surprise.

"I don't mean we've been introduced," he said. "But I saw you at Kendeau's the other day. We really met then."

"I didn't think you'd remember," she murmured.

He gave a short low laugh. "I wonder what would happen if I put into practise a funny notion I have about introductions."

"What would you do—dispend with them?" Julie asked.

He frowned in mock astonishment. "Are you a mind-reader? That's exactly what I'd do. If you saw someone who interested you, wouldn't it be quite simple to say, 'Hello! My name's Todd—I'd like to know you. How do you feel about me?'"

"It sounds quite simple, but I'm afraid you'd get into all sorts of complications."

"You're right. It isn't practical."

"And think how few friends you'd have!"

"Yes, I don't suppose there are many people in the world that you'd actually select to know." Then he smiled with a sudden thought.

"I wonder what you'd have said if I'd spoken my little speech to you the other day."

"Perhaps I should have answered, 'Don't be foolish—I've known you all my life.'"

Even as her lips formed the words Julie wished she could recall them. She turned her head away to avoid his quick look.

She was sick with apprehensiveness as she felt a veil of reserve drop between them. When he spoke again it was impersonally, distantly.

But just before the dance ended he surprised her by asking, "Would you have dinner with me some evening?"

All the thrill flooded back. Then she hadn't offended him. "Oh, I'd love to," she said somewhat breathlessly.

"Where can I reach you?"

She gave him her telephone number. "Hadden't you better write it down?" she suggested.

"I never forget anything I want to remember," he told her.

He escorted her back to her table, thanked

her and a few minutes later left the club in company with his friends.

When Freddie bade her good night at her door a little later her gratitude was more sincere than he knew. "It's been the most wonderful evening of my life," she said.

But when days passed and Stephen Todd didn't call, her fear crept back upon her. He was surely lost to her—she had been too bold. Or perhaps she had only imagined it all—the friendliness, the interest that she thought she had detected.

On the following Saturday evening the telephone bell sent forth a summons that brought her running. The voice that spoke in her ear set her heart beating wildly. It was he—she had not lost him after all.

He was brief. After a few courteous inquiries he came to his objective. "Can you dine with me tomorrow night?" he asked.

"Why, yes, I think so." She wanted to cry out, "Can I? Nothing in the world could prevent me!" But she had determined to guard well her words and her feelings hereafter.

"Great! Then I'll call for you at—how about six-thirty?"

"That's quite all right for me." She tried to keep her excitement out of her voice.

"Six-thirty then. Where do you live?"

Out of the delirium of happiness sudden panic snatched at her. How could she let him come to that tiny apartment—let him see her pathetic attempt to make a home? But he was waiting. The address was dragged from her.

This new terror persisted throughout the following day, dulling her joy in the prospect of the evening. Up to now she had been proud of that little apartment—proud of her efforts that had given the sparsely furnished rented place a distinctive charm. But for the eyes of Stephen Todd—used to lavish comfort, grandeur—it became only a pitiful exposure.

However, when he came, one look at him banished her shame as completely as if it never had existed. A peculiar sense of equality rose within her. After all, weren't they just two human beings?

"I consider myself very lucky to have your company tonight," he said, after a few minutes of idle talk. "When I telephoned I was afraid I'd find you with an engagement."

"This is one of my off nights," Julie's lips parted in a smile. She wondered what he would think if he could know how many of these "off nights" there were.

"Well, I don't suppose they leave you many. I imagine there's a small army of adoring males besieging you."

"Oh, ten armies," she declaimed with mock dramatics. "Including the Scandinavian."

"And I suppose one of the generals already has captured your heart?" He was laughing but Julie saw the slanting look he shot her and she knew that he was serious in his quizzing.

"No," she replied. "The fortress still stands. I'll get my things, then we'll be ready."

She went into the bedroom. She was getting a foothold, she reflected with satisfaction. He was enough interested to be curious about her.

"What a lovely woman—this picture on your desk," he called through the open door. "She looks like you."

"Yes, that's my mother."

"I thought it must be. She's here with you I suppose?"

Julie stood in the doorway putting on her hat. "No, she lives in Ohio."

"You live here all alone?"

"Yes, and I love it. It's the only place I know of where I'm my own boss."

He laughed. "Well, since you're the boss here, where would you like to have dinner?"

"Anywhere at all. I'm very easy to please."

"There, you see!" he told her. "You refuse the first chance you have to give orders."

"I really don't care at all about bossing. I only hate to have anyone boss me."

"I'll remember that," he smiled. "Well, if you have no preference let's go to a place I like—that is, if you're not too hungry. It's some little distance."

"I guess I'll survive."

As they stepped out upon the street Julie suddenly caught her breath when she saw the beautiful foreign car that waited at the curb. For just an instant all her longings seemed to center in one great desire: "Oh, if it were only mine!" That to Julie was the symbol of luxury—a limousine at the door.

The liveried chauffeur tucked the robes about their feet and Julie sank back into the comfort of the soft upholstery with an unuttered sigh. This was what she had dreamed of—this was heaven.

They sped up Riverside Drive and out of the city. The gentle motion of the car, undulating, jarless, seemed to typify the easy road through life that was traveled on the well-oiled wheels of wealth. How much enjoyment life held that she never had tasted!

Beside them the Hudson ambled on past the sunset as they drove swiftly northward. After a while they swung inland and at last turned up a driveway and stopped before an old colonial house that had lost none of its original charm through its conversion into an inn.

Inside they were shown into a small room which contained a lone table set for two. Upon it a bowl of roses lifted their blood-red petals to the candlelight, while beside one plate lay a corsage of orchids.

Julie stared in amazed bewilderment. "I'll have your dinner served immediately, Mr. Todd," the proprietress said as she left them.

"Attractive here, isn't it?" he asked.

"Very. But this"—Julie waved her hand vaguely toward the table—"is this the way they treat everybody?"

"Not quite," he smiled, "but you see I thought you looked like an amiable sort of girl, so I took the chance of telephoning out here beforehand and arranging everything."

Julie glanced up sharply. "I was hoping you'd like it," he added.

"Oh, I do," she said slowly. "And the flowers—did you order them too?"

"I thought they might make it seem more like a party."

Julie moved toward the table in silence and he placed a chair for her. She had learned something about Stephen Todd that rather startled her. Here was a man who asked her to choose a place to dine when he already had planned and ordered their dinner. Was he always so sure of having his own way? She found herself both admiring and mistrusting him. But his bantering good humor speedily dissipated her misgivings.

"DOES life amuse you?" he asked abruptly.

"I don't know—sometimes—but not often, I'm afraid. It's too complex to be amusing."

"I thought so. You have a serious look, even when you laugh," he said. "What are you concerned about?"

"Principally about getting a few things before I die, but I didn't know it showed in my face. Goodness! I shall have to do something about that."

"What is it you want?"

"All that the world has to offer."

"Are you speaking of material things, or of sentimental ones?" He was regarding her intently and she found it somewhat disconcerting.

"I think the material ones would make up for any other deficiencies," Julie replied thoughtfully. "I flatter myself that I have sentiment under control."

His eyes narrowed, then he laughed. "Well, you're in no danger then. As long as you don't get sentimental about life you'll come out all right."

Julie remembered the mention by the girls at Kendeau's of the pretty gay deserter who had been his wife and she suspected that he referred to his own experience.

"Just take things as you find them," he continued, "for what they're worth. Squeeze what happiness you can out of each day and let it go at that. Then you're almost sure of not getting hurt." Abruptly he closed the subject and went on to something else.

When he brought her home that night Julie was radiant with happiness. "Thank you," she said. "The evening has been perfect."

"I think we're going to be very good friends, you and I," he told her. "I'll call you up tomorrow. It was sweet of you to give me this evening."

The weeks that followed were the most glorious that Julie ever had known or ever had hoped to know. From that first memorable dinner no day passed that did not bring a telephone call from him and few evenings that did not find them together.

Julie lived in a daze. Night after night she would come home from work to find his flowers awaiting her, often with some small gift hidden in their midst—an exquisite vanity case, a bottle of enchanting perfume, a bracelet of carved jade—things of no great value, but to her whispering of his constant thought.

At first she could only wonder if she were really awake or if it were only an illusive fantasy that would vanish with the dawn. She clung to each moment as one clings to a beautiful fleeting dream. But gradually she came to feel a certain stability in this happiness.

She made no apologies to Stephen for her simple living and scant wardrobe, but she was grateful for the tact she felt he employed in avoiding conspicuous places. In the beginning there had been several furtive evenings at the theater and one horrible never-to-be-forgotten dinner at a hotel—she had begged him to take her—with Stephen ill at ease and conscious of the whispers of acquaintances and Julie embarrassed for herself and him. After that she accepted his planning, which led them to attractive haunts off the beaten path where they enjoyed many quiet hours together.

There was a night when Stephen and Julie had been to the country and had returned to the little apartment for a cup of coffee—a last few moments together. As they talked time stole away. Midnight passed, then it was one.

The very air was charged—vibrant with some alarming magnetism. Then she was in his arms—unresisting, clinging.

"I'm crazy about you, Julie," he murmured, "mad about you."

Julie's hands fluttered about his hair, but drew back fearfully. "Oh, my dear!" she half sobbed. Then she gently pushed him from her—her eyes tender but denying. "It's late, dear. I must get some sleep," she said softly.

When he was gone she lay in bed thinking—gloriously happy. "I love him—love him—love him," she declared to the dark. "Not his money—just him—my Stephen! And he loves me—I know it. Some day soon—" She cuddled a thrilling thought. Some day she would say in all the smartest shops, "Charge it, please, to Mrs. Stephen Todd." Even to breathe the name was ecstasy!

The following evening Stephen brought her home directly after dinner. "For a talk," he said and Julie's heart beat faster.

He made her comfortable in a large chair, and after leaning over to kiss her and murmur, "You're adorable!" sat down facing her.

"I've been thinking," he began, "that it's time we made some plans, Julie. The heat will be on us before we know it and we don't want it to catch us in town. How would you like to go abroad for the summer?"

"Oh, Stephen, it would be too wonderful!" Julie exclaimed. And it would be their honeymoon! she thought in delirious excitement.

"Then that's settled. Europe it shall be. I'll have the time of my life showing you around, Julie. You'll love it."

"Why, Stephen—it's been my dream—ever since I was a little girl."

"Then there's one dream we'll make come true," he told her.

"You see, I feel that we ought to get on pretty well together, Julie, don't you?" She nodded—too happy to speak. "You're the most comfortable person I've ever known—you fit into my moods so beautifully. I'm crazy about you. And I want you to have all the things a beautiful girl like you should have."

"We don't have to worry about anything—no one need ever know. We'll go abroad this summer and in the fall I'll get you a lovely apartment and anything you want. If the time ever comes that we don't like the arrangement I'll settle enough on you to make you independent for life. Now does that strike you as being a fair proposition?"

The import of his words crept upon her slowly, like a murderer in the dark. She sat there, the blood drained from her cheeks, her eyes terrible in their pain and bewilderment.

"You're asking me to be—your—your—?"

"Don't give it a harsh name," he cautioned.

"Why not just call it a love-affair?"

There was an abysmal silence. The seconds dropped into it as time let them fall.

Stephen grew restive under the oppressive stillness. "Well, what do you say?"

No sound escaped her but suddenly there were glistening streaks down her face.

"Why, Julie, what is it?" he asked gently.

"I don't understand, Julie. You're not a child—surely."

At last she spoke. "I didn't think I was a child but—"

"Why, good heavens, I didn't mean to offend you, my dear. I only thought we could find some happiness together."

"Happiness!" She laughed harshly. "With such a balance!" She gave him her heart and he offered his pocketbook! Through the numbing hurt fought her pride, her self-respect, armored in cold bitter indignation. "Oh no, you can't buy happiness."

"You're taking the wrong attitude, Julie. I'm not trying to buy anything. But I thought we understood each other."

A wry smile twisted her lips. "I understand you now."

He ignored her reply. "You once said that material things were all you wanted."

"Then I lied," she answered quickly.

"You said you had sentiment under orders."

"Then I lied again—and didn't know I was lying."

"Well, you see, it was only natural that I should think—"

"It doesn't matter," she interrupted wearily.

"Don't say any more, please. Maybe it was my fault—I don't know. But I can't imagine how you could—" A sob stifled her words.

"You're making it rather difficult for me, Julie," Stephen began. "I didn't foresee anything like this. I thought of course you understood from the start. You see I—I don't want to take another chance on marriage—it's too serious a business. But I felt that we were well suited to each other and that we might find a good deal of contentment together. You'd have everything to make you happy and yet we'd both be free. If it didn't work neither one would be too badly hurt."

Julie had listened in dull incredulity, anger growing within her. He never had intended to marry her! Did he think she could endure the disrespect his offer showed her had for her?

"I don't see why you're upset about it," he went on. "Just what more do you want?"

"Nothing!" she flared suddenly as she rose and faced him. "What I want isn't in you to give. We've made a horrible mistake, that's all—at least, I have. We're worlds apart, you and I, Stephen, so there's no use of talking. Will you go now, please?" Her face was white and set, her eyes blazing.

Stephen stared at her for a second, started to speak but checked himself. Then he smiled. "I think you'll see things differently in the morning. You think it over and I'll call you tomorrow."

"I don't want you ever to call me or try to see me again," she replied caustically. "We have nothing more to say to each other."

Again he paused and studied her strained face, his own expression hardening. "Very well," he said coolly. "As you wish. If you change your mind let me know."

Julie stood where he left her, her hands clenched in a desperate effort for control. Then when the slam of the door told her that he was gone she crumpled on the couch.

When she had cried herself into exhaustion, memories relentlessly flooded in on her. Precious hours that she had cradled in her heart now unmasked themselves to show grinning, sneering faces. His search for seclusion—that she had considered tact, thoughtfulness for her; those evenings at the theater when he had met people he knew and had left her to go back to talk to them; that dinner at the hotel—it was all clear now. Oh, how blind she had been!

For the next two weeks Julie was a battlefield for conflicting emotions. Out of the ashes of the pain and disillusionment her love flamed up again and burned with consuming heat. Somehow it was the man she had known during those happy months together who haunted her. The Stephen of that last dreadful evening seemed only a figure in a nightmare.

But warring against her love was pride and against it desire and the bitter conflict was waged through hours of lonely misery, with Stephen's face looming out of the shadows and his voice crying out of the silences.

Then one day Julie left the shop in company with Mazie. "Walk over to Florrie Cameron's with me," Mazie said. "I want to see her for a minute."

"She's the girl who came into the shop one day, isn't she?" Julie asked, as they turned eastward.

"Yes, and she's a peach. Great girl!"

"She's very pretty. Her husband must be very rich, isn't he?"

Mazie looked at her in surprised amusement. "Husband! Since when has Florrie had a husband?"

"Well, of course, I didn't know. They said she'd been a model and she has such beautiful clothes."

Mazie burst into laughter. "Gosh, no! She isn't married. She's Wallie Cuyler's girl—you know—the Cuyler automobile man. Florrie's got a cool half-million out of him already—has it tucked away—and I'll bet she'll double it before she's through. That's aside from the income he gives her and the jewels and stuff. Oh, Florrie's riding the wind. She's a lucky kid. Wish I were in her shoes."

Julie understood now. Funny she hadn't guessed it before! But after all, what difference did it make? Here was Mazie envying Florrie, who had everything—everything she could wish for. Julie thought of Stephen. She, too, could have luxury—he had offered it to her. And the price?

Well, she loved him, she would be paying in love. The torturing desires would be banished forever. She would have comfort all her life.

Suddenly a bitterness possessed her. Why should she sacrifice her dreams of limousines and fine clothes and all the rest for a miserable feminine pride? No one else would care—why should she? She might never meet another man who could give her half as much, even if he offered marriage.

With lightning swiftness she made a decision. She would call Stephen and tell him that she would accept his terms.

Before Julie realized it she found herself in a large Park Avenue building and then in Florrie's apartment waiting in the reception hall while the maid announced them.

Then Florrie was greeting them. She was very cordial to Julie and led them into a large and pretentious living-room.

A man stood over a table of cocktails—an attractive man of about thirty-eight, Julie judged, who was introduced as Mr. Cuyler and spoken to as "Wally." So that was the man, Julie thought—the man who had given Florrie so much.

They chatted for a few minutes, fresh cocktails were brought in, then Cuyler had to go. Florrie went with him into the reception hall and stood talking to him.

Julie had been thinking rapidly ever since she entered the apartment, noting everything. She became convinced that Florrie loved this man of hers, and she seemed very happy.

Now their voices drifted in to Julie. She



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THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia

heard Cuyler say, "Oh, by the way, Florrie, I'll have to break our theater date for tomorrow night. Mother and sister want to see a show, so I said I'd take them."

Julie caught her breath. How simple it would have been to have included Florrie in the party. But she was only his mistress—she might not know anyone whom he held in real respect. Julie was stabbed by a great pity.

It was two days later that she sent for Stephen.

He came that evening. When Julie opened the door for him she was frightened—afraid of her love and of what she was going to do. Stephen stood there smiling at her—her Stephen!

He came in without a word, closed the door behind him, then simply held out his arms. Julie flew into them.

In silence he held her close—a long breath-taking moment when it seemed as if the beating of their two hearts was the only sound or motion in the whole universe. When at last his lips found hers Julie clung to his kiss as if it were to be their last.

Stephen broke the spell. "I knew you'd send for me," he murmured. But Julie only smiled—a strange unnatural sad little smile that puzzled him. Then she turned from him and went into the living-room. He followed her.

She paused for an instant before she faced him, leaning back against a table, her fingers gripping its edge.

"Yes," she said, "I sent for you. Sit down, please, in that big chair there where I remember you best. I want to carry with me that picture. I want to blot out our last meeting and take away only a happy memory."

"Take away?" he asked. "What do you mean?"

"I'm going home, Stephen, away from everything that has made me unhappy here. I couldn't stay in the midst of the things I want and have them all go by. I never shall see you again so I wanted a last remembrance to take with me—one I can lock away but never forget."

Stephen was relieved. There had been a moment when he had thought he read a more desperate intention in her face. "I see," he smiled. "Back to Main Street. Well, that's ridiculous, Julie. Why, one might as well be dead as live in one of those towns."

"Perhaps," she replied pensively, "for you or for me, Stephen—after New York. But the tragedy is that one must go on living—somewhere—and I think it will be easiest there."

"What's the idea of this wild plunge back into the wilderness?" Stephen laughed. "Surely you're not serious?"

"Terribly serious. You see I love you, but what you offer me isn't what I want. So I'd rather keep on loving you and just remember."

Stephen sat studying her. "Well," he said, "you may go but you'll come back. If you love me as you say you'll come back to me."

Julie shook her head. "I'm going to fix it so that I can't."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that I've got to put ground under my feet, something solid that I can take root in—a home—marriage."

"Marriage! But you said you loved me."

"I do. But I can't let it ruin my life. There's a boy at home who's been waiting—hoping that I'd come back. He'd love me devotedly and protect me—and I could respect him. Perhaps some day I could learn to love him—I don't know—I'd try to. Anyway, it's the only thing for me to do."

Stephen rose and went to her—stood, his hands on her shoulders, searching her face.

Suddenly his arms went around her and he drew her to him. "You belong to me!" he whispered fervently. "No one else shall have you. I've found that there's no happiness without you, so let's look for it together—on your terms."

Only a little gasp answered him, but her lips were warm and yielding.

A Very Respectable Man by Don Marquis (Continued from page 69)

be talked much around the royal palace here, nor where the Pharaoh family could hear it."

"That's enough," says the Pharaoh, and he nicked his bean, and then sent the captain of the host to tell this young Moses to come into the judgment room.

"When Moses comes in he looks a long time at him, like he is searchin' for family traits in his elements, and he says:

"Just for the sake of argyment, who runs this country?"

"You do, your Majesty," says this Moses, who was a likely-lookin' young lad.

"Humph!" says the king. "I been hearin' that you and the other Children of Israel are gettin' so strong in Egypt there's some question about it."

"Well, Pharaoh," says Moses, "we ask nothing better than to leave."

"Don't answer me so uppity," says the Pharaoh. "Just for the sake of argyment, who do you think you are?"

"Your Majesty," says Moses, "I always left that more or less to the Pharaoh family to figure out for themselves. The story around the palace is that my mother was one of the Children of Israel and put me into the bulrushes when the princess came down to the river to bathe, and then got herself picked for my nurse after I was adopted by the Pharaoh family."

"Well," says King Pharaoh, "if that's the story around the palace it must be true."

"Of course," says Moses. "Of course, Uncle Pharaoh."

"Uncle?" roars the Pharaoh, grabbin' his skeptic like he is goin' to bean him.

"Well," says Moses, "the princess always encouraged me to call you that, when nobody else was around."

"The Pharaoh thought for a while, and then he says to Moses, 'You and me are a-gonna settle this question, oncet for all, right this afternoon. Egypt's been buzzin' with gossip for nearly twenty years, and I'm a-gonna find out the true facts.'

"So he sent for his sister, the princess, and for the nurse that had nursed Moses when he was a kid, and the Pharaoh says to them:

"One of you two has been gettin' away with something for a long time. Which one is it? Which one of you is this uppity young Beegat's real mother?"

"I am," says the nurse, steppin' forward.

"There's been gossip," says King Pharaoh, lookin' at his sister.

"I hope you don't mean to insinuate that one of the Pharaoh family has been mixed up

in it," says the princess, very proud and haughty.

"It's been insinuated," says the king.

"You insult me," says the princess.

"All right, then," says the king. "If he's no relation to the Pharaoh family, let the execution proceed." And he motioned to the captain of the guard, who pulled out his sword and stepped forward.

"Execution!" cried both women, with one voice.

"Uh-huh," says King Pharaoh. "This young feller has got the whole Children of Israel roused up to the point of walkin' out on me, and he's gonna be beheaded. Give me that weapon."

"And while young Moses knelt down King Pharaoh heaved up the sword as if to smite off his head, and the princess screamed and throwed herself between him and the sword. King Pharaoh paused.

"Sister," he says, "I'm afraid you have given yourself away."

"I just couldn't bear to see my old servant's son slaughtered," says the princess.

"Of course," says King Pharaoh. "That's the story us Pharaohs always told, and that's the story we'll stick to. All I wanted was to find out the truth. You can all go now."

"Clem," I said to Mr. Hawley, "haven't you got two of the Bible stories mixed up together, somehow? That sounds to me a little like something that King Solomon pulled one time."

"Mebby Solomon did," said the Old Soak easily. "I wouldn't put it past him. As a matter of fact, it probably was a regular stunt with all them old Bible kings and peetryarchs, when they wanted to find out who one of the young roosters around the palace really belonged to. There was some gay old birds in the early days; they done what they derned well pleased, and when they got fed up with it, they went and repented."

"It all goes to show that sometimes gossip is right, and sometimes gossip is wrong. And you can't never tell which unless some unusual circumstance comes along and brings the real truth to the surface."

"There was a case right here in this town seven or eight years ago, that set all the gossips to rattlin' away just the same as they did in Egypt when the princess allowed she found that baby in the bulrushes."

"Only, this wasn't a princess. It was Elvira Semple, a girl that lived with her mother over on the other side of the woods, right on the edge of the swamp."

"Elvira found a baby in a wash-tub one spring, so she and her mother said, floatin' in the water at the edge of the swamp, and took it home to raise. And of course, all the gossips says to each other, 'Uh! Huh! And on account of it bein' found in the swamp like that, amongst the rushes, of course everybody called it Moses."

"But Elvira stuck to her story so strong that them that wasn't dyed-in-the-wool gossips, wishin' ill-luck to everybody, got to thinkin' probably she had told the truth, at that. For after all, it might be true. And nobody wished Elvira any particular harm."

"Her dad was dead, and she and her mother owned a little house and a few acres over on the edge of the swamp, and they raised pigs and chickens and vegetables, and they both went out to work, as extry help at housework, and done plain sewin', and got along somehow or other, and nobody paid much attention to 'em."

"Both of 'em was awful strong church-women. Most of the women is, around here. My-old woman is. She is always pesterin' me to jine, and as a matter of fact I have jined four or five times in the last thirty years at revival meetin's. But I always backslide, for some reason or other. I enjoy a good hot revival meetin' as well as anybody else in the world, but I never go to church except when there is some excitement like that goin' on, in spite of the fact that I believe the Book from kiver to kiver. There's a kind of a sentiment, you might call it, against me among a good many of the churchpeople here, on account of my takin' a drink when I feel like it. Time and again I have told 'em all, includin' Squire Purdy himself, that the old-time peetry-archs of the Good Book wasn't teetotalers by no means, and that I'm willin' to model my life after theirs. But they ain't reasonable. Years ago they made up their minds in this town that I wasn't respectable, and nothing I could do would change that verdict. I'm a mammal of iniquity, and everybody knows it."

"There's two churches here, of different denominations but everybody calls 'em simply the White Church and the Hill Church. If you belong regular and go regular to one of them you can do what you like here. My old woman, Matilda, belongs to the Hill Church, and so did Elvira Semple and her mother. A little while after young Moses was found into his tub, a kind of a committee from the Hill Church went over to see Elvira and her mother. It was the Reverend Mr. Hoskins, the pastor of the church, and Squire Purdy,



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that you seen lookin' at me a little bit ago like I was the dirt under his feet, and Matilda, my old woman.

"Well, Matilda told me more or less of what happened on that visit. Mrs. Semple and Elvira just simply told a plain straight story of havin' found that baby in the bulrushes on a moonlight night, and hearin' of it cry, and takin' it home with 'em, and that's all there was to it. They told it so calm and so self-possessed and so straightforward that anybody would 'a' believed it, Matilda said, remindin' me that Squire Purdy wasn't never any too anxious to believe the best of anybody. He hadn't wanted to go as one of the church committee, Matilda said, in spite of bein' a deacon and practically runnin' the church, bein' the richest and most prominent man in it. In fact, he just about runs the whole town.

"THE next Sunday after that Mrs. Semple and Elvira was at church, and settin' down in one of the front pews, and the Reverend Mr. Hoskins preached a sermon on charity. It wasn't about them—and yet it was, too. He didn't mention them by name, but everybody knowed who he meant. He talked on what a deadly sin gossip and bearin' false witness was in a community, and said he hoped there would never be any innocent reputations destroyed in this town. And so on. And the upshot of it was that in a kind of semmy-official way, as the newspapers say, everybody got onto the fact that Mr. Hoskins and Squire Purdy and all the prominent members of the Hill Church was standin' by Elvira and was satisfied her story about young Moses was true.

"After that, for the most part, Elvira got away with it. Of course, some of the people in the White Church pretended they didn't believe it; for anything the Hill Church is for the White Church is usually against. You know how these churches work. If the White Church pulls a chicken supper, inside of two weeks the Hill Church pulls a sociable of some kind, or a raffle or a fair or something. And always when one of 'em starts a revival meetin' and starts to savin' the mammals of iniquity, includin' all us old backsliders, the other one follows suit.

"About five years ago it was, the White Church had a most rippin' revival meetin'. It lasted more'n a week, and quite a few was saved. They almost got me, for it had been six or eight years then since I had been converted. But no, I thinks to myself, I will wait and see what the Hill Church pulls. Because they're sure to follow up with something that lays over this. And I'm kinda loyal to Matilda, my old woman, too. She's rowed with me steady for over thirty years, about my drinkin' and gamblin' and evil ways generally; but when I do reform I always make a point that it shall be in her church. I always liked Matilda, in spite of the fact that there's a lot of things she's got no sense about. And a man ought to do something for his wife.

"Sure enough, the Hill Church went the White Church one better. They sent off and got a lady evangelist to help out. Miss Kit Carson, she called herself; and I'll say she was some blonde. Not only did she evangelize, but she played onto the cornet. She would start a revival hymn, and get 'em all to singin', and then she'd lead 'em with her cornet. The first meetin' I was into, I could tell that Satan was goin' to get his come-uppance in our town before Miss Kit Carson got through with it.

"You know what them meetin's is like. The main aim is to get people to shoutin' and excited. And there's always half a dozen earnest workers belongin' to the church that goes up and down the aisles pleadin' with the sinners to come forward to the mercy seat, and urg'in' 'em on, and startin' up prayers and testimonies, and gettin' the tumult and the hurly-burly to goin' good.

"This Miss Kit Carson could make a talk that would just naturally make you want to jine whether you believed in it or not; she could take the whole human race up by the slack of its pants and dangle it over hell-fire,

and the next minute you'd be cryin' over your mother's grave, whether your mother was dead or not. The first night I got a good deal of enjoyment out of watchin' Hennery Withers tryin' to hold onto himself. Hennery Withers and Newt Ackles was for years our two village atheists, and both of 'em proud as all get-out over it. Hennery and Newt was always askin' everybody, 'Where did Cain get his wife?' And one day I bunged up Hennery's eye right here in Jake Smith's barroom for sayin' 'Joshua didn't make the sun and moon stand still.

"I set right near Hennery while this Miss Carson was preachin' and I seen he was gettin' more and more excited.

"Where did Cain, where did Cain, where did Cain, where did Cain get his wife?" he was mutterin' over and over to himself, feverish and nervous, like he was tryin' to hold on tight to his unbelief; and then all of a sudden he got up and shouted right out loud, with a regular bellow and a scream:

"Where did Cain get his wife?"

"And the next minute they had him onto his knees at the mourners' bench, a-weepin' and a-flingin' of himself about, something excruciatin' to look at.

"Of course, a revival meetin' that st rted out by convertin' the village atheist at the very openin' was bound to be a success. If I had been converted then, it wouldn't 'a' caused no comment. In the first place, I wasn't an atheist. And in the second place, nobody would 'a' believed I would stick. Nothing I ever do makes me respectable. But with Hennery's conversion, the thing warmed up; and by the third night people were comin' from miles away.

"It was about the fourth or fifth night I stopped into Jake's place here to get a coupla shots of hootch before I went over to the church, thinkin' to myself if conversion's goin' to happen to me tonight I won't fight it off none, and I might as well be in a receptive mood—what I wanted to do was let it happen as quick as it would, and get it over with. But while I was gettin' my hootch, Al, Jake's bartender here, put me wise to something that gave me quite a jolt. When prohibition come it derved near ruined Jake; and the feller he got the money from to start into the bootleggin' game wasn't nobody else but old Squire Purdy himself.

"The old whited sepulcher!" I says to myself as I went along up to the Hill Church. For years a-talkin' temperance and a-preachin' prohibition—and financin' Jake on the quiet! It's true he never took a drink himself, nor never smoked, neither, nor even used a cuss-word—but the derved old hypocrite! And there he would be in the church, testifyin' and exhortin', and pleadin' with sinners to come to the mourners' bench, and tellin' what his religion meant to him, and leadin' in prayer, and spreadin' his moral wings like a reg'lar bird of paradise, the biggest thing in that meetin' exceptin' the Reverend Hoskins and Miss Carson herself.

"And right enough, there he was. It made me contrary-like. Of course, I wouldn't tell on him. I wouldn't do nothing to queer the liquor game, anywhere. And Al wouldn't 'a' told me if he hadn't known I would be silent as the grave. Me and Jake and Al is like brothers; we tell each other everything.

"But it kinda set me against the idear of gettin' converted that night, somehow. I wondered if he would come round and plead with me to go forward and repent. Probably, I thought, he would consider it his duty, even though him and me hated each other, and both knowed it.

"And he did. The preacher was exhortin' and pleadin', and cryin' out, and they were singin' verses of hymns, and the volunteers were settin' down by the sinners weepin' and exhortin' with 'em personal, and Squire Purdy come and slipped into the pew with me and slid his arm across my shoulders.

"Brother Hawley," he says, 'won't you come? Come forward now, Brother Hawley,

and give yourself to a better life! Don't fight against the impulse that's stirrin' in you! Don't fight against your good angel!"

"He's got a powerful voice, but it went into a kind of excited singsong when he spoke to me, and his face was workin' and twitchin'. I thinks to myself that this revival meetin' and church work probably means to him what a few good drinks does to me.

"Brother Purdy," I says, 'I don't think I'm really fitten to be settin' here in this church.'

"Salvation is for sinners," he says, 'Brother Hawley.'

"I know it, Brother Purdy," I says humble-like. 'But I'm kinda shamed of myself—comin' here, like I have tonight, with several drinks aboard.'

"And I blowed my breath into his face, to show him.

"Not," I said, 'but what it's good liquor. It's the best liquor Jake Smith's had for some time.'

"He looked at me quick and suspicious.

"Brother Purdy," I says, 'you and me don't think alike about a lot of things; but I could tell the world if I wanted to that you're a kinder-hearted man than you let on to be. You got more sympathy and charity for us fellers that needs our drink, and knows it ain't against the Good Book, than you pretend you got. If it wasn't for you and Jake Smith gettin' together on a feenancial plan, I don't know where I'd look for sympathy and charity. It's against your principles, liquor is, but you got a heart kinder than your principles.'

"He turned kinda green around the mouth and got up and left without sayin' anything more; but it didn't feeze him long. In thirty seconds he was down by the mourners' bench leadin' in prayer, and his prayer was a revival sermon in itself.

"And then that revival meetin' really het up. I been to many of 'em. But I never seen nothing like that afore or since. That Miss Kit Carson had got 'em to swayin', and singin', and shoutin', and weepin', all together. And, believe it or not, that church was swayin' and swingin' as the people swayed and swung!

"And then, all of a sudden, right in the midst of this there come a scream—a high, shrill woman's scream. It was so loud and so piercin' and so crazy-like that it even cut its way through all that noise and rumpus, and the singin' stopped and the prayin' and exhortin', and everybody turned towards the back of the church in a sudden dead hush.

"BUT before the hush come complete, the tail-end cry of one utterance, that was left for a second goin' on lonesome when the other voices stopped, came out distinct; and it was Squire Purdy cryin': 'Repent, repent of your secret sins!'

"Then come the scream again, and there came staggerin' down the aisle toward the front of the church, Elvira Semple.

"Her head was raised, and her arms was raised, and her hands was gropin' in the air in front of her, and she walked like a half-blind person, unsteady and falterin'. And her hair was flyin' wide about her head, as if there was a breeze into it, or it was shot full of electricity. Her face was pale, as a usual thing, and she wasn't what you would call a terrible good-looker; but this time her face was flushed, and something made her beautiful.

"Moses! Moses! Moses!" she cried out as she came staggerin' down the aisle.

"My old woman, Matilda, was settin' a coupla pews in front of me, and I heard her say: 'Don't call on the Old Testament, Elvira; call on the New!'

"Moses, Moses is mine!" cried out Elvira, drawin' nearer to the mourners' bench. "Moses is mine!"

"I heard Matilda say to the woman next to her, 'She don't mean Moses is hers! She means—'

"But another scream interrupted her, and then Elvira cried out again Moses was hers.

"She turned, down by the pulpit, and faced

St. Moritz, society's winter playground
in the Swiss Alps, crowns the world,
like a glittering jewel.



AN AMERICAN-BORN MARQUISE *animates Europe's most brilliant Winter Playground*

EVERY SEASON at St. Moritz, one of the most striking personalities is the Marquise de Polignac. Her wit and verve make her an immense favorite in this colony of cosmopolitans who, in the snow-clad Alps, enjoy winter sports under the ardent sun.

Madame de Polignac is an indefatigable sportswoman. Like the rest of the smart world, she is all day in sports attire, skating, skiing, "bobbing" in the sun-drenched snow.

Fascinating though this life is, the contradictory delights of blazing sun, sweeping winds and exhilarating cold, brown all skins rapidly—burn them black. Yet the Marquise de Polignac

manages to keep her complexion fine, clear, smooth.

When asked about it, she said:—"I like to take part in all the winter sports. But the cold, dry air would draw and chap my skin unless I carefully protected it and kept it soft and supple. For myself I prefer Pond's Two Creams. They give swift, dependable results. In warmer countries, I also use Pond's Skin Freshener to tone and liven up my skin.

"In fact," she concluded with a flashing smile, "I have got the Pond's habit completely."

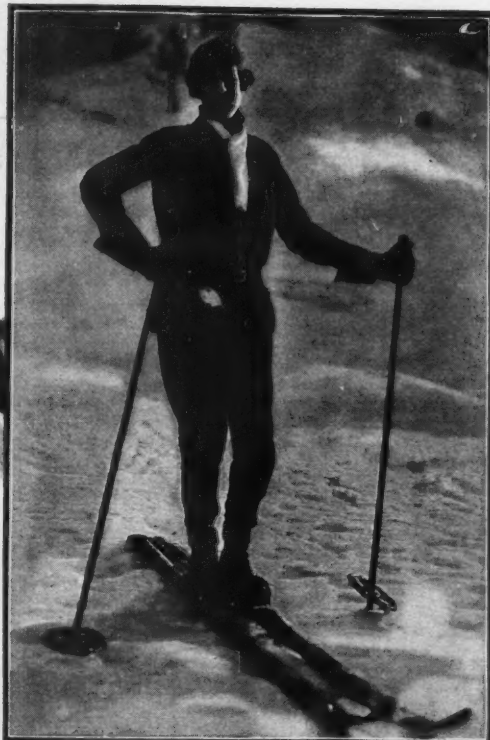
THIS is how Madame de Polignac uses her invaluable Pond's:

FIRST—she spreads Pond's Cold Cream over her face and neck at least twice a day, and when retiring.

SECOND—with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues she removes the cream, carrying the dust with it.

Madame de Polignac, who spends two months of the season at St. Moritz, the popular winter resort of fashionable Europe, dances as gracefully as she skis. Her lithe figure, well-poised head, sincere grey eyes and sun-tanned skin make her a striking example of a fine type.

On her dressing table, in her traveling bag, wherever the Marquise goes, go Pond's Two Creams and Skin Freshener in her choice containers of sea green glass.



The Marquise de Polignac, formerly Miss Nina Crosby of the exclusive Newport set, married into an aristocratic French family. Here she is ready for skiing, but hatless—the latest vogue at St. Moritz.

THIRD—she dashes on the Freshener—Pond's tonic which leaves the face with that gorgeously fresh feeling.

FOURTH—she lightly applies Pond's Vanishing Cream before she powders—a film of perfection like the frosted bloom of untouched grapes.

Follow yourself, Pond's four steps to beauty.

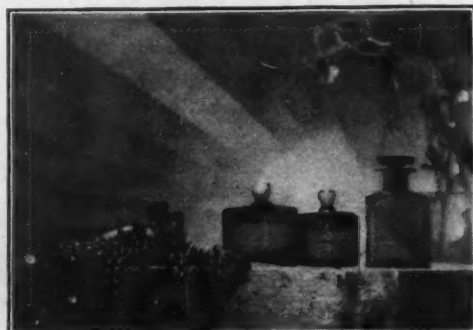
MAIL COUPON WITH 10C—For Pond's 4 delightful preparations.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. L,
112 Hudson St., New York City
Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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The
winning
color!



SUCH radiance—such starry brightness—such fresh, appealing loveliness. Her firm, smooth, flawless skin wins his instant admiration.

And he:—clean features chiseled in living bronze, smooth despite the rugged weathering of autumn wind and sun!

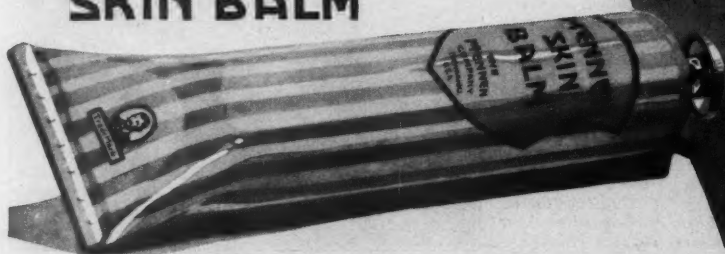
No wonder their glances reflect adoration. Youth and the present will be served. Today it is Skin Balm to which they turn. It is Skin Balm that keeps those hands and faces clean, smooth and fresh—alive!

Skin Balm was first developed by Mennen for men, to soothe and tone close-razored skin. Now women, too, appreciate its tonic touch. So smoothing and softening to weather-roughened skin. Protects and restores the natural softness in chapped hands and wind-blown faces.

Nor is Skin Balm heavy or greasy. Spreads without tackiness and dries instantly without trace. Mildly astringent to cleanse and reduce large pores. Delightfully scented. Fifty cents at all drug stores.

The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J. and Toronto, Ont.

MENNEN
SKIN BALM



the whole churchful, and I guess then, when they looked at her face, it came onto the whole church with a shock just what she meant.

"'Moses,' she said, 'is mine. I am a sinful woman and a liar! I didn't find him in the bulrushes! For three years I have lived a lie! Moses is mine! I can't stand it any longer. I must confess!'

"And then she burst out weepin', and tried to talk through her weepin', but you couldn't understand her; and she went into hysterics.

"Squire Purdy was with her in a minute, and had his arm around her.

"'There, there, Sister Sempie,' everybody heard him say, 'you will be pardoned for your transgressions. Let us kneel and pray.'

"And him and the Reverend Mr. Hoskins made her kneel at the mourners' bench, and put their arms over her shoulders, to pray with her.

"But it appeared Elvira wasn't overly anxious to kneel, and she flounced up off her knees again, and flung Squire Purdy's arm away, and yelled:

"'Don't you put your hand over my mouth, Jonathan Purdy! I must confess! I will confess!'

"It kinda dawned on me what might be comin', then; and I wondered if that old fox had thought he might be able to get her out of the church while she was still hysterical, and before she spilled anything. The hand over the mouth tipped everybody off.

"She flung her arms over Squire Purdy's neck, Elvira did, and yelled: 'Let us confess, Jonathan! Let us confess together! The sin was ours, and the child is ours! Let us repent together!'

"Well, Squire Purdy's face was a little green when I spoke to him about Jake Smith a while before. But now it was greener. Mebby you noticed he has got quite a big Adam's apple. While the whole church looked at him, that Adam's apple went up and down five times, like he was talkin', but not a sound come out of his mouth. That was the minute I spoke of a while ago when I said that onct Squire Purdy and his respectability teetered on the verge of destruction. I bet he wished he hadn't been heard makin' that remark about the secret sins just a couple minutes before.

"The sixth time that Adam's apple went up and come down, a voice made its utterance.

"'It is true,' said Squire Purdy, 'that onct I made a false step. I ask the prayers of the congregation.'

"I draw a veil, as the feller says, over the next immediate few minutes. There never was a more gorgeous repentin' bee in any church. And I don't need to tell you the upshot of it. So far from hurtin' Squire Purdy's respectability, it's helped it, the whole thing has. For everybody says how noble of him to confess publicly and marry her. Which, personal, I don't see as he had much choice in the matter. But it all goes to show, as I said before, if you're respectable, you can get away with anything. And if you ain't, you can't get away with nothing."

The Old Soak paused. Then he chuckled and continued: "You noticed that dirty look he give me a few minutes ago? He's never forgave me for what I said as he was passin' out of church that night. I took him by the hand and told him how noble he was; and then I says, in a low voice, so's no one else heard, 'Brother Purdy, you needn't be afraid that Jake or Al or me is a-gonna get hysterical and confess about your secret virtues like Elvira done about your secret sins.' He never liked me afore, but he's liked me less since then."

"But," I said, "don't you think it is your public duty, as a good citizen, to show him up? You said he was a whited sepulcher."

"Mebby," said the Old Soak cheerily, "mebby it is. But I ain't a good citizen. I'm a mammal of iniquity. And it's worked into a kinda special arrangement between him and Jake and me whereby I get my liquor cheaper than most does."



The ancient university of Paris, which has made Dr. Rosenthal Laureate of the Academy of Medicine



Dr. Georges Rosenthal

Laureate of the Institute, and of the Academy of Medicine, and of the Academy of the Moral Sciences, Paris. Doctor of the schools of the City of Paris. Doctor of the Anti-Tuberculosis Dispensaries of the Social Hygiene Department, Paris. Assistant at the Pasteur Institute. Laureate of the Municipal Welfare Work of the City of Paris. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor

Yeast keeps the body cells young says Dr. Georges Rosenthal, noted French specialist

"Yeast acts as the watchful policeman of the alimentary canal. It reduces the poisons which, penetrating into the blood stream, make the body cells grow old and wear out more quickly. Yeast is one of the best agents of intestinal purification. The continued use of yeast, by cleansing the organs, protects human health."

Dr. Georges Rosenthal.

FAMOUS alike in Europe and America for his remarkable studies of the blood, Dr. Georges Rosenthal speaks with acknowledged authority.

This distinguished scientist and physician confirms the discovery made by thousands of Americans that eating fresh yeast prevents sluggish, poisoned intestines and—in his own words—"protects human health" from all the ills that follow.

"Yeast feeds on and absorbs the wastes," he says. "It deprives the disease microbes, which are always ready to develop in our bodies, of their nourishment. That is how yeast acts as the watchful policeman of the intestinal tract. At the same time it stops



Where the trouble starts... where yeast works

From throat to colon is one continuous tube. Here is where 90% of your ailments start, doctors say. Fleischmann's Yeast, a food as fresh as any garden vegetable, keeps this entire tract clean, active, healthy; prevents poisoning; promotes health, youth

poisonous decay and thereby helps to a great degree the normal working of the intestine."

Dr. Rosenthal's words reveal the importance of a healthy and active colon, shown below.

Keep Young with Yeast

Clogged intestines are easily restored to normal activity when you eat fresh yeast which Dr. Rosenthal has shown to be so effective.

Half the doctors reporting in a recent survey in the United States said they prescribed yeast.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly—daily—one cake before each meal, or between meals. To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Cheeks will bloom, skin will clear; that tired feeling vanishes; happiness and success seem easy. All grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today.

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. K-70, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

for HEALTH





To Clarice in quest of her youth

LIKE every other woman with a spark of imagination or a speck of pride, you cleanse your skin and nourish its delicate tissues with various creams and lotions.

And they *do* help to keep your skin soft and fine and invigorated—as your mirror well can testify to you.

But there is one splendid beauty secret which doubles their potency as bringers of health and charm—and the simple secret is this—keep internally clean by the saline method, with Sal Hepatica.

It takes away the blemishes that come from within. It is a helper, not a rival to your creams.

To drink salines for the complexion's sake has long been the practice of fashionable Europeans. The springs and spas are thronged with lovely Viennese women, the cool, lithe-limbed English and the slim dark women of French aristocracy—

freshening their complexions and improving their health by drinking the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, twinges of rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this wonderful saline treatment can make you feel better, look better, be better!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's

30c, 60c, and \$1.20

SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E-118
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

The Rented Body

(Continued from page 39)

school for girls in the neighborhood and managed to secure from the painting teacher there all he needed.

Though he was convinced that his new model would never go through with it, he made ready for her coming when night fell. He sat in his room and figured out the best position for his canvas, propped it on a chair, drew up to it a reading-lamp, and made his palette ready with blobs of color squeezed out of the tubes and some of them smeared into pastes of many tints.

Then he sketched in the parapet and the figure. He rubbed out the charcoal lines three or four times before he had satisfied himself with the space-filling, the focus and the balance of the composition. Finally he found what struck him as a felicitous arrangement.

Like a composer hearing harmonies unheard and reveling in them, Pember exulted in the intricate arcs of flesh and the soft angles of folded fabrics, the coalescing whorls, the faceted planes, the depths and heights, the vanishings of lines and rounded surfaces into the unseen side, the beauties revealed and the more winsome beauties hidden.

He improvised the girl so well that he felt he hardly needed her.

Yet when suddenly he heard a soft tap at his screen, and looked up and saw her standing on the balcony in the moonlight once more, he understood how vital she was to both the correctness of his drawing and the flight of his imagination.

She was pathetically ridiculous at first glance, merely a head set on a huge overcoat, and the face a blur of many humiliations. She was ashamed of her theft and of having escaped from its penalty by such surrender, ashamed of Pember's knowledge of her shames, ashamed of her inability to hold her lover except by deceiving him, ashamed of having cried so much, ashamed of her slavery to a cynical stranger, ashamed of wearing so little and perhaps most poignantly ashamed because the overcoat was so unbecoming.

Pember could not help smiling at the grotesque picture she made. He beckoned her in. He caught up a drawing-board on which he had thumb-tacked several sheets, picked out a bit of red chalk, and said:

"Stand there a minute. That's a gem of a picture just as you are. Stand with your back to the door. Put your hands in the pockets. Now look at me with a smile—a quizzical, flirtatious smile."

She tried to obey and began to cry. That touched him a bit by its unexpectedness.

"That's even quainter. Go on crying."

She stopped crying promptly and put on a foolish smile of bewilderment.

"You won't do anything I ask, will you? Well, just stand there and be as awkward as you can."

She drooped against the door in a posture all the more graceful for the box of the overcoat. He worked with long sweeping strokes that did not touch the paper or did—she could never tell which. His eyes darted up and down, from her to the drawing, and she found her own jerking in unison. Swiftly as he worked she was exhausted, full of pins and needles, frantic to move and afraid to. Every nerve in her seemed screaming to be quieted. Suddenly he cried:

"In heaven's name, stop and scratch your nose. The tip of it is weaving so I can't see anything else."

He put down the sketch and she saw with amazement that she was drawn nude. There was no sign of the overcoat. Her very eyes gasped. He condescended to explain:

"That's the way I see you. Besides, I usually sketch in the figure first to make sure I haven't omitted any bones or muscles."

He was back in position again and motioning her to her place. She affixed herself to the

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McCLELLAND BARCLAY, famous illustrator, and his model, Miss Helen Goebels, pause for a moment to show the part Pepsodent plays in making smiles so charming.



THE BABSON TWINS wave a happy farewell as they leave New York harbor. Their charming smiles, through Pepsodent, will play a major part in their success before European audiences.

When smiles lose their gleam

Here's how to find it—

It's FILM that turns teeth dull, "off color," and fosters serious tooth and gum disorders. Here's the scientific way to lovely smiles.

YOU will never know how gleaming white teeth can be, nor how healthy, until you have removed the film that clouds them. Ordinary brushing fails to remove film successfully. You must remove it scientifically according to dental opinion.

For this purpose specially, a new and different dentifrice is being advised by dentists, called Pepsodent. What it does to make teeth beautiful and keep them healthier by removing film seems magical.

Film is that slippery coating that forms on teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and feel it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs the stains from food and smoking and gives that dull,

tarnished look that you abhor. Germs by the millions breed in film. It fosters bacteria of decay and serious tooth and gum disorders.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar plus germs is an established cause of pyorrhea.

Pepsodent, through the most recent findings of dental chemistry and dental practice, acts in a new and different manner. It first curdles the film and then removes it in gentle safety to enamel.

It acts further to firm the gums. The alkalinity of saliva is multiplied to combat the acids of decay. It cleanses hygienically in a way nothing else does.

Millions have discovered it on den-

tists' advice. Millions use it because they know it keeps teeth whiter, brighter and healthier than they thought was possible. Get it at your druggist's. Or write to nearest address below for free 10-day tube, and note the difference in your smile.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.; 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.
The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from



(Above) "To keep your skin healthy and firm, nothing can touch Pinaud's Lilac," says William de Rham, who is breaking sales-records for Stutz



(Left) "Pinaud's Lilac is the best bet yet to sterilize razor nicks—makes your skin clear," declares O. C. Meyer, Jr., who rates a big sales star at Stutz

These 3 Star Salesmen of STUTZ MOTOR CARS use this skin bracer daily

UNBELIEVABLY spruce and smart are the keen young business men who roll up sales volume for the Stutz New York Company.

Three of them told us lately of the famous skin bracer that helps so much to keep them looking fit.



"For a spic and span skin just try Pinaud's Lilac. It gives a glorious after-shaving feel," says Harry Flinn who makes Stutz business hum. He, like so many others, has found the sure way to keep skin safe. No blemishes, no infections, with Lilac slapped on every day

It's no wonder, they declare, that skin toned with Pinaud's is so healthy and fresh. Lilac has exactly the same invigorating effect on the muscles of the skin that exercise has on the body.

And Pinaud's Lilac is a famous anti-septic, too. It sterilizes razor scrapes and nicks—absolutely prevents after-shaving infections and blemishes.

Ask for Pinaud's Lilac at your drug or department store. Protect your skin each morning with a generous after-shaving douse. (You'll enjoy its wholesome outdoor lilac odor.) Keep looking fit and healthy by the faithful use of Pinaud's—every day.

FREE: good-sized sample bottle of this famous skin bracer—write today to Pinaud, Incorporated, Dept. B-2, 220 East 21st St., New York.



Look for Pinaud's signature on every bottle

PINAUD'S LILAC

Copr. 1928, Pinaud, Inc. THE FAMOUS SKIN BRACER

door, flinching now at his every disrobing glance. But when he stopped, she found that he had worked in the overcoat and her sinuities were hidden in its rectangular folds.

He set the sketch up and studied it from a distance, murmuring: "Swell, eh? Well, let's get to work. Give me that coat."

It came off like a porous plaster and she tried to hide herself within herself by strange contortions and involutions.

"Don't move!" he snapped. "If you stir I'll kill you."

He caught up the drawing-board, ripped off the previous sketch, tossed it in the air and, squatting on the edge of the bed, began to draw with a positive fury. He muttered as he worked:

"All travelers agree that the only moral people in Africa are the Kavirondos, who don't wear anything at all. And they say the women manage to be far more modest stark naked than anybody else in full uniform. I understand it at last. You're as beautiful as an angel and you look as chaste. Don't budge! Don't speak!"

This posture was almost impossible to hold, but he snarled whenever she moved and she dared not even plead for mercy. After an inferno of agony, he said:

"Rest a minute, if you must."

She untangled herself, stretched her arms, walked about on tingling feet, finding in motion an unimagined franchise. He ordered her back to her post long before she was ready. But she could not replace herself in the posture. Every muscle was self-conscious and rebellious with stage fright.

Pember went to her and caught at her, tugging at hands, elbows, knees, feet, hips, shoulders, as if she were a lay-figure. She flamed with revulsion and with resentment afraid to declare itself. Pember was not afraid to declare himself and he cursed her like a mule-driver till he had her cowed and riveted into the exact figure outlined in his drawing.

Her weary members found it more harrowing than before to remain rigid, but she kept them on the rack till the room swam. She was so wretched for so many reasons that the tears squeezed through her tight eyelids; they were followed by sobs that shook her until she toppled blindly and would have pitched forward if he had not caught her.

He held her and tried to comfort her. She was amazed to find him human, even humane, as he mumbled:

"Poor little thing! Poor lonely little girl—so beautiful, so pitiful! If you are too tired to work any more, we'll call it a day."

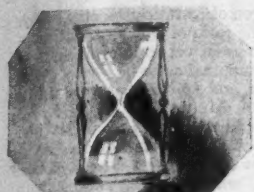
She hesitated and struggled with her impulse to run away, then she said: "I'll pose."

Without a trace of modesty, false or true, she struck the exact attitude and became marble. For a long, long time there was no sound except the whisper of the chalk on the paper, while the two collaborated in their separate ways upon the business of their partnership, which was the perpetuation of a fleeting moment.

A new dignity upheld her through fatigue and restlessness. She was suffering for her lover. She was winning nearer to Tom. She winced no more at Pember's glances, for they were as impersonal as a surveyor's measurements. He worked in a kind of trance of energy. They did not hear the night-watchman pass along the corridor, and he moved on in innocence of a transaction that would one day make a great and lasting stir in the world.

It was not until Pember's eyelids had begun to grow too heavy to hold open that he discovered his model sound asleep standing.

He woke her and held the overcoat for her. She was startled and apologetic, and he was extraordinarily polite. He even hid his yawn behind his hand. She paused to study the drawing and to marvel at it. She was exalted by the realization of her own unsuspected loveliness. There was majesty in her contribution to this achievement. "You're very wonderful, aren't you?" she murmured.



SUNDAY
Plenty of time



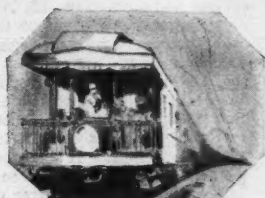
MONDAY
Hurry up



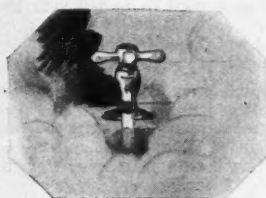
TUESDAY
Feeling fine



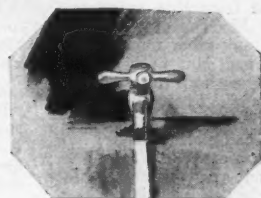
WEDNESDAY
Out of sorts



THURSDAY
On the train



FRIDAY
Hot Water



SATURDAY
Cold Water

Every Day

you give your razor a different job to do

but your Gillette Blade will do every job smoothly and surely



IT TAKES all kinds of days to make a week. This morning you can take your time. Tomorrow you have to rush. One day you're feeling fit; the very next morning you may be ragged from lack of sleep. Hot water, cold water, soft water, hard water, a slap-dash lather, or a careful thorough preparation of the beard which may take a full three minutes.

You never give your Gillette Blade the same job twice.

Yet you can always get a smooth, comfortable shave from your Gillette Blade; the blade, at least, doesn't change, and its swift, sure job

is the same under any conditions.

Eight out of ten American men count on the Gillette Blade to start the day right—seven days a week. And Gillette takes extraordinary precautions not to disappoint them.

The steel is the finest in the world. It comes in long gleaming ribbons, and we test every ribbon with crucible and micrometer before we even pay the import duty.

During the last ten years Gillette has spent millions of dollars on steady blade improvements alone. Four out of every nine Gillette employees are inspectors and do nothing else. They get double pay for every blade they discard. They make certain that every package of Gillette Blades contains its full quota of smooth, comfortable shaves for you.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

To be sure of a smooth, comfortable shave under any conditions, slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor.

Gillette



"Yes," he admitted, "and so are you, aren't you? Aren't you?"

"Yes," she whispered, thinking that, after all, she was bringing to Tom more than he dreamed of.

"And our children are going to grow up into little masterpieces. Go on to bed. Our body needs its rest."

She could smile at that now, and when she bade him good night she went to her room mystically contented.

The next night she came to her shop with a certain eagerness. Pember had the canvas ready by the door and he pointed to the balustrade. She remembered with a shock how long a way she had come from that frustrated erasure of her soul. Mechanically she laid aside the overcoat as any other toiler would have done, and followed him to her task, hardly noting at first how sharp the wind was that whipped her gown about her.

Her proprietor paused at the railing and showed her how she had posed, making an awkward parody of her attitude. She took his place, but it was not easy to resume with intention the posture she had fallen into under the stress of grief and desperation.

He had to shift her elbows now and kneel and plant her feet for her. She steeled herself against any revulsion at his touch; it was part of the job. He ran back to his door to see the effect, then back to her, making little arrangements of her as if she were a manikin.

At last he was in his chair dabbing at the canvas with his brushes while she grew numb, her teeth chattered and she wondered how long it took pneumonia to do its work. But she would not shirk her task.

Suddenly she fell back from the rail and ran to him, whimpering:

"I can't keep my promise. If you make me stand there I'll jump over. I don't want to. I feel something dragging me over. I am helpless."

He walked to the rail and looked down into a vast wedge of emptiness thrust between the cliffs. Fathoms on fathoms deep he saw the gleam and the charm and the mystic summons of the cataract rolling its moonlit quicksilver through the gloom.

He felt a kind of suction drawing him in and he fell back. Farther along the balcony, however, there was a jut of solid ground and trees that rose almost to the railing, shutting out the sight of the stream and the profound gulf. He placed the girl there and she felt safe. All she had to endure now was the curling wind.

Pember returned to his task, propped the screen door open and began to slash at the canvas, dipping this brush and that into the pools of color on his palette. But the wind chilled his hands, and the light assembled the most amazing convention of odious creatures of every imaginable wing. They landed on his hands, his face, and worse yet, on his palette and his canvas, and perished horribly. When he closed the door, the screen became a museum of crawling monstrosities.

He flung down his weapons of art and called to his model: "I'm a painter, not a damned entomologist. Come on in out of that!"

She returned so nearly congealed that he ordered her back into the overcoat and stared ruefully at his canvas.

"As usual I'm sick of my inspiration as soon as it begins to take shape. It's theatrical, sentimental, meaningless. That's the devil of being a painter like me. Sometimes I am so excited over an idea that I beat the canvas black and blue and go to sleep convinced that I am immortal. The next day I wake up and find a canvas covered with—cold gravy."

"Sickening, isn't it? The hot red blood that comes from a roast of beef has only to cool and it becomes a nauseating mess. Cold gravy! Love is like that—the hottest, richest thing on earth till something chills it and then the most loathsome—ugh, cold gravy!"

"Not love like mine," said Sara.

"Perhaps not. Perhaps—well, in any case,

I can't work here. I'm going back to my studio."

"You've finished with me already?"

"I haven't begun. You're going back with me."

"Oh, I couldn't. I have my position here."

"What have you got to say about it? You resign your job tomorrow, and take the train with me."

"People will talk. They'll—"

"In view of the way you were diving into the head-lines, it seems quaint to—"

"I didn't mean to argue. I'll obey you in everything—for a month."

"Fine. Then go to your room and pack, and think up a good lie to tell your former employers."

She went and thought up also a good lie for Tom. She affixed it to a long, long letter:

Congratulate me, darling. I have been offered a wonderful position in New York as a private secretary. I'll write you when I know more of my work, and my address. It will be a great relief from the monotony of bookkeeping.

The next day she told the manager of the hotel that she had been called away by a sick relative. She pretended not to know Martin Pember when he came to the desk to give up his room, and he pretended not to know her.

He paid his bill with a check and gave another for cash—two hundred dollars. She handed him back the very bills she had borrowed from him without the hotel's being the wiser or the poorer. In thirty days he was to return to her the body she was lending him without Tom's being the wiser or the poorer.

Poor Tom did not understand art or artists any more than she had done a few days ago. She thanked heaven that he was not an artist, but she must save him from the horror he would feel if ever he knew. It was terrible how much one had to deceive people in order to be true to them. But everything was all right so long as nobody found out.

Sara felt grateful to Pember for enabling her to leave the hotel with no financial stain on her memory. She was grateful to him, too, for making her live long enough to see the superb portrait of the body that but for him would have been a battered corpse on wet rocks. Most of all she felt grateful to Pember for restoring her to Tom and Tom to her.

On the sleeping-car Pember pretended not to know her at all. But he took charge of her on their arrival.

The rush of the train into the great temple at New York, the first ride in a taxicab through uproarious canyons deeper than the one where she had so nearly wasted herself, the arrival at the studio building and the entrance into the high hall crowded with his paintings, his collections of casts, tapestries, weapons, pottery—her small-town soul would hardly have exchanged these experiences for a climb to heaven in a fiery chariot and a home of alabaster in a golden street. How beautiful it would be to live in New York with Tom!

Pember recommended a hotel near his studio and told the proprietor to send the bill to him. His zest for work was renewed and he began with a frenzy to chronicle the girl's frame in as many phases as possible before he lost the use of it forever.

He made studies of her in all the mediums—chalk, charcoal, water-color, oil. He even made little statuettes of her in green clay. He sketched a hand, an elbow, a knee, a foot, the torso, the head, the whole figure, erect, prone, supine, foreshortened.

He arrayed her in silks, Watteau costumes, Greek draperies, even in armor. He had often been impelled to treat mythological subjects in twentieth-century style, and now he struck out a painting of the three Graces with interlaced arms. Sara was all three of the Graces.

This was a sort of preliminary canter toward a lifelong ambition to paint a most classic theme in a most futuristic manner. He had cherished for years an imagined composition of the nine Muses, all sisters, all alike, and all

forming a nonagon of ecstatic geometry, which would present the form of woman in attitudes and moods so unusual yet so natural, so individual yet so communal as to be a very cyclopedia of posture and spirit. Sara was to be each and all of the Muses.

The background he would compile from landscape studies made long since as documents. Sara saw that he painted trees, clouds, brooks, flowers, waves, lawns, swards, with exactly the interest he had taken in the human outline.

It dazed Sara at first to see him exult as well in the grace of the limb of a tree as over a human member, to see his eyes smolder with sensuous pain sometimes as they followed the spiral swirl of threads of cigar smoke, and to hear him sigh:

"Wouldn't that blue break your heart? Watch it turn and writhe and—where is it now? Isn't it cruel that it leaves no memory of itself? Somebody ought to build a monument to smoke. It's so beautiful and so pathetic and so frail—and so like ourselves."

Learning slowly how free of sensuality his sensuousness was, she began to feel herself a nun in a ritual of beauty, and Pember a high priest at its altar, terrifying, remote, yet reverend in a way. She began to help him by creating attitudes herself, and growing spontaneous and sincere in them. She returned to the Paradise of an Eve before the fall, and her eyes were opened only when the presence of other people forced her back into the world.

Though Pember denied himself to his old cronies, a few pushed in and heaped praises upon his new manner, his second youth. When the first visitor came into the studio, Sara ran and hid in a recrudescence of the prudery that she had forgotten in his presence. When he ordered her back to the platform, she came scarlet and morose. He thought no more of her nonsense than a surgeon of concealing the woman he operates on before a clinic of associates. His professional companions praised her in detail and tried to borrow her. Pember refused their appeals, but only because he claimed the copyright, not because he cared about her feelings.

This indifference of his wounded something deeper than her modesty. It made her feel that he did not care, he could not care for her herself. She was, after all then, only what he had first thought her, a soulless shape.

She grew jealous for a time of her body, for she was falling in love with the new world she dwelt in. As she stood or reclined motionless for hours on hours her mind was busied with thoughts of a life in such a realm with such a creative copier, an imaginer who worked with such exactitude. She almost wished that she might go on posing after her marriage. Of course, Tom would not permit it, but it would be wonderful if the world had been differently built so that a man could love a woman with the jealousy that demands love and yet without the jealousy that insists on hiding her in a cave.

The term of her life with Pember was running away fast. He painted all day and made sketches every evening. Haste made waste at times, and he often scraped off with his palette-knife some figure that seemed to her a triumph. The necessity for perfection was a torture to him, and he cried aloud in agony:

"I'll never get through in time. What if I shouldn't finish this painting? Oh, what if I couldn't finish it?"

Sara began to want to tell him that she would be glad to extend his lease, but she also began to want to hear him beg her to. When he would not ask, she grew resentful.

On the twenty-fifth day of their contract, the telephone rang in his studio. When at last he answered its persistence there was anger in his tone. Then he gasped, "Oh!" then, "Of course. Hold the wire."

He came to the model-stand and said: "It is your young man, Tom, asking if he may see my—secretary."

Sara cried out with joy and ran toward the

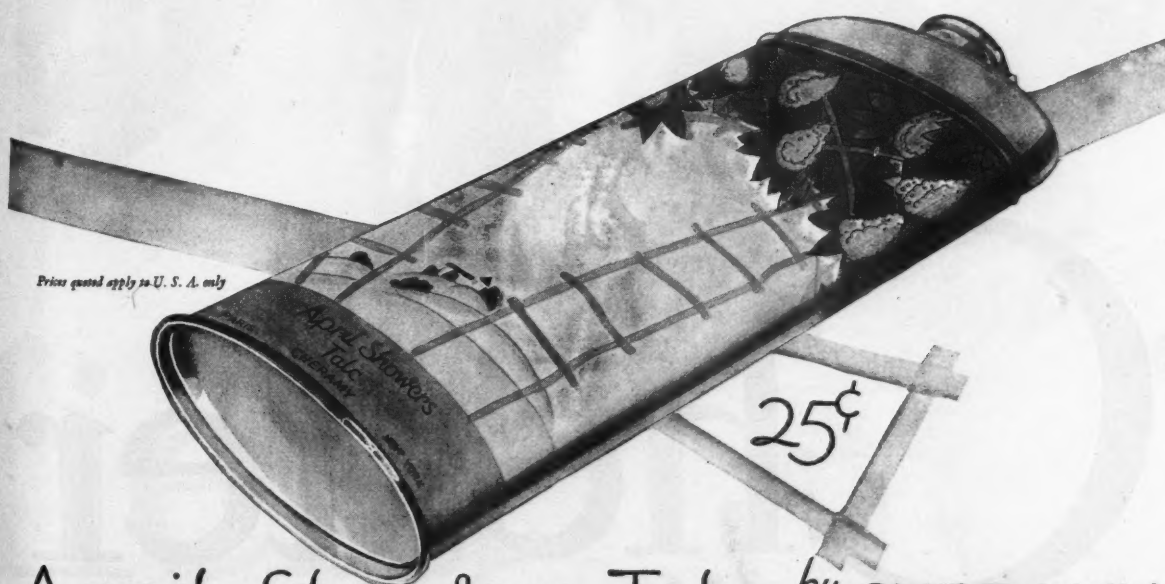
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"What do you mean—'extra cost'? I didn't pay any more for my tires than you did for yours."

telephone, then paused realizing her estate. She gathered a velvet hanging about her before she took up the instrument. Pember heard her saying:

"Why, Tom darling, when did you get to town? Why didn't you telegraph or write? . . . A surprise? I should say it is! I'm flabbergasted! . . . No, I don't believe you'd better come up. Mr. Pember is very busy . . . He—I— Well, I'll run down and say Hello, just as soon as I—finish taking a few more letters . . . Luncheon? I've had mine—that is, I don't take any . . . Dinner—well, well, I'll see. You wait down there."

She returned to Pember in a quandary—and nothing else. And that was her quandary. Suddenly she was thrown out of Eden into the realism she had left.

"He wanted to run up and say Hello to me. He wanted me to run out in the hall and give him one little kiss! He wants me to lunch with him, dine with him, spend the evening with him! He wants me to—to resign and marry him right away, and go back West with him. He's landed a great job in Wichita."

Pember grinned at the predicament of her first sentences; frowned at the next ones; fell into a rage of fear at the last. He was just at the height of his vein, and she understood by now how much of a sacrifice, how princely a generosity it was for him to say:

"Run along and lunch with him."

"Oh, thank you! thank you! I'll be back. And this evening?"

"I was going to work on the pose of that last Muse. I have an idea. We have only a few more days. But—well, do as you like."

She was bewildered to find herself almost wishing that Tom had stayed in the West until she sent for him. Aghast at the treason of the thought, she scrambled into her clothes with all speed, apologizing, apologizing, till she darted out.

She flung herself into Tom's arms and was glad that she had stolen for him, glad that she had escaped the punishment for that by another sin. She was glad to lie to him for his own happiness' sake. But it was not so easy. She succeeded only in arousing Tom's suspicions and resentments by her unsatisfactory answers to his questions. They were innumerable: What sort of man was Pember? What did a painter want with a pretty secretary? Did he make her pose for him? Did he have a family, an office? Did she have an office of her own? What kind of paintings did Pember do? Why couldn't Tom come up and see her? Why should her employer need her of evenings?

The reunion that she had looked forward to with such yearning was less a rapture than a fencing match.

While she was so busily fighting Tom off from the fatal secret of her employment, Pember moped in his studio, alone and idle, missing the girl amazingly. He was disabled without her and could not work. Stranger yet, he was lonely for her.

The next morning she arrived in a dreadful crisis of nerves. Her stormy evening with Tom had culminated in a threat that if she did not resign, he would know that she had ceased to love him, that she loved somebody else, and he would kill himself or Sara's lover or somebody. She hated to give up her new life and ruin Pember's picture, but, after all, Tom came first and it was a woman's highest duty and her privilege to sacrifice herself for her husband.

She begged Pember to let her go—for his own sake, lest Tom make some terrible trouble. She told him that he could easily get other models far more attractive than she. He would tire of her in a little while anyway. He had said as much himself when he first talked to her. She was betrothed to Tom. If he found out what she had been doing, he would never forgive her. Her whole future would be wrecked for the sake of a few days. It was a crime to leave before the picture was finished, but would Mr. Pember please, please, please let her go?

"No!"

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When she grew frantic, wept, knelt, implored, Pember coldly reminded her of their agreement and threatened to show it to Tom and reveal all its history unless she kept it.

"Since you won't let me go, tell me what to tell him," she sobbed.

"That's your problem, not mine. Begin practising the art of lying now; you will need it in your married life."

"How hateful of you! how cruel!"

"This business of mine is cruel and ruinous and, according to all good Philistines, immoral, positively criminal. Your soul may belong to Tom Fisher, but until the month is up, your body belongs to Simon Legree."

ONCE more she wept as she posed. Pember's low opinion of models' tears was not improved. He would not even allow her to go out that evening with Tom. When she threatened to go anyway, he promised to chain her to the model-stand if she tried it. He had nearly everything in his studio from ancient leg-irons and wrist manacles to the most modern weapons collected for a war picture he had begun.

She knew that he was capable of anything and he stood over her while she telephoned Tom that she could not dine with him or see him all evening—on account of office work that must be finished—"a manuscript," she was inspired to explain.

She was a most unsatisfactory and truculent model all afternoon. During the dinner, which Pember ordered sent in, she would not speak. Afterward, when he began to make drawings of various poses that had occurred to him, from sheer exhaustion of resentment, she began to fall into the spirit of habit. Realizing that she had many years of Tom before her and only a few days more of Pember's celebration of her grace, she actually proposed attitudes of her own and conspired with Pember in his research for some ultimate convoluted that should seem unforced and unaffected and yet be unique.

Finally she happened on one that expressed her farewell forever to the worship of beauty. "How's this?" she asked as she disposed herself in a very melody of poetry that made him cry out with triumph:

"It's divine! Hold it! Freeze!"

He walked about her, seeking the best viewpoint, sketched her from various angles, showing her with praise, even caressing her at times as Michelangelo caressed the rippled marble sinews of the Farnese torso.

"The last Muse will be the Muse of Muses, and she's your own; she's you." Then the telephone whirled. "Confound it!" he growled. "I forgot to tell the night boy not to ring. Let him ring."

Again, again the telephone insisted, until at last Pember obeyed its summons hotly:

"Hello! Yes! No! I'm sorry! She is not here. She was called away. I don't know! I don't know! No! Good-by!"

He slammed the receiver on the hook and returned to his work, but all his élan was gone, and Sara had lost the exact pose irretrievably.

The doorbell rang. Sara gasped:

"It's Tom! I know. He doesn't believe what you said. He's determined to find out for himself. Don't let him in. He's dangerous."

She ran and hid behind a long arras hung across a corner. Pember went to the door, opened it a little. A burly youth confronted him with a constabulary suspicion.

"Miss Clinton, please!"

"She's not in."

"She told me she would be."

"But I tell you she's not. I'm busy."

Pember tried to close the door. Fisher pushed him back with ease and entered the hall, strode along it to the bright studio.

He thought himself bewitched. He could not see Sara anywhere, yet he saw her everywhere, in charcoal, in oil; in fragments, entire; in costumes, and mercilessly revealed; exploited in every amorous emotion and attitude. The three Graces were Sara tripled. The Muses were eight of her and a vague ninth.

The young business man who knew nothing of art and suspected it all as nastiness was staggered. Then jealous fury and honest indignation inflamed him. He roared at Pember:

"You blackguard! You filthy beast! What have you done to that innocent child? I'll crack every bone in your rotten body. I'll break your rotten fingers off. But first I'm going to destroy every one of these infamous, these obscene slanders of that poor girl. And when I get through with you, you won't even remember how Sara looked."

Like a fanatic Vandal in a Roman palace, Tom glared about in hatred of the luxurious beauty that he could not understand. The great canvas of the Muses was the first atrocity he doomed and Sara, watching him through a rent in the arras, almost swooned at the ruin he planned. Tom stared at the canvas with such blind hatred that he ignored Pember until he found the little man standing between him and the Muses, and saying calmly:

"You touch that painting and I'll kill you deadlier than any man was ever killed before."

Tom had been a soldier and he recognized that the weapon Pember held was an army automatic. Tom had been a soldier and he had seen men riddled to shreds with one of those fast-spitters.

He dropped into a chair, helpless under Pember's wrath.

"You called me a filthy blackguard. I am one. I call you a worse name. You're a white-washed Puritan! I take no pride in confessing that your Sara is as good today as she was the day I saw her. She didn't want to pose, but I made her. She wanted to resign as soon as you appeared, but I wouldn't let her. If I told you why I made her pose you wouldn't understand."

"But if I had never come along she would have married you and grown fat and stodgy and had children, and you would never have known how beautiful she is. No more would she. Nobody would ever have realized the masterpiece she is."

"If I've ruined your respect for her and her happiness, I'm sorry that so fine a thing should have been doomed to love as ugly-minded an ape as you are. I'm sorry for her but I did my duty by her. I crucify myself for my work, and I'll crucify anybody else that I need in my religion. Did you ever hear of the old Greek painter, Parrhasius?"

"No, and I don't want to. One painter is too many for me."

"Well, he actually did crucify a slave to see how he looked. Agony isn't my line, or I might, too. Instead, I crucified that girl who wastes her beauty on an animal that hates beauty and fears it. If you were worthy of her you would be on your knees to me in gratitude, instead of sitting there planning to get me yet."

"Perfect as Sara is, she must grow old. Her life must be spent in homely and stupid tasks. But on my canvases her beauty will live forever. She will never grow old there. Millions will pay homage to her. If you weren't an ignorant idiot you would be proud to be the husband of such a goddess."

"Goddess nothing," sneered Tom. "You spill a lot of sales talk, but after what you've done to Sara, would you marry her?"

"Of course I would if we loved each other. And I'd be glad to tell the whole world. 'This is nine portraits of Mrs. Martin Pember.' If she were mine, I wouldn't hide her under a bushel. But she loves you, you—you—agh!"

"If she loves me, she'll come out from behind that curtain and leave this place with me forever." The long arras shivered but no one emerged. "I can see your bare feet there, Sara," Tom growled, "and if you ever want to see me again, now's your last chance."

Still she did not come. Pember understood. He said:

"Perhaps if you turn your back, or wait in the hall until she is dressed, she will join you."

Tom laughed: "She's ashamed to let her future husband see her, but not you!"

"Naturally," said Pember, "for you are an ignorant prig and I am a great artist."

"You hate yourself, don't you? But you can't sell your dirty immorality to me. I'll turn my back though, while Sara makes herself as decent as she can."

He twisted his chair about and Sara stole forth and put on her shoddy garments in a miserable humility. She found it bewildering that shame came to her with what she put on. The indecency seemed to be in the clothes and the hypocrisy of them. She seemed to be going from a life of sacredness to one of unholy and squalor. All her sacrifices for Tom, her theft, her hours and days of anguished posturing, had been wasted on a man who abhorred her sacrifice. Pember had stripped her body and found it beautiful, but he had stripped Tom's soul naked. And the revelation was—well, a disappointment.

She moved hesitantly to Tom's side. He leaped to his feet. Now she looked like the nice modest pretty cashier he had fallen in love with, except that she was forlorn and meek and wretched as she should be. His eyes ran along the images of her and he could not believe that she had any kinship with them. But her attitude of evident contrition melted him to say: "Sara, I love you still, in spite of all. And if you'll promise not to see this dog again, I'll try to forget what's happened."

Sara's eyes turned back to the throng of her selves, greedily trying to remember their multitudinous graces. She said:

"I'll not try to forget, and I warn you that I'm not ashamed. I'll never be really proud of anything else as long as I live."

"We'll talk that over later. Come along."

"Not if Mr. Pember wants me to stay."

A sudden gleam of hope died in her eyes as Pember answered:

"Oh, run along; I release you from any claim I may have had. I wouldn't have you lose the man you love on my account. Above all things, I want you to be happy."

Sara stared at him from the depths of woe. "Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

As she left him he dropped into a chair, inertly staring at the gap where the ninth Muse was to have been. Sara stared there, too. Then Tom took her arm and dragged her to the hall. Somebody was always dragging her somewhere. She stopped short to plead:

"You oughtn't to hate Mr. Pember, Tom. If it hadn't been for him, I'd be dead now."

"I'd rather have you dead than let those pictures get out. I'll wreck every last one of them yet, don't you fear."

BUT she did fear. She was afraid of Tom, afraid for Pember. He was the only important one of the three. Tom made her pass before him into the outer hall, but she whirled, ran back inside, and quickly setting the door-chain in place, spoke through a narrow crevice:

"Tom, I'm not the girl you asked to marry you. She loved you, but I couldn't."

He tried to force the door open, but the chain held. She murmured:

"I'm awfully sorry, Tom, but—well, good luck, Tom—and good-by!"

She closed the door. The spring-lock clicked. He called through it, but the only answer was the dull sliding of a bolt.

When Sara returned to the doorsill of the studio, Pember was still gazing at the canvas in such dejection that he had not heard her parley with Tom.

She went to him and touched him on the shoulder. He whirled and saw her. He looked past her. He read in her eyes and in her gesture what had happened. Her gesture was the taking off of her hat.

There was something in her eyes that made him reach up and drag her head down to his lips. But she refused him. She rebuked him: "Not now. Not yet. The picture! We must finish the picture!"

Already she was saying "we" and tearing at the shackles of cloth that smothered her beauty as ashes choke flame.

Dr. Artz by Robert Hichens (Continued from page 74)

more walked down the room towards the door. As he walked his temper seemed to grow.

For once Artz seemed at a loss. His self-possession, his audacity had ebbed away. His small black eyes followed the moving figure furtively, and when it came close to him looked down and away from it.

Presently, when the situation was becoming grotesque and almost unbearable, Rothberg stopped and again showed consciousness of Artz.

"But I shall not let this go on," he said. And suddenly his face became red and puffy. "You made a mistake when you pushed your fingers into my money-bags. Your greed led you into a bad mistake. You should have gone on choosing mild fools to fill your *clinique*. I shall punish you for making a fool of me."

"I understand you, Artz. You rely on the moral cowardice of those who come to you. You bank on that! You have banked on that with me. You thought I should be like the rest of them, ashamed to say what I had wished for, why I put myself into your hands. 'Old people, important people, don't care to lose their dignity in the world's eyes. Rothberg will be like the others I have swindled. He'll never let anyone know.' That was your conviction, of course."

"But I shall stop your swindling, Artz. I mean to prosecute you, Artz, for getting money out of me on false pretenses, and performing on me an entirely useless operation. It won't be an edifying case. It will be the sort of case that will be heard *in camera* probably. But an *in camera* case sets people talking more than anything else, and I shall know how to manage so that the facts get about. You have made a fool of me. I give you that. But I shall punish you, Artz."

"Do you really mean that my treatment has not been successful?" said Artz, speaking at last with a manner of genuine surprise.

"It has not! It has not! Of course it has not—you ignoramus!"

Artz stared at Rothberg as if in deep meditation. "You tell me there has been no result?"

"No result at all! You knew there could not be. You intended there should be no result!"

Now Artz in his turn was startled. "What do you mean, Monsieur de Rothberg? I, a doctor with a reputation to take care of—I intend my treatment of such a patient as you to be a failure! What absurdity!"

"I have made a mistake," Rothberg said. "I felt so convinced of your competence that your failure with me astounded me. But there was the fact—that you had completely failed. Tell me the reason! I will have the reason!"

"I don't know what you mean. There is no reason."

"There is!"

SUDDENLY Rothberg's eyes seemed to be attracted to the drawing-room wall, for he looked away from Artz, half turning—as if called. He saw the two portraits of women—of Artz' two wives. He gazed at them. He went nearer. He examined them with absorbed attention—the two fair, very fair women, both young, both with something childlike about them. Artz watched him and an uneasy expression showed in his face, but he let Rothberg look, did nothing to interrupt him. At last Rothberg turned round.

"You are very clever," he said. "But you are not all clever. Perhaps no man is. If you were, you would not have left those two portraits hanging in a room used by your visitors—just now. They show your taste in women too plainly. They give you away. I understand now. You aren't a charlatan. You are simply a doctor who puts women before his patients, who cares for them more than he cares for his profession, his prospects, or even his money-making. You haven't chosen to treat me properly—you scoundrel! You haven't done what you could have done, and I understand why now. Miss Iselle!"

"That is absolutely false!" exclaimed Artz. "It's true. Since Miss Iselle has been here in Zurich you have fallen in love with her, and because of that you have not dared to succeed with my case."

"Monsieur Alphonse, you must have gone crazy to take such an idea into your head!"

"Now wait—wait!" said Rothberg, in a passionate voice.

"What is it?" said Artz.

"D'you know that Miss Iselle is entirely in my hands? Miss Iselle can only stay on here in Zurich if I choose to go on paying for her. Now, Artz, make no mistake about this. You have tricked me and I know why. It was because of that girl. Very well! I shall withdraw the generous allowance I make to Miss Iselle and she will have to leave here. No more lessons with Marakoff! No more duets with that student with the baritone voice! All chance of singing in opera over! And goodbye to Zurich—and Doctor Artz! Ah! What do you say now?"

"All that has nothing to do with me," said Artz coolly. "My only concern is about your state of health and condition of body. Apart from any feeling I may have had for you, I have my reputation as a doctor to think of."

"But your reputation as a conquering lover! What about that?" said Rothberg, pointing at the two portraits. "Your harem is empty just now, isn't it?"

"My time is too much taken up for me to—"

But Rothberg interrupted him with brutality. "What is the good of this pretense?" he exclaimed. "Your life is governed by women, and so is mine and always has been."

"I deny that I allow my life to be governed, as you call it," said Artz, with sudden hauteur. "Very well! Then I am to leave Zurich, as I came to it, and take Miss Iselle away with me?"

"Why not—if Miss Iselle consents to go?" said Artz, again faintly smiling.

"How can she stay without money?"

"Marakoff might help her."

"Marakoff! He is penniless himself."

"He earns money."

"Barely enough to live on."

"Perhaps—presently—he may earn more."

"Are you doing something to Marakoff?"

said Rothberg, with a sudden flare of intense suspicion. Artz was silent. "But he's finished—at an end. And besides—what can you do?"

"Wait and you will know!" said Artz. Arrogance blazed up in him abruptly, a fierce flame of arrogance. "You will know, and everyone will know, whether I am a charlatan or not. You have insulted the doctor in me tonight, Monsieur de Rothberg, because you are ignorant, ignorant as a child, of my powers."

"Then prove them on me."

Artz gave him a queer and sinister look.

"Perhaps I was wrong to try—with you," he said, in a soft voice.

"Why?" exclaimed Rothberg.

"Perhaps it was too late. A doctor can be too optimistic."

"I shall take Miss Iselle away from here."

"That is not my affair."

"And I shall prosecute you."

"Because you are too old and I was foolish enough not to discover it? That will be one of the strangest cases that has ever been tried, I should think."

Rothberg opened his lips. It was evidently his intention to say something. But only a long sigh came from him, a sigh that was heart-rending.

"Are you ill, Monsieur de Rothberg?" asked Doctor Artz, with sudden solicitude. "Let me—"

"No, no!" said Rothberg softly.

He turned away, went feebly to the door, followed by Artz, opened the door and passed out into the hall.

His coat and hat were lying on a chair with

a walking-stick. He bent and got hold of them.

He made a gesture to the front door. Artz was obliged to open it. Directly it was open Rothberg went out of the house without saying another word. He looked at Artz as he passed by him. His feeble steps sounded on the gravel between the two lamps. The sound of them died away.

Then Artz shut the big door. When he had done that he stood for a moment in the hall.

"I wonder if I have done the wrong thing!" he said to himself.

"PAULINE," said Madame Müller on the following morning, "there is someone at the telephone for you."

Through the telephone a frail, ugly voice, oddly toneless and exhausted in timbre, said, "Is that Miss Iselle?"

"Yes," answered Pauline.

"Oh—good morning. I am Alphonse de Rothberg."

"Yes—Mr. de Rothberg?" she said.

"I want to see you—as soon as possible. Will you come to tea with me at the hotel?"

Pauline shook her head. "I'm afraid I—"

"Oh," said the voice in the telephone, and there was a faint sound of acute irony in it, "you needn't be afraid! I'm not dangerous."

"Could you come to the studio, Mr. de Rothberg?"

"It's a private matter that I want to see you about."

"Could you tell me walking home from the studio?" And as she said it she thought, "I shan't mind it so much out of doors!"

After a silence Rothberg's voice said, "Very well, I will come to the studio today at four. Good-by."

"Good-by, Mr. de Rothberg."

That day at her lesson Pauline was oddly nervous and preoccupied, instead of being as usual strongly concentrated and attentive. Marakoff, of course, noticed this. When she finished a rendering of Berlioz' King of Thule song from his "Damnation of Faust," he exclaimed:

"That is not it! No! No! Do not you see, feel that such music must be sung strangely, with an other-world timbre? Fritz—play the beginning! Like this!" said Marakoff.

And then in a curious under-voice such as Pauline had never before heard or imagined, he murmured the beginning of the melody: "There was a King in Thule. Like that! Like that it should go! What is the matter?" He saw tears shining in the silver-gray eyes.

"What have I done?"

"Oh, maestro!" said Pauline. "If only you had your voice still!"

"Ah!"

"How you must have sung!"

Marakoff was deeply moved. He took both Pauline's hands in his big hands and squeezed them hard.

"Wait, little girl, wait!" he said, and his voice was hoarse.

There was a knock on the door.

"Herein!" he called.

The door opened and Rothberg appeared. How terribly old he looked!

"May I come in for a moment?"

"Of course come in, Monsieur Alphonse," said Marakoff, with obvious constraint. But he frowned. "The lesson is finished. Made-moiselle Pauline, you can go." He added abruptly, "What is it?"

The obvious embarrassment of the girl had called forth his question. Before she could reply to it Rothberg had joined them.

"Do not go, Miss Iselle!" he said to Pauline.

"But the lesson is finished," said Marakoff.

"Well, then, I will drive Miss Iselle to her pension. My car is outside."

"Pauline would do much better to walk after her singing and breathe in fresh air."

"In that case I will walk with her to the pension," said Rothberg inflexibly.

His eyes went to Fritz Rauch. Marakoff

looked at Rothberg like a man accepting a challenge.

"Fritz, you can go," he said.

Pauline was left alone with the two men, obscurely conscious that there was a subterranean, deeply flowing enmity between them. Knowing that Marakoff meant henceforth to teach her for nothing, she wondered whether he had already told Rothberg of his determination, and whether, if it were so, that was the cause of the present tension.

In her mind with this question there lived a strange amazement. Was this the result of treatment by the famous Doctor Artz? Monsieur de Rothberg, she thought, looked years older than before he had become Artz' patient.

After the door shut behind Fritz there was an uncomfortable silence. It was broken by Marakoff, who had been furtively examining Rothberg.

"Have you had a good journey?" he asked. "Do sit down, Monsieur Alphonse." Rothberg took a chair. "Won't you take off your coat?"

"That's not necessary. Yes, the journey was bearable."

There was another silence. Then Marakoff said: "You are not looking very well—after your operation."

"Artz is a charlatan," said Rothberg, with sudden startling intensity. "An infamous charlatan! A money-maker! A pseudoscientist who knows nothing! An incapable!" He beat his thin hands on the arms of his chair. "An incapable!" he repeated. "Or worse!"

He stared straight in front of him ferociously, as if absorbed, drawn down in a depth of anger. Pauline looked at him with terror. There was something to her unholy in this outburst by an old man.

"Or worse!" said Rothberg. "Worse! I have done with Artz!" He still went on staring into vacancy. "Or—no!" he added. "I have not done with Artz."

His eyes went to Pauline. The expression in them frightened her. It was so greedy and hopeless. Then he said, in a suddenly ice-cold voice, now apparently including her with Marakoff in his observations:

"I had intended to speak in private about——" He broke off, then continued: "But as I am here, perhaps I may as well be explicit. Yes—explicit! Things have changed."

HE SEEMED to be choosing his words carefully. Now he looked at Marakoff and spoke to him only.

"You know, Monsieur Marakoff," he said, "what a high opinion I have always had of your talent. I have proved that. I know a singer when I hear him, a great artist. You were one. But——" He paused. He seemed like a man picking his way. "But singing and teaching are different matters. Originally there was a thought of—or rather a plan of sending Miss Iselle to be trained for opera at Milan, the great school of singing. Doctor Artz—his voice quivered with intensity—"Doctor Artz concerned himself, unasked, in the matter. The plan was given up. Miss Iselle, on my responsibility, was brought here. That was a mistake. Now do not get angry, Marakoff!"

"I am not angry—not at all!" "You are, I am sure, well endowed as a teacher, but the advantages existing in Milan are not to be found here. Since I have stayed here I have realized that. There are no other singers—to speak of—here. There is no school of students. There is, there can be, no spirit of emulation. Miss Iselle is a soprano. There are no tenors here for her to sing with. I do not know of one. You have no good tenor pupils. This is unfortunate. It cannot be helped, of course. But it is unfortunate."

"I have been thinking it over"—his eyes became intensely expressive, ugly with expression—"and I have decided to withdraw Miss Iselle from here and to place her in Milan for future study. This I intend to do at once."

He paused and looked at Pauline. What he

saw in her face seemed to startle him. Her gray eyes were fixed upon him and held an expression of hard determination that he had never seen in them before.

"At once!" he repeated, in a rasping, authoritative voice.

"Yes?" said Marakoff. "And what do you say, Pauline?"

"I don't want to go, please," said Pauline in a low voice.

"Young people seldom know what is best for them," said Rothberg, obviously trying to seem indifferent and casual, but incessantly betrayed by his eyes. "And in this case complete ignorance naturally can't be allowed to be the arbiter. Once you are in Milan, my child"—Pauline slightly shivered at this paternal address, spoken in a voice that suddenly became hideously soft—"you will realize that it is the finest school for opera in all Europe."

"I'd rather stay here."

"You can't, I'm afraid," said Rothberg, again in the harsh and rasping voice.

"Why not?" asked Marakoff.

"Why not? Because, as you know, I am responsible for Miss Iselle, and I take a different view from hers in this matter."

"I feel—I feel very grateful to you, Mr. Rothberg, for all you have done for me," said Pauline. "But——"

"Yes? Well?" said Rothberg violently.

"I can't accept any more money from you."

"Indeed! Then what are you going to do? Go home to live with your parents in Pimlico?"

"I believe in Pauline's talent," said Marakoff. "I will go on training her for nothing."

"Pauline! Pauline!" exclaimed Rothberg, with a sort of gush of uncontrollable irritation. "Master and pupil seem to have become very intimate together. To me this young lady has always been Miss Iselle, and I think, considering all things, that I have more right than others to—to intimacy with her. Your offer is no doubt very gratifying to Miss Iselle, Monsieur Marakoff, but I am sure she would not care to profit by the generosity of a man who unfortunately has lost everything he had. I happen to be well off and therefore the obligation to me is negligible."

"Mr. de Rothberg," said Marakoff, with a fierce arrogance that was startling, "while you are in my studio I must ask you not to comment on private matters that only concern me. From today I shall teach this young lady for nothing. When she sings in opera—and she shall sing, and successfully—she shall pay me for all my lessons. Meanwhile you and I have cleared our account."

Rothberg, who had got up out of his chair, turned to Pauline.

"And who, if I may ask, is going to pay all your living expenses in Zurich, Miss Iselle? Who will settle with Madame Müller? Who will—who will?" he hesitated, as if ashamed of his own intention to speak certain words, but his anger overcame his hesitation and drove him on in spite of himself—"who will pay for your dresses, your music, your pleasures, the boating on the lake at night, the excursions? Even the tram fares up to the Naturheil-Verein, to the huts of the young nature-lovers up there, the young fellows who live according to nature, that is to say without troubling too much about the ordinary decencies of civilized life, even they have to be paid for by somebody. I ask who is——"

"Pauline, take your music and leave us!" The voice of Marakoff broke authoritatively through the torrent of speech.

"Why should she leave us? I am asking her——"

"Pauline, you will go—at once!"

Without a word Pauline left them.

"No, Rothberg! No! You are not going with her!"

"How dare you interfere with me? I shall do what I choose to do! No one shall——"

"No, Rothberg!"

Livid with passion, tottering with physical exhaustion brought on by the fierce feelings which his body was unable to match, Rothberg

tried to reach the door. But Marakoff simply went to stand in front of it.

"You are not going with her, Rothberg."

Rothberg trembled, stood before Marakoff trembling. "You are her lover, too! You are her lover!" he exclaimed. "You won't give her up because you are her lover."

"Do not talk nonsense to me!" said Marakoff. "I say you are her lover! That student, that Fügler, you and Artz, you are all——"

"What do you say about Artz?" exclaimed Marakoff, no longer contemptuous.

"I say that Artz is that girl's lover."

"Impossible! He never sees her except now and then here."

"For a man who has sung all over the world you are very simple. Artz persuaded me to bring her here for his own purposes. I have proof of it."

"What proof have you?"

Rothberg hesitated. His fury seemed fading into a mood of impotent misery. There was something pitiable as well as repulsive in the old face that could not show any lines. "I have proof," he reiterated.

"What is it?"

"When a doctor denies his own talent, refuses the exercise of his own powers as a doctor, isn't that proof enough?"

"Ah—that is your proof!"

ROTHBERG was obviously startled by the tone and manner of Marakoff when he said that. The look in his eyes became piercing.

"How do you understand so exactly what I mean?" he asked sharply.

For a moment Marakoff looked embarrassed. "Understand?" he said. "You told me——"

"Not so much as you understand, not nearly so much! How do you know?"

"I know what you have told me."

"And what is that?"

"You said that Artz——" He stopped and was silent.

"Well—Artz?"

"I understood you to mean that Artz——" Again he stopped speaking.

"How could you know? Did Artz tell you, then? How do you come into this matter? What have you to do with it? It was entirely between Artz and myself." Rothberg's suspicion flamed. "Then you are a confidant of Artz? He consults with you about what he is going to do with his patients, with you, a teacher of singing? That is singular, surely."

"Your imagination carries you away."

"How are you concerned with Artz in this? Be good enough to tell me."

"I have nothing to tell you," said Marakoff sullenly.

"But I shall not go from here till I know. You prevented me from leaving just now. Things have changed. I stay here now, whether you wish it or not, till this matter is clear between us."

Marakoff looked down from the height of his great stature upon the fiercely persistent little old man whom a moment before he had been obliged to pity, in spite of the contemptuous disgust which was at the root of his feeling about him. He looked, and a strong gust of desire to be himself, his impetuously natural, even brutally natural self, swept over him.

"When you put that girl, Mademoiselle Iselle—Pauline—with me, you put her with one who knows how to protect the voice God has given her," he said. "Her gift is in danger. She is in that voice. Do you understand? A danger to her is a danger to her gift. You say I am her lover. It is not true. I am only her protector, the protector of a child—of a lark, if you prefer it. You are not going to hurt her as you have hurt many other girls. That is certain. I have taken care of that. Now you know all that I shall ever tell you."

Rothberg stood in his big fur coat, looking small and shrunken, staring with his terribly vital almost lashless eyes up at Marakoff.

"You made a bargain with Artz?" he said.

Marakoff didn't answer, but he moved away heavily from the door.

"You made a bargain with Artz!" Rothberg

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repeated. "But then what a fool you are! What a fool! Don't you know that you have been playing Artz' game in all this? You are saying that girl—for him! You may have been a great singer, Marakoff, but you are certainly not a clever man. You are not as clever as Artz!" He took his hat and his stick. "You are a boy in the hands of Artz!"

He opened the studio door and went out. An instant later Marakoff heard faintly the purr of his motor descending the hill towards the center of Zurich.

SOME minutes later Rothberg's car pulled up in front of the Eden Hotel.

Rothberg got out, went into the hotel and asked for Miss Vyvyan. As they met she examined him with a dreadful curiosity and he examined her.

"How is it with him—since?"

"How is it with her—since?"

"Can we sit down somewhere in a quiet place?" he asked. "I have something rather urgent to say to you."

"Shall we come into the reading-room? I think it is quite empty."

They went there and sat down at the far end.

"What is it?" she asked anxiously.

His appearance had alarmed her and at this time she was full of strangely vital apprehension. Everything within her seemed quickened and almost dreadfully alive since she had come out of Artz' *clinique*.

"You are looking very vital," he said, with an intonation that, to her, sounded sinister.

"What is it you wished to say to me?"

"Do you remember, when you were anxious I should pay for Miss Iselle's education, saying that she must go to Milan to be trained? It was I who, prompted by Doctor Artz, insisted upon bringing her here."

"I remember—yes—it was." Her manner and voice were reluctant.

"I made a mistake!" he said abruptly.

"How—a mistake?"

"Marakoff is not the right man for Miss Iselle. Zurich is not the right place for her."

"But now Pauline is settled here."

"You must take her away from here. You must take her to Milan."

"Of course I—anything I can do for Pauline I—but perhaps you don't know that I see nothing of Pauline now."

"Why is that?"

"Monsieur Marakoff thought it best."

"Monsieur Marakoff! Monsieur Marakoff!"

The ugly look of passion that occasionally completely changed Rothberg's face, like a flame suddenly bursting out of a grate full of ashes apparently dead, drove into Miss Vyvyan.

"A penniless singing master! Do you think I shall allow him to decide what is to be done about a girl I have brought to him, a girl I have paid for? I have just told him and Miss Iselle that unless Miss Iselle agrees at once to go to Milan, there will be no more money forthcoming from me for her education."

"Then she will have to go?" said Miss Vyvyan, with a sudden impetuosity which showed Rothberg he had an ally in her.

"She said she wouldn't go."

"But how can she stay without money?"

"Marakoff said he would teach her for nothing."

"But her living expenses?"

"Exactly! Who is going to pay them? Marakoff can't. You can't."

"Oh—I have hardly any money, scarcely enough to get along on myself."

"She will have to go," said Rothberg, with inflexible bitterness. "And you must make her see that and take her away—at once."

"I don't see really what I can do."

"You can do this first. You can telegraph to Miss Iselle's father. Miss Iselle came here in your charge. She must leave here in your charge." He got up.

"But what am I to telegraph?"

"It is very simple. Telegraph as follows—to her father, of course: 'Teaching here quite unsuitable for Pauline. Kindly authorize by

telegram her transfer under my care to Milan. Mr. Rothberg insists on this, and will otherwise withdraw all money for expenses. I agree with him. Rothberg will pay all expenses at Milan. Urgent.' That will do. Now come along!"

He bent, took her by the wrist with an urgent hand and—so it seemed to her—forced her to leave the reading-room for the office.

"This lady wishes to send a telegram," he said to the hall porter. "Give her a form."

Miss Vyvyan bent down over the form and began to write. But when she had written as far as the word "transfer" she hesitated.

"I don't think I can go with Pauline to Milan—if she goes."

"But you really must. You brought her out. She can't possibly take up life in Milan alone. There must be someone to launch her there, settle her in—whatever you like to call it." His voice was full of suppressed irritation. "You need only stay for a week at most. Then you can come back here at once. I will pay for everything."

Their eyes met. Miss Vyvyan slowly reddened, and for the first time since he had arrived at the hotel a smile flickered on Rothberg's long lips.

"I know you have become very fond of Zurich," he said in an intimate voice.

Miss Vyvyan bent again and finished writing. "And now I must leave you," said Rothberg, looking suddenly exhausted. "Will you telephone to me directly you get the answer?"

"Yes."

"And then the matter must be carried through at once."

"Are you ill?"

"No. Why?"

"You look very tired."

A horrible expression of despair showed in Rothberg's eyes. But he only said, "I'm not tired at all. Good-by."

Rothberg telephoned three times to Miss Vyvyan on the following day, asking whether an answer to the telegram had been received from Mr. Iselle. But there was none. Only on the afternoon of the next day did it come. Miss Vyvyan opened it eagerly, nervously. She felt as if great issues hung on it. But how could that be?

"Leave Kid entirely in your loving hands." When Miss Vyvyan had read this she did not telephone Rothberg it had come.

It was winter now. There were mists over the lake. The opera season was beginning. The nights were long. Summer was a companion to lonely people. That companion was gone. She felt dreadfully alone. Zurich had become horrible to her, like a dark city in a nightmare. And yet she couldn't bear the idea of leaving it. Over this dark city she felt the influence of Doctor Artz, like a thing brooding with outstretched bat-like wings, enormous, relentless.

Why had she ever met him? She had been so happy, so contented and eagerly busy, so charitable and friendly in that long ago when all her friends, her many friends, had thought of her and called her "dear old Naomi." No one who really knew her, knew her as she knew herself, would call her that now. She was a hybrid now, full of ugly desires, full even of—wasn't she?—ugly intentions.

Her intentions—what were they?

She looked again at Mr. Iselle's telegram. Probably he did think that she loved Pauline. Surely she had loved Pauline when they had been together in London. No doubt she had been authoritative, "managing," determined to have her own way with Pauline. But she had really had the girl's interests at heart. She had been far more selfless then than she was now. Now she was terribly self-concentrated. Doctor Artz had turned her eager attention from others and had fastened it on herself. He had made her the subject of an experiment. Deliberately he had drawn her into his net.

She saw herself struggling. But it was too late. She never again could be that "dear old Naomi."

Nevertheless, couldn't she get back to a decent conduct of life, such as had formerly been perfectly natural to her? Being honorable, straight and kindly, full of warm humanity, used to be as natural to her as breathing. To be that, all that, now would need, she knew sadly, bitterly, a tremendous effort. But surely she could make that effort.

All through her life she had been almost ridiculously unselfish about money. Couldn't she be unselfish now about something far more important than money? Had the promptings of a man full of malicious humor, of cynical indifference to mental suffering, had a series of *piqures* and an operation so radically changed her that she was incapable of a strong effort to get back to the former Naomi?

She debated that question.

She was trying to make up her mind to this—to the journey with Pauline to Milan and to remaining in Milan, not coming back to Zurich—ever. Another greater effort she felt that she couldn't make. She couldn't go away from Zurich alone, leaving Pauline behind her. But if they both went to Milan, couldn't she start again? Couldn't she become once more the young girl's devoted friend, intent only on helping her towards the achievement of ambition, towards the money and the glory that come to a successful prima donna?

She went downstairs to the telephone and called up Rothberg. She told him that a telegram had just come and repeated it to him.

"That's excellent! Will you go at once to Miss Iselle and then let me know the result?"

After an instant of hesitation Miss Vyvyan said she would go. "But Pauline may refuse."

"How can she when she has no money?"

Miss Vyvyan didn't know. How could she know? Nevertheless she had the feeling that Pauline might refuse. The girl, beneath her softness, her inclination to obedience, had a kernel of will. And in Zurich that kernel of will had become more definite. Hadn't it?

"At any rate I'll go to her and hear what she says."

"Would it be too much trouble if you came on here to my hotel to tell me the result?"

"No; I will come."

Pauline was sitting before the small upright piano which was her most cherished possession in Zurich. When she saw Miss Vyvyan an expression of astonishment came on her face and she got up quickly, like one startled.

"Oh—Miss Vyvyan!"

MISS VYVYAN shut the door, went up to her and gave her a kiss on the forehead.

"How good your voice sounds! I was listening; you were in the beginning of a song when I came. Of course I couldn't interrupt, so I stood outside and listened. Your voice sounded beautiful." She spoke with a sincerity which was convincing. "Now, Pauline, I have something to say to you. That's why I've come."

"Oh? Yes?"

The girl looked apprehensive. Miss Vyvyan noticed that.

"I've had a telegram from your father."

"Daddy! Why should he telegraph—to you?"

"I must explain. I telegraphed to him first." Pauline sat down by the piano, on the piano-stool. "There's been a difficulty about your money matters, hasn't there?"

"But how did you know?" Pauline asked, looking suddenly less soft and less childlike. There was even a light of suspicion in her eyes.

"I have seen Mr. de Rothberg."

"Oh!" The word sounded cold and defiant. "Remember, Pauline, that Mr. de Rothberg has done a great deal for you."

"Yes, I know. That is the hateful thing!" said Pauline, with a vehemence Miss Vyvyan had never before heard in her voice.

"But—"

"I can't accept any more help from Mr. de Rothberg."

"He told me that he had asked you to leave here and to go to Milan to be trained, that you had refused to go, and that he had said if you

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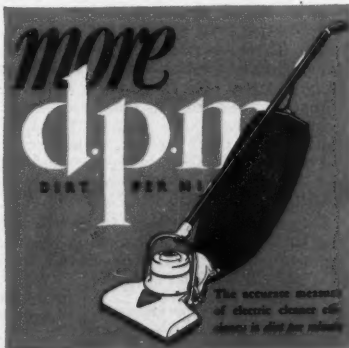
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didn't go he wouldn't continue your allowance and the money for your lessons with Monsieur Marakoff."

"I shall manage without."

"But how?"

"Monsieur Marakoff is going to train me for nothing. I shall pay him back as soon as I make some money by singing."

"But you have to live. You have to pay Madame Müller. You have to pay for your clothes, your music and all the little things outside the pension."

"I shall manage." The repetition of those words was obstinate and assured.

"I don't see how," said Miss Vyvyan.

Without making any comment on this Pauline said, "But you said Daddy had sent you a telegram and that you had telegraphed to him."

Miss Vyvyan handed the telegram to Pauline, who read it. When she had finished it she looked up, and her eyes troubled Miss Vyvyan.

"What is the matter—dear?"

"I can't help what Daddy says. I am not going to Milan." She gave back the telegram.

"Mr. de Rothberg dictated it," said Miss Vyvyan. "I didn't—he dictated it. I mean the telegram I sent to your father. It wasn't my idea at all."

"No? Well, I can't go. So it doesn't matter."

Miss Vyvyan felt absolute finality confronting her. Pauline had become—suddenly it seemed to her—an entirely independent human being endowed with that mysterious thing, a despotic will. There was nothing more to be done here. Useless to fight against the decision. Besides, her true part, the part given to her at birth, didn't want to fight.

"But what will you do about money?" she asked vaguely, feebly almost.

"I shall manage."

Miss Vyvyan got up to go. What was there to stay for? She was not to be in it, evidently. The door was shut against her. And she had deserved that. The bitterness of that knowledge!

"I don't know how," she said nervously.

"But I will write to your father and—"

"Oh, I'll write to Daddy."

"Yes? That will be best, perhaps. Well, dear, good-by."

"Good-by."

At the door Miss Vyvyan said: "Remember, Pauline, that if you are in trouble about money—and I don't see at all how you can get along now—I will do my very best to help as far as I can. You know what a pauper I am. But still I will manage somehow to—"

She stopped. For a moment the obstinate look in Pauline's face wavered. That was how it seemed to Miss Vyvyan. A hint of the old Pauline showed.

"You are good!" she said impulsively. But she added immediately, in quite a different voice, "Really, I shall be able to manage. But I thank you very much all the same."

And then Miss Vyvyan went away.

She went to the Baur-au-Lac and was standing by the office linked with ask for Rothberg when she felt a hand grip her coat-sleeve.

"What are you doing here?"

That excited, questioning voice! She knew it too well. She turned round and there of course was the Contessa di San Miniato.

"Have you come to see me? Come to tell me how you have fared at the hands of Doctor Artz?" There was an extraordinary bitterness of satire in the uneasy voice, and the light eyes that searched Miss Vyvyan's face under the white felt hat drawn down almost to the straw-colored eyebrows were cruel in their piercing observation. "Ah! He hasn't failed with you as he has with Alphonse de Rothberg! I can see that. And so you are in for it, too!"

The intense discomfort linked with absolute indignation which the Contessa had provoked in Miss Vyvyan in the pension came to her again now. Her delicacy, her reserve, writhed under those eyes, under the words and the voice which spoke them.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Yes, you do! What's the good of pretending? We're both his patients, or have

been. And Doctor Artz' patients know about each other. I know about you, and you know about me. No, don't go yet! Stay just a moment! There are one or two things I must say to you. You came here with that girl, Miss Iselle. Send her away from here or take her away—and then come back without her."

"Why should—"

"She's a dangerous bad girl. She's the most horrid type there is, the *demi-vierge* type."

"Countess, I—"

"She's my enemy and she's your enemy, too. You must get her away from here. Until you do, you can take it from me, you will have no chance, no chance at all. Your treatment by Doctor Artz will be of no use to you. In fact it will only torment you. That girl will ruin everything for you as she has tried to ruin everything for me."

"Really, I can't possibly—"

Miss Vyvyan began to walk away. The Contessa hurried after her.

"Take that horrid girl away or send her away from here! Get rid of her! She is abominable. She has no passions herself, but in men—"

"Please allow me—"

"Carl Fügler, Khalil Ibrahim—"

"Please, Countess, I have to go to the lift!"

"And now even Marakoff is going to Artz on account of her! It is insufferable! She must be got rid of!"

Miss Vyvyan stopped by the elevator shaft. "Doctor Artz is after that horrible girl too," the Contessa went on. "He pretends not to notice her, but that is all bluff. Really he—"

Miss Vyvyan stepped into the elevator. As it moved she heard the Contessa say:

"As long as she stays here—"

"She's mad!" Miss Vyvyan said to herself. "Doctor Artz has driven her mad with his treatment." And then a voice within her muttered, "And you? What about you?"

Suddenly she felt afraid. Had the Contessa just shown her what she might become if she let herself go? Was that what Doctor Artz had decreed she should be?

"This is the floor, Madame."

Pauline takes a firm stand against Rothberg and reluctantly turns to Artz for aid—in Robert Hichens' December Instalment

And Then Things Will Be as They Used to Be (Continued from page 43)

from these two, who seemed suddenly deeply remote from her, and yet nearer to her than ever they had been before, because they seemed to her in their first great need.

Nellie Moore stood on the porch, came in, looking childish and charming. Mona felt afraid to let her in, lest, faced by this boyish sweetheart, Leslie, so immersed in his first great passion, should hurt her by the mere fire of him, flaming for someone else.

"Who is here?" Nellie whispered at the door, and drew back; but he had seen her, and Mona need not have feared. He came and took her hand as if she had been any other.

It was strange, that commonplace talk now inset in that high and passionate moment of these two. Nellie took up the tale of the town—love, music, birth, death, gardens, journeys, love again. All the story of life, beating in the streets. But it was to be seen that both Betty and Leslie regarded this love of those in the town as quite beside the point and as having nothing in common with such love as they themselves knew.

Nellie herself had some news. An aunt wanted her to go for a year to Europe. She announced it, her face in a delicate glow. In her was some form of the same enthusiasm which shook the other two—passion for action, for change, for the unknown. But there was in her face, too, a settled sadness. She rarely looked at Leslie. How lovely she was! Mona watched her, ached for her. Nellie's heart was not on her sleeve, but it was in her eyes.

"When are you coming back?" Leslie asked.

"Never, never!" she cried passionately, and

then laughed with: "I've told my aunt I'm not going." But Leslie merely looked faintly surprised, and then absent again.

Mona watched them. Why must it be her daughter and her son to whom this had happened? It would have been so easy, God, to have had them like other people. Then she remembered that she had always been proud that they were not like other people—that they had initiative, daring, that they thought for themselves . . .

Betty came down with a letter to post—they knew to whom—and she left when Nellie left. Leslie looked at his mother and said hastily that he had to send a telegram, and went out. Mona went through to the sun porch and sat in the long chair. In the morning her world had been dead. Now it had risen, rattling its bones, to pursue her.

She turned from the thought of Betty and Leslie. There was nowhere to send her thought save to Jamie, her baby, lying in the hospital cot in Chicago. She flew to him in her spirit.

Another week until his brace could come off—she would not think of Betty and Leslie—another week until the brace could come off and they would know whether he would walk, ever. How tired she was, too tired to think of Betty and Leslie . . .

Abruptly she came back to herself, with a pang of her own flesh and spirit in separation. She must think of them. They hadn't the right to talk like this. Who was there?

The name forced itself to her lips without her will: "Mark—oh, Mark! They were your babies too. You must help me."

She groped for pencil and paper and wrote out her telegram:

Mark: Both the children are going to do what you did. They are free—that is what they say. Will you come back to tell them whether it is worth while? I ask you to come back and tell them the truth.

Mona
Evening on the sun porch made of the place a room like the interior of a jewel—green, gray, black.

Mona sat there, listening in the silence of the house for the telephone, for a footstep. Twenty-four hours since she had telegraphed to Mark and no word had come from him. Twenty-four hours since Leslie had come down from college, and he was leaving at midnight.

From the garden came the stir of a voice. Betty and Nellie were there, and it was Betty who talked, on her one subject, and Nellie sat saying nothing. Leslie had gone down to send a message—had really gone to avoid seeing Nellie, Mona knew. She sat there, feeling her life suspended, everything to be determined by forces beyond her power. She thought: "But I mustn't be so sure. I must be open to all this—the new things, the things that I don't understand."

She looked through into the living-room. Portraits on the wall looked out at her—her mother, her grandmother. Had they always known what to do? Had old forms of new problems seized on them? All the problems seemed to be modern. She looked into their eyes, realizing that those eyes looked curiously modern too. What was "modern"?

"Everything may be changed," she thought. "Betty's man may be different—Les may know better than I—Mark may come back and say that it all has been a triumphant success. Oh—I wish he would come."

She wondered once more how it would be to see him, here in the house that he had built for her, and where she had thought never to see him again. A step in the passage brought her to her feet, but it was not his step. Leslie came in.

He sat down beside her, kissed her almost absently, sat looking beyond her, into the dark. His face was drawn, he was not like himself. "Leslie," she heard herself saying vehemently, "you oughtn't to be worried about it in this way, if it's right!"

He spoke irritably. "Oh, that! I'm not worried about that, as you think. For Ora and me the course is as clear as anything—you mustn't try to change me, Mother!" His voice rose. "I tell you, it's useless. And what is worrying me is something else."

"What else?"

He sat looking away from her, and speaking in a monotone. "I may as well tell you, Mother. I'm tapping the ten thousand that we were keeping to tide me over till engineering pays me enough to live on."

"Oh, Les! And your father meant—"

"I know. But it's now that I need it. I've got a chance that'll never come again. It's in iron. One of the faculty in mines—a—a good friend—let me in on it—he's making it pay him big. In another year it'll be a boomer."

"But I don't understand. Does the university expect you to do this sort of thing?"

"Don't be Victorian, darling. The mining fellows make what they can, of course. Some of them have cleaned up little fortunes. Everybody does that who gets the chance."

A car passed, and Mona listened for it to stop at the door. Mark must be coming, or he would have sent some word, she argued absurdly. He must come now . . .

"I'm going to need money when Ora and I leave," he said. "I've put three thousand where I can get my hands on it. The rest goes into iron and the future."

"You haven't done it yet?"

"As good as done it. When I get back tomorrow, I'm to close."

"Leslie! Do the university people, those in authority, know that you are doing this?"

"Why should they know? If I do my work, isn't that enough?"

"No!" She tried to think what to say. If only she were wise and articulate. If only Mark would come.

Then a car did stop at the door, she was sure of it. There was a step on the flagging. She heard a cry from Betty, and light hurrying feet. She cried "Mark!" and ran to the hall.

Betty was entering, and Nellie Moore, who looked frightened and *de trop*. And with Betty and more or less in his arms, there entered, no Mark, but a stranger, a man of distinguished bearing and worn face, who kissed her often and was immensely poised and entertained.

"Mother," said Betty tensely, "it's Rob. Rob Falk. Oh, Les, come and know him. Oh, Rob, you dear!"

Before this man, with his air and clothes of town, Mona felt remote and provincial. She stiffened against him, felt tense and hostile, and as they sat in the living-room, was enraged to find him putting her at her ease. Not only was Betty at home with this man, but Leslie and he seemed instantly to understand one another. Only she, who loved these two more than anyone else in the world, seemed to be failing to understand them, to share in this crest of experience. And Nellie, like a little being from the place where flowers originate, sat looking anywhere but at Leslie.

"What is fineness?" Mona thought miserably as she looked at Nellie. "And are Betty and Les and this man being fine in a new way? Am I forevermore behind them—or what?" Mark's children, Mark's money, this man—Mark's friend—and no one to tell her what to do. At that she smiled. What indeed could



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she do? They were all beyond her reach. Nothing was as she supposed, nothing could be as it used to be . . .

She looked up helplessly at the mother and the grandmother, serene on the walls. "Help me," she thought.

"Mother," Betty was saying, "there'll be no divorce—Rob can't get his decree—some silly technicality. So you needn't worry about that, you see." And when Mona looked up hopefully, she heard her daughter completing it: "We'll just go away together and live in Europe and be no bother to anybody."

Mr. Rob Falk leaned toward Mona with his incomparable air. "I'm afraid you'll think," he said engagingly, "that I'm being terribly high-handed, even for modern ways. The fact is, Betty and I love each other. That," he concluded, "is the final answer, isn't it?"

"Of course, of course," said Betty. "Nothing else counts but love. Does it, Les?"

Leslie met his mother's eyes steadily. "No use, Mummy," he said. "That's what I think too. Betty has a right to choose her own man and make her own mistake—with apologies."

Mr. Falk laughed delightedly. "I've told Betty I'm a mistake," he said, "but still she loves me. And Gad, I worship her. Mrs. Bertrand—I'm sure you're a modern mother, and will understand."

Still Mona sat wrapped in that dry shell of hers, unable to meet them, unable to speak.

"One of the great facts of today," he said, "is the changing attitude of parents. They know the history of marriage—they know that changes have come and will come. They're proving themselves modern and able to think for themselves—dear Mrs. Bertrand, you are so fine, so noble to keep pace."

Suddenly, as if some energy in her were released into words without her will, Mona heard herself speaking:

"As to being fine and noble, that," she said, "must of course be what you are."

There was a hush of tension in the room. "Oh, noble!" said Mr. Falk, shrugging. "Good heavens, I hope not."

Betty giggled, Leslie smiled. Mona went on: "I'm right, am I not, in supposing that you stand for the best that we know? Decency and order and taste and the right feeling toward others? You couldn't—for example, you couldn't harm anybody if you knew it, could you?"

What, she had time to wonder, *on earth* was making her speak like this?

Mr. Falk reddened. "These are curious words to use to a guest," he said stiffly.

"Oh, but forgive me—this is a curious occasion," Mona said serenely.

"Mother, don't be difficult," Betty put in weakly, but now, as Mona looked at Leslie, she saw his shoulders straighten and a look come into his face which gave her strength.

Well, she thought rapidly, here she was. Mark wasn't here to help her; there were only Betty and this wild man; and Leslie, her son, who knew in his heart that this man was no one to be Betty's man, knew, then, that love simply wasn't enough. And near her was Nellie Moore, not saying one word, but somehow strengthening her by her exquisiteness.

"My dears," said Mona suddenly, "I'm ready to believe that love is all if you have something worth loving!"

"Mother!" cried Betty.

Mona swept on, using words, phrases, intonations which were not her own, which puzzled her as she heard them fall from her lips.

"Come now," she said to Rob Falk, "as modern to modern, what have you to say to me about your power to make my child happy and able to lead a useful life? Let's hear!"

"Your 'child!'" repeated Mr. Falk. "Put down me, Mrs. Bertrand, you talk as if she were six. Betty is old enough and level-headed enough to choose for herself."

"That's what I wondered," said Mona coolly. "She seems to have chosen you. Well, I expect you've made other women happy before now. Two of them, isn't it?—three of them, perhaps? They have been happy?"

"Mother darling!" said Betty.

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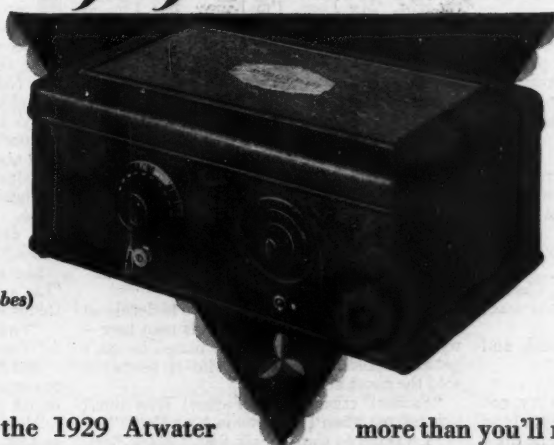


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Mr. Falk rallied now and bowed beautifully in her direction. "Oh, come now, Mrs. Bertrand. As a woman of the world—"

"And a mother of the world," Mona interposed.

"Mr. Bertrand," Mr. Falk cried to Leslie, "I really must appeal to you!"

Leslie grinned and shifted. "We all know, Falk," he mumbled, "that you've done your stuff—and some of it has been a bit thick."

Mr. Falk lifted his shoulders very high. "Betty," he said, "I've come for you. I'd no idea of walking into the bosom—or is it the backbone?—of the family, quite like this. But since I'm here, you'll have to choose. Will you go with me?"

"Yes!" cried Betty.

"Not immediately, if you please," said Mona Bertrand.

She got to her feet and faced them. She wondered what on earth she was going to say next, fighting as she was, weaponless, save for this strange inward strength coursing through her. And suddenly words which she had never used or thought of were on her lips.

"Gadzooks!" she said—"modern! You're as standardized as the rocks. About love being enough, the whole crew of you think alike! Don't you know that love never was enough for any girl with a man like you?"

She heard Leslie laugh, and she swept on: "Betty! Are you so old-fashioned that you go to him as if you were living in the pre-Victorian age, when a woman asked nothing of a man but that he love her? Aren't you modern enough to want a man to be a man that you can love?"

"I do love him—" Betty began.

"Rot!" said Mona, who had never said "rot" in her life. "He has sex appeal. He knows *how* to have sex appeal. I feel myself that he knows this."

"Why, Mother!" cried Betty, and once more she heard Leslie laugh.

"You're as old-fashioned as—as Clarissa Harlowe," said Mona, "if *that's* all you want of your man!"

She thought that she heard a sound, and turned. Someone said:

"What's all this, about a man?"

Mark stood in the doorway. With a cry, not for him, not for herself, but for this ally, Mona ran to him. As her hands found his, she drew back, mumbling, "I beg your pardon," and Mark said with inordinate earnestness: "That'll be *all right*," and kissed her.

He had Betty in his arms, shook Leslie by both hands and said, "My Lord, how tall you are, boy"; kissed Nellie Moore as if she were one of the family, and then turned to Falk.

"Decided to risk it, I see," said Mark only, and Mr. Falk said nothing.

And Mona cried: "Mark! Thank God, you're in time. Tell us—tell Betty—and Leslie. You tell them—what I asked you to tell them, Mark."

As if the strength had gone out of her, she sat down, and Mark came immediately and sat beside her. He was more florid, more gray than she remembered him, but he was Mark—eyes, smile, hands. All Mark.

"Does it work?" he said only. "Did I find happiness in what I did, your mother means. Well, Mona and my children," said Mark, "I came here to tell you that it did work and that I did find happiness."

There was an instant's silence. And first Leslie said, "Really, Dad!" somewhat uncertainly, and then Betty cried: "Of course it worked!"—and broke off lamely with, "But then of course, Mother . . ."

"Don't think about me," said Mona. "That's not what I mean. I meant only—were you happy? You say you were. Very well. Then the children—"

"Wait!" said Mark. "I was happy, and I went on being happy. And then one day I thought, 'My Lord, I'm happy, but I'm no happier with Molla than I was with Mona!' And it was the truth."

"Don't you see? A man's happy with a woman. Then they both get bored. Then one of them goes off with somebody else, and then, in a little while, there they are bored again. Just the same. No difference. Well, I ask you—what are they to do? Keep going on, in a merry-go-round, with another and then another? Can that," Mark Bertrand asked, "be the way out, by George?"

Now Leslie's saving laughter sounded again. "Good old Dad," he said.

"What was the way out for you, Mark?"

Mona asked, just audibly.

"Oh," said Mark, "I didn't have to decide on that. Molla went away with this man here—with Robert Falk. That's the reason he can't get a divorce from his second wife—it seems she told the court about Molla."

"Father!" cried Betty. "Father! Why didn't you tell me when I saw you in New York?"

"I wanted to thrash Falk first," Mark Bertrand said. "I'll see to that presently. Meanwhile I sent you home to your mother, where you belonged."

Robert Falk rose. "Betty," he said, and his nonchalance was admirable, "what difference does it make to you and me that my second wife is jealous of your father's second—"

"Really," Betty said, "I'm modern, but not quite that modern, Rob."

He would have said more even then, but Mark turned and looked at him, and Falk followed Leslie toward the door.

The telephone was ringing and Leslie went to answer it, so the others were alone for a minute. Betty was sobbing on a couch, Nellie Moore was trying to comfort her, and Mark looked at Mona and asked: "How's Jamie?"

They were sitting together when Leslie came back, and Mona said: "Leslie's got something to tell you too, Papa"—and hated herself for the old word.

"Yes, I have," said Leslie. "Oh, Dad, what would you say if I drew out seven thousand of the money you made over to me, invested it in iron on a tip from a university professor who had no right to give it to me, and then eloped with that professor's wife?"

Mark looked him over. "I'd say you were bitten by the love-is-enough stuff," said he, "and I'd call you the kind of fool that I ought not to mention before your mother. Why?"

"No reason," said Leslie. "That wife just called up to say the same thing, in effect, and that it was all off. I'm so chivalrous I'm glad she thought of it first."

"Look here," said Mark, "I thought you and Nellie—"

At this Mona talked very fast, and noted how Nellie Moore sat in some fine golden haze of sudden light. And then Mona looked tenderly at Betty, sobbing under her grand-mother's and great-grandmother's portraits. And abruptly Mona cried:

"Mark, do you know, I believe those old mothers were talking through me, before you came. I never said such scandalous things. I'm more modern myself, and proper—oh, Mark," she ended, "I'm so glad you came."

She looked round at all of them and said: "Let's spend one day together. And then things will be as they used to be."

"You bet," said Leslie.

"You b-b-bet," said Betty.

But Mark said: "Mona! I've been wanting to come back for good. And I've been ashamed to ask you."

Mona kept on looking at him, and at Betty and at Leslie. The house was silent, lighted, carried the air and the color of home.

"Let's all go up to see Jamie tomorrow," she said. "Nellie Moore, you come too."

It Was Written in the Sand by Barbara Bingley (Continued from page 57)

the shawl around Mother Pretzel's shoulders which was of that fine weaving and embroidery such as no hands have made in India for a hundred years.

It was a queer night. I was kept busy, as Mother Pretzel was undoubtedly "verree bad," and by the time I had done what I could, it was too late and snowing too heavily for me to go home; also, I dared not leave her. She needed a nurse, but I had no one to send.

Mother Pretzel had pneumonia, and all night long she looked at me out of her enormous ink-black eyes, lying motionless except for her small hands, which beat restlessly on the dirty *rezai* (native quilt), as if they were playing an imaginary tom-tom.

There was a wicker cage hanging from the ceiling covered with a cloth, and towards morning a series of harsh chuckles, yawns and throat-clearings emerged from it.

"Kindlee uncover the birdee," were the only words which came from the bed all night, and as I did as she asked me the mynah bird inside the cage slanted his head and echoed her words mockingly.

Next day Mother Pretzel was a little better, and she refused to have a nurse.

"Noa, noa!" she cried in her odd, deep voice. "I won't have any girl from Calcutta

or Sanawar peeping round my things. If you bring such a one here, Doctor Sahib, she will be verree ill." She chuckled wickedly. "As ill as I am. You can make some people well again, but I can make them sicklee."

I didn't know if she really intended to carry out her threats, but I was doubtful if any nurse would stay in that queer house, so I consented to give instructions to an *ayah* in a dirty *sari*, who appeared from nowhere and was evidently acolyte at some of the witch's mysteries, for she seemed to know a fair amount about nursing, and eventually, between the two of us, we pulled Mother Pretzel through pneumonia.

We had four feet of snow that week in Simla, so naturally the ice skating was at an end, and as I had few friends and very little to do, I found myself spending a couple of hours a day with Mother Pretzel. She had a curious fascination for me. She was so strange a mixture of superstition and shrewdness, of ignorance and amazing knowledge.

As she got better she would sit up in bed, swathed in her marvelous old shawl, and talk for hours, emphasizing her speech with quick gestures which were purely Indian. She told me endless tales of the forgotten court intrigues in Indian states; she gave me queer bits of information about Eastern drugs and the

treatment of disease, and whispered sly stories of harems with a flavor of the Decameron, over which she would chuckle wickedly, while the mynah echoed her laughter.

Although Mother Pretzel and I talked of many things, two subjects we studiously avoided: her own past, which she never mentioned, and her trade of fortune-telling; of the latter we spoke only once. It was when I came to see her professionally for the last time.

"Doctor Sahib, you have been verree good to me. I am good-for-nothing old ladee, but you come here every day and care for me. Some time Mother Pretzel will make a repayment for you—but now if you like I will see, and tell your life for you. Many *sahibs* come here to me for that, and some pay much monee, but for you, Doctor Sahib, I will tell for nothing. Oah, yess!"—she gave an eldritch laugh—"I will tell for love."

"Aha—for love, for love!" the mynah shrieked, and hopped across the table to peck at my fingers.

I was in rather a fix. I have a horror of fortune-telling. I suppose, having had more than my share of unhappiness, I dread to be told that I shall suffer again. I could foresee no happiness, and I had too much faith in Mother Pretzel's queer power to want to hear of

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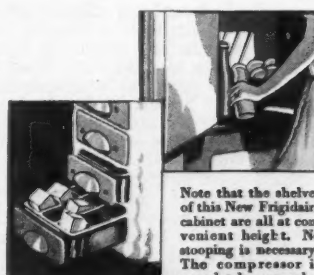


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misfortune from her. I thanked her, and then hesitated. She seemed to understand, for she put out her little hand and patted my arm.

"No matter, Doctor Sahib. I shall not tell. But I will give this gift." And she pressed into my hand the Mogul painting which I had so often looked at as I came into the room.

It was an exquisite piece of work, a seventeenth-century hunting-scene, full of jewel-colored figures and curvetting horses, with every detail of dress and caparison drawn with meticulous care.

I was touched by her gift, and knowing how lonely she was during the winter, when most of her clientele were away, I made a point of going to see her as often as I could. Naturally I went less during the summer when my work claimed all my time, but I saw her once or twice during the season, and frequently during the winter. The following year my friend Nevison came to Simla, and the events occurred through which I learned all there was to know of Mother Pretzel.

I write the words "my friend" deliberately—when two men have been the only *sahibs* in a place for three uninterrupted years, an attitude towards each other of friendship, hatred or supreme indifference must inevitably ensue. For me the three years at Kilapur had been years of contentment and healing, after a great sorrow. Nevison's dreamy, half bitter idealism was the exact antithesis of my own outlook on life, and, as is so often the case with fundamentally different natures, we found an immense sympathy growing up between us.

Nevison is a man of few friends; his silences, his pride and his knowledge of unusual subjects repelled the cheerful type of man which predominates in the service. Then again, in those days he suffered from a perverted sensitiveness, he was always on the watch for slights and rebuffs, and when these came, as come they must to everyone who differs from the run of his fellow men, he suffered over them keenly.

There was no doubt of his having dark blood in his veins, and that fact all the world over carries with it a certain stigma. Otherwise he was all that a man should be—intellectual, amusing, with a decidedly ironic sense of humor and the most courteous manners in the world. This courtliness, combined with a certain dignity and the darkness of his hair and skin, often gave strangers the impression that he belonged to some good French or Spanish family—but Anglo-India, that ugly busybody, soon disillusioned them, and despite his unmistakable air of breeding, he was labeled "Country," and though society received him, it was with reservations.

I HAD not seen Nevison for a couple of years, and his letter announcing his intention of coming to stay with me was very welcome. He wrote that he had four months' leave, and needed mountain air and an occasional glimpse of the snows to help him finish the book he was writing.

The evening he came I was called out to see a case, and so was not there to welcome him, but when I came home I found him in my study, and it was a pleasant thing to see his long slender body curled up in my armchair.

"This is good," he said, as he shook my hand, "and equally so is that," he added, as we walked over to the window and watched the crimson light fade from the hills, leaving them steel-colored in the twilight.

Nevison had not changed much during the years in which I had not seen him; he was going a little gray over the temples, and the dark, fine-grained skin round his gray eyes was wrinkled; he had always looked old for his age, but one would not have taken his forty for much more than forty-five.

That night we sat over the fire after dinner, and he talked to me of his book. It was three-quarters finished, and he had put his whole soul into it, living and thinking of nothing else. Now all he wanted was quiet and cool air and freedom in which to accomplish the delicate process of correction and elimination. The pine logs hissed and crackled, lighting up his

sallow, charming face and animated hands. He leaned forward as he continued to describe the main idea of the book.

It was a history of the Moguls, not of the great emperors, but of those princelings who succeeded Aurangzeb, the stock of Timur which India had sapped of strength and power.

He presented not the dry bones of history, but rather the decomposing flesh of an empire shrouded in rich silk. He described it all—the crumbling splendor, the court intrigue and the gradual fall of a great dynasty.

I was amazed, not only by the brilliance of the conception, but by Nevison's amazing knowledge of detail. He made the court life of those days move before my eyes. He described the follies, pleasures and ideas of that age with such extraordinary fidelity that it was almost as if he had inherited memories from some former incarnation.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he said, when he had outlined the theme.

"I think it's even greater than you realize it to be," I answered. "If you can perfect it, it'll be as great a book as Tod's Rajasthan. It is amazing to me that you should have such insight into the mentality of the well-born Indian—"

"You mean, when I may be the son of a coolie woman," he interrupted me, with a sneer, and then, catching sight of my face, he repented, and added: "I'm sorry; I had no right to imagine you thought that. But I'm sore, sore about everything. It's damnable."

He flung himself out of his chair and began to walk up and down.

"Forgive me. I didn't mean to start talking about my eternal feud with fate, on my first night here. You're the only person I can call my friend, and I suppose that willy-nilly I must talk to you. I think of nothing else—except my book—and I suppose unburdening myself about the one has made me want to discuss the other." He sat down again, and stared into the fire, speaking jerkily: "I'm tired—I don't mean physically, but mentally. What I need—"

"What you need, my son," I said lightly, "is a comfortable wife, who'll look after you and not let you think too much."

He was overwrought, and I wanted him to go to bed without further discussion. But he wouldn't stir.

"No, doctor," he insisted. "You must let me have my say tonight. I can't shut up all this bitterness any longer—and I know you'll understand. Don't you see that's the most damnable thing of all? I can never marry. I can't ask a woman I love to be the wife of a coolie woman's—"

He dropped his head between his hands, and the bitterness in his voice hurt me. During all the years of our friendship he never had spoken of his parentage before.

"But you don't know—" I said.

"That's just it—I don't. I don't know much about my father, except that he was a blackguard and died in jail—a fact which is hardly comforting. Oh, he came of decent stock, I know, so decent that they would never mention him."

"I was sent home when I was two years old to my grandparents, and they brought me up. It was good of them—they were a strait-laced old pair, a clergyman of the old school and his prim wife—and you can imagine how bitterly reticent they were about my father's disgrace."

"I never learned what caused it, for his name was never mentioned, and of my mother I knew even less. My grandfather had me taken away from her by a fellow clergyman, and to judge by myself, and what apparently is other people's opinion of me, she was an Indian and probably a bad lot—and low caste."

"There's the rub. I may be the descendant of a line of sweepers. It makes me sick. I don't suppose my father married her—I gathered from the silences of his family that matrimony would hardly have appealed to him."

"Did the old people mention him in their will? Were there no papers, no letters?" I asked.

"Absolutely nothing. My grandparents died within a week of each other of influenza, while I was abroad. There was no money, so I drifted out here into the Salt Department. Back to my country. The call of 'home,' I suppose." He laid his hand on my shoulder. "It's time to go to bed," he said, and added: "It's good of you to bother about such a son of Hagar."

I was very busy during the following week, and Nevison worked hard at his book, which seemed to be progressing well. One afternoon I happened to be free, and I suggested that a walk would be pleasant.

WE CLIMBED to the top of Jakko, and suddenly I remembered Mother Pretzel. I began to tell him about her, and he was immensely amused by what he was pleased to call my "bewitchment." He insisted that we should call on the old lady on our way home.

As we came in sight of the crouching, dark roof of Mother Pretzel's house, I heard the mynah say:

"*Khaun hai? Who is there?*" His cry roused Mother Pretzel, and her little odd figure appeared at the door.

"*Khaun hai? Who is it?*" Then, as I took my hat off, she chuckled gaily and came forward. "Aha, the Doctor Sahib; that is verree good, not to be forgotten. Yess, yess, and a friend too. Come in, there is too much light here."

She wore rusty black clothes of the fashion of the 'eighties, with long trailing frilled skirts which swept after her and upset the mynah, who came fussing behind. After the brilliant sunshine outside, the little room seemed dark and gloomy, and the air was stale.

"Now I can see you both," said Mother Pretzel. She stared at me first out of those lambent, penetrating eyes.

"*Aicha*," she smiled. "You are the same, a man who is always kindlee, and always sad." Then she turned to Nevison. "What is his name?" she asked, pointing at him with her slender yellow hand.

I told her. She said it over slowly two or three times, and I noticed that the fingers of her hand, which was still raised, trembled very slightly. There was a long minute during which they looked at each other. Nevison was completely, charmingly at his ease, in a situation which would have made most men, even the very self-possessed, a little uncomfortable.

"Do not grieve for whatt has been," she said dreamily. "It was all written, and you can never rub it out."

As she ceased speaking, she turned away quickly and clapped her hands.

"But now you gentlemen must take refreshment. Cups of tea you shall drink." I began to protest. "Noa, noa; when you come to this old one's house so seldom it would be a great shame to refuse her entertainments. Bring tea," she commanded the bearer, as he stood salaaming by the door.

The tea came, strong and served in battered tin cups, and there were Indian sweets which we shared with the mynah, giving him the lion's share. Mother Pretzel was strangely gay, and I was glad to see that she and Nevison appeared to have taken a great liking for each other. They laughed and joked, and finally Nevison said:

"Well, when are you going to tell my fortune, Mother Pretzel?"

She looked up as he spoke, and turned to me. "The Doctor Sahib will not like that!"

"Oh, nonsense!" he laughed, and waved my protests aside. "I insist."

Mother Pretzel walked over to a rickety chest of drawers which stood in a corner of the room, and brought from it a small bag of sand. She had grown suddenly grave, and her echo, the mynah, stood silent at her feet. She motioned us to sit in two chairs close to the door opening on the veranda. Then, as if she cast from her everything European, she made a gesture and squatted native fashion on the floor, pouring the fine sand into a pool

and smoothing it flat with her small, delicate hands, while she murmured something, I suppose a charm, under her breath.

With a pointed stick she drew squares and characters on the sand, and stared in front of her all the time, her great black eyes filling her face. I watched the pupils contract to pin-points as she said the names of the seven spirits. Then, when she had finished the invocation, she dropped her eyes and looked at the sand. There was a pause before she began to speak in her deep, curiously resonant voice.

"You have need of much monee for a great work; without thatt monee the work will be failing."

"That's true enough," said Nevison. "I don't suppose any publisher will take the book. But there's no money, Mother Pretzel, nor ever likely to be, as far as I can see."

She held up her hand to silence him.

"But the monee will come by death in a verree strange way. Thatt I cannot see clearly. Do not fear; some day you will be rich."

As she saw the amused incredulity on his face, she turned to me.

"Doctor Sahib, you know how wise I am. Do not let him laugh."

"I'm not laughing, Mother Pretzel." He leaned forward, and as an idea crossed his mind, I saw a look of intentness come into his gray eyes. "Now, of the Past—what do you see of my past, of—of my parentage?" he asked.

There was silence again. Then, to my amazement, I saw the little crouching figure become suddenly rigid, her face darkened and grew livid, that dead, grayish color which in an Indian denotes deep fear or emotion. Her lips moved, and I caught a whisper, not of clipped Eurasian English, but Urdu:

"The name—and the eyes, gray like water. Aie, whatt blindness . . ."

She swayed, stared at Nevison, and then her exquisite hands, grown suddenly predatory, clawlike, swept out and violently erased the signs, scattering the sand over our feet.

"I shall not tell you. Noa, noa, I shall not say."

The mynah shrilled the words after her, and she got up, looking very old, shrunken and gray.

Nevison said nothing. He picked up his hat and stick, and I could see he was horribly moved.

"What is there to pay?" he asked, turning to go.

The old woman ran forward and caught at his coat, looking up at him rather pitifully.

"I will take nothing, no, not a pice from you, not a single pice. Do not be angree, there is no need for sadness. I will tell some day. Please to come again and see me. I am verree lonelee."

Nevison's trouble was dark on him. Her refusal to speak of his parentage had been like a blow on an old wound. But nevertheless, his charming, haunting smile came into his eyes, and he promised Mother Pretzel he would come again.

We walked down the path, and at the turn I looked back and saw her little wizened figure standing at the door.

Nevison shut himself into his room to write that evening, and neither of us spoke much at dinner. He was as good as his word and often climbed the hill to Mother Pretzel's tumble-down house, and as the result of his visits a great friendship grew up between them.

The rains were nearly over, and his book had come back from the publisher. It was, as he had expected, impossible to publish so large and expensive a work unless he was willing to put down £800 himself. He was bitter and wretched, feeling that his years of toil had been fruitless, and in his maddening pride he would not consent to borrow from me.

Finally, in desperation, I went to Mother Pretzel. Nevison had confided in her, and before the book was sent to the publishers I knew she had helped him, giving him details



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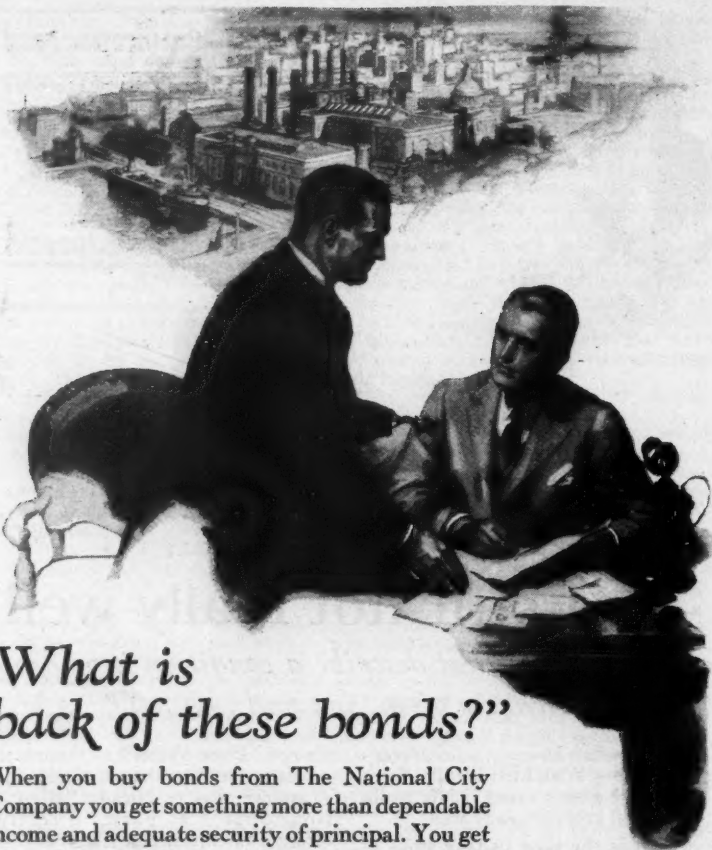
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of Mogul court life and ceremonial. I asked her to use her influence, and persuade him to be more reasonable. It was ridiculous of him to refuse a loan from me, who had known him so well and for so long.

Looking back on things now, I realize how odd it was that we two men should have been so deeply influenced by that little disreputable creature. For disreputable she undoubtedly was, in the eyes of the world—a Eurasian fortune-teller and purveyor of illicit drugs. And yet, I went to her for advice on a subject which I never should have mentioned to anyone else.

"It was written in the sand, on thatt first day," she said, as we sat in her dingy room, filled with the sour smell of the mynah's food. "Doctor Sahib, do not say one word more to Mr. Nevison, and wait patientlee. I must think of many things, and then arl will come right. Do not be worrying . . . It is arl written."

Three days later, as we sat over the fire after dinner, there was a knock at the door and Gulam Mohammed, the bearer, came in.

"Huzur, the *jadu mem-sahib's* servant has come. The *mem* is ill, and prays that both the *sahibs* will go to her house."

"I wonder why she wants us both," said Nevison, as we put on our mackintoshes.

She was lying in bed, looking smaller than ever, with her great eyes shining like lamps on either side of her little hawk nose. There were broken chairs on each side of the bed, and she motioned us to sit down.

"Mother Pretzel," I said, "Mr. Nevison had better wait in the next room while you tell me what is the matter with you." I took her clawlike hand. It was icy-cold, with a very slow pulse.

"Noa, noa, Doctor Sahib, arl the things in your black bag are no good now. It was written in the sand thatt I should go soon. Tonight is an auspiciouslee good time, and tonight I will go out . . . It is no good to take temperatures, Doctor Sahib, and to bring out drugs and arl. It is my will to die, and in an hour from now . . ."

When an Indian, or one so near the Indian as Mother Pretzel, makes up his or her mind to die, all treatment is useless. I have found it so over and over again. It is the will to live that preserves life. Nevison was watching my face; he understood at once, and with his quick, tender impulsiveness he took the old woman's hands, and his voice shook a little as he said:

"Why won't you live, Mother Pretzel? Why do you want to leave us?"

She patted his sleeve. "For the young, living is good, but for the old, death is better. Sit down, Doctor Sahib. I have many things to say, and there is not verree long."

The bird hopped up and down restlessly at the head of the bed, and outside, the night was very still.

"How shall I know where to begin? My mind thinks verree stupidlee, and my speech is slow. Doctor Sahib, you think I am a Kiranee, a half-caste. Noa, noa, you are wrong." She struggled up on her pillows and sat erect. "I am Sitara Begum, the daughter of the King of Oudh, of the line of Akbar Padishah the Great."

She slipped back, and lay watching our faces.

"Kindlee give me water. I have so much to tell . . ." Her words came with difficulty, and then an idea struck her. She smiled. "I will not speak *Angeji*, it is a uglee. I will speak my own way."

When she had sipped the water she spoke again, but in the beautiful slow phrases of court Urdu, which is half Persian and the loveliest language in the East.

Sometimes her mind wandered. She told us irrelevant incidents of her youth, and as she remembered the past a great dignity came to her, so that we felt as if we were subjects watching by the bed of a queen.

"It was long ago—when my people had been banished from Nucklao after the madness of the Black Year, and we dwelt in the house of

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the river, in the city of Calcutta. There, in the hot season, was I born of my mother Badamo, the third daughter of the Nawab of Murshidabad, and the third wife of the King of Oudh.

"Being born upon a Wednesday, I was named Sitara, daughter of the stars, and at the casting of the horoscope it was foretold that I should be given strange wisdom. Yea, I could see the paths of life, and from the age of five years the ladies of the household would bid me blacken the palms of my hands and stare into them, seeing the answers to their questions as it were in a mirror. Also I had knowledge of births and deaths and the rulings of the stars, and I could see into men's minds and watch the shuttle of their thoughts weaving.

"It was soon known amongst the ladies of many households that I was possessed of these gifts, but though they were eager enough to use my wisdom, they were unwilling to take me as a daughter-in-law.

"AT THE age of seventeen I was unbetrothed and unsought, and there was a shame laid upon our house. My father spoke harsh words to me, and the ladies of the house reproached me, wherefore I was unhappy and my heart was heavy.

"It was our custom in the hot season to drive in a carriage at the time of sunset, when there was some breeze to stir the curtains which shut out prying eyes from the carriage windows. For I was *purdah nashin* in those days, Doctor Sahib, and they would have slain you slowly if they had found you seated as you are now. . . . And I was very fair. Did they not call me *Gulab-dill*, Heart's Rose?"

She laughed softly to herself.

"Yea, in the cool of the evening I drove with my women, and Eblis, the Evil One, sent a swift gust of wind which snatched at the *purdah*, and blew it away so that it flew like a white crane into the trees, leaving me shameless and unveiled. Aye, shameless, for I never covered my face with my *chudder*. I was bewitched, staring into the eyes of one who stood an arm's length from the carriage door. A *sahib*, tall and gray-eyed, with a sword at his side. He smiled on me, as I on him, but we said no word. Then one of the women cast a garment over the window and bade the *saice* drive on.

"Two days later Huneefa the *rudwadeen* (go-between) came to the house bringing rich stuffs from Benares, and whilst the trader waited below she praised his wares, knowing she would be given money on all that she sold. My mother Badamo was there, and my aunt Ameena, and my sister Miriam, she who was to be married on the twelfth day of that month. She was four years younger than I, and she mocked me, calling me 'ill-omened.'

"Then they all reproached me, saying that I was accursed and no man would ever take me—and I should die barren and unwed. So they said. Then, laughing among themselves, they made Huneefa undo the bales, and decked themselves in the *saris* and golden cloths which she had brought. But I turned my face to the wall and wept, for I was unloved and accursed. Then Huneefa made pretense of showing me a waistcoat of woven silver, came to my side and said, speaking low:

"Do not weep, Begum Sahiba, for there is one more valiant than Rustum himself, who is not blind; having seen the daughter of the stars. He bade me bring you this.' She dropped at my feet a letter sewn into a square of silk. All through two nights I had lain sleepless, thinking of the gray eyes and the smile of the Feringee—the white man.

"I was afraid—I dared not touch the letter.

"Do not fear, Begum Sahiba,' she whispered. 'He is mad with love. Did he not seek me out and fill my hands with silver, bidding me find a letter-writer to whom he could say sweet words, not knowing how to write, save in *Angreji*? Even now he waits at the Fort for news. What shall I tell him? Do not let him die of love, but read the letter.'

"So I gathered up the square of silk and read the words. Huneefa must have received much silver, for he knew all, and he wrote by the hand of the scribe saying he would bear me away from those who ill-treated me and take me to be his wife according to the laws of the Feringees. He said many sweet, foolish things and bade me give word to Huneefa that I loved him, so that he might plan how to take me away. I was amazed, and my head burned, as it burns when the fever comes.

"I—I do not know,' I said.

"And then there came into the room my eldest sister's first-born, the little Yassim, who loved me. He ran laughing to my arms, but his mother snatched him away roughly, saying that I had the evil eye and would harm the child. He wept and called my name, but she took him away. Then I turned to Huneefa and spoke in her ear:

"Tell him I will come. I can stay here no longer. Bid him come soon, soon, soon."

Her voice rose pitifully, and she turned to Nevison, clutching his sleeve.

"How could I stay, knowing that no babe would ever laugh from my knee? No babe of mine—no babe belonging to any other woman. I was accursed, and in that house was sorrow for my bread and tears to drink. I have called myself shameless, and a fool, for many years—but now, now I am glad I left my father's house."

"You were wise," Nevison interrupted her, "for assuredly they would have slain you, the women of the house. Arsenic is cheap, and there are many snakes who slay without fangs, and yet by poison."

"It is true," she sighed; "but for many years I grieved. Now I am glad. . . . Give water in the Name of the Compassionate, for the dying are thirsty folk."

He poured water into a cup and held it to her lips.

"Huneefa returned next day, and it was agreed that she should bring dancing-women and musicians for the ceremony of Bunnee, when the bridegroom sent gifts to my sister Miriam on the ninth day of the month. She whispered to me that all was prepared, and in the night, when there was feasting and many strangers in the house, I could slip down the steps to the river.

"I shall be there, Begum Sahiba, and all is made ready."

"She spoke truth, for none heeded me. Finding the door unlatched, I came out on the steps. It was dark, and for the moment I feared he would not be there; then his voice called me from the shadow where the boat was moored. I had never heard him speak before. He took me in his arms, and I was afraid, and glad. Then he took me to a house which he had hired, and lodged me there with Huneefa, and for a time I was content."

Her voice failed, and for a little while she seemed to lose consciousness, then she murmured fretfully, and we heard chance phrases.

"The gray eyes, now soft as water, now hard as stone. . . ." and a name, which seemed to be a distorted version of "Nevison," curiously mispronounced, and repeated over and over again, with little tender words such as lovers use.

I forced some brandy between her lips, and she gained strength and spoke coherently. Nevison was at the window, opening the shutters to let out the smoke from the lamp, and from her bed she could not see him. There was terror in her voice as she cried:

"Sahib, Sahib, he has not gone? Tell me he has not gone."

"I am here, Mother," he answered, using the Indian word of affection.

"It is well to give me that name. . . . Do not leave me. He was an evil man, but none could refuse him, and for a while I loved him foolishly, and even now, although he wronged me greatly, I cannot altogether hate him, remembering his way of looking and his wild, sweet laughter.

"Soon I was glad, for I knew I should bear him a child, and in that joy I forgot all things,

and the ways of my own people. Yea, at his bidding I wore strange *Angreji* garments, and learned his language, and ate sitting at a table, for it was his wish that I should become even as a *mem-sahib*.

"Then, when my babe was born, there was too much joy. *Ya Allah!* The small hands and the feet like flowers, who shall forget them? All was wonder and delight in those days. Save one thing. My lord had no pleasure in the child, and there were harsh words between us, for he spoke blasphemously against the Prophet and broke the law by drinking wine, so that a madness came upon him.

"He came less and less to the house. Perhaps he was jealous, or maybe he wearied of me. Who can say? I had no thought save for the babe, and when he told me that it was ordained he should go on a journey I thought little of it. So he left me, and disaster came upon me, for I loved the babe too much. . . . Aie, aie! And they took him from me."

She rocked herself from side to side and the difficult tears of old age ran down her face.

"Yea, two months after he had gone, there came to my house a Padre Sahib—God's curse be on all Unbelievers—an evil man, cold as the marble of Jaipur.

"He told me that my *sahib* had done a great wrong, and being mad with drink had quarreled with another *sahib*, and wounding him, had been cast into prison and bitterly shamed. Then the priest laid hands upon my babe, and told me that it was the will of the *sircar*, (the government), that he should be sent to England to the father and mother of my *sahib*. So they stole him from me, my heart's garland, and he wept and called for me. . . ."

Her voice failed, then she raised herself with difficulty, for she was very weak, and stretching out her hand, she touched Nevison on the cheek, and an infinitely tender smile came into her eyes.

"Aye, they took him away, but Allah the Merciful, whose secrets are hidden, returned him to me. O my son, do not grieve, do not fear that thou art base-born. . . . for thy mother is a daughter of kings."

"Good Lord!" Nevison said in English, and then, slipping to his knees by the side of the broken charpoy, he took her in his arms.

"HARKEN," she whispered, speaking low and saving her strength. "The time is very short. . . . It is all written. Thou wilt find the papers in a box buried beneath this bed. There is the paper of my marriage, for, O Sonling, three months before thou wast born he brought certain of his friends to the house, and they were merry with wine, and a Padre Sahib with them made a ceremony between us, putting the ring from a curtain upon my finger and then writing on a paper, to which all affixed their names.

"The *sahibs* were very foolish, and I did not fully understand their talk, but one said to me, as I stood by the door wearing a *mem's* garment of white—like a widow rather than a bride, but he had commanded it—the *sahib* said, 'Guard that paper.' Yea, and through all these years when I have been a teller of fortunes, I have kept it.

"Then in the box here is another paper written by a *vakeel* and giving thee the rupees which are also hidden in the box. There are many; folk pay well to learn their destinies, and their payments will make all secure for thy book. It was written in the sand that I should die tonight, but I have seen the love-look in thine eyes, O my son, and Allah is merciful. . . ."

She lay quiet in his arms, and walking to the window, I looked out and saw the dawn wake.

"She is dead," said Nevison, and as he spoke there was a little sound, as of something soft falling.

The mynah lay, a tangle of feathers, on the dusty floor by the bed, and Nevison picked up the limp, warm body and stroked its breast very gently.

Lily Christine by Michael Arlen

(Continued from page 67)

he always did for all his people. Still, England wasn't America by any means—divorces weren't to everybody's taste. The old boy would be confoundedly annoyed, and no mistake.

Bang went that new job now, too. The old boy had half promised him the editorial chair of the New Weekly Press at the end of the year. Bang went all chances of that for several years. He hadn't realized until now how much he had been looking forward to it—apart from the extra bit of money it would have brought in, about twelve hundred a year. Well, he must make the best of a bad job, that was all. Concentrate more on his private writing in future, try to do something on his own.

He found it almost impossible to think of Mrs. Abbey at all clearly. Obviously she was somewhere at the back of this—he'd have to face that now. Lily Christine going to see her last night—like a hero seeking out a dragon—and coming out, heroically absent-minded. Yes, Mrs. Abbey was a whited sepulcher, apparently. Well? So Ambatriadi had been right with his "crafty Mrs. Abbey." The world was a funny place. Mrs. Abbey emerging in an entirely new rôle as Mrs. Satan. Well!

Still, that was all supposition, really. They hadn't anything definite against Mrs. Abbey, really. It was no use piling all the blame on her.

He was glad her name hadn't been so much as mentioned between Parwen and himself. What was the sense of dragging her name in when one wasn't certain of anything? He simply could not connect Mrs. Abbey with devilish machinations, anyhow. He wouldn't even say anything about Mrs. Abbey to Muriel, leave her out altogether. Yes, that would be the best thing, leave Mrs. Abbey out altogether. It was messy enough as it was, without adding more complications. He could tell Muriel he didn't know anything about Summerest's ulterior motives in this shabby business—which was true enough, really.

Although, of course, Ambatriadi's main point against Mrs. Abbey was that if any other woman but she had been behind all this, Summerest could have got Lily Christine to divorce him in the ordinarily decent way, whereas Mrs. Abbey simply would not have anything to do with a man who had been divorced. Well! So Mrs. Abbey must be at the back of it, that was obvious. The world was a funny place. Imagine a woman who could be so callously selfish in defense of her public "respectability"! Confound her wretched respectability!

All the same, it was no good being unfair to her. She probably *did* think Lily Christine guilty, that was what it was. Yes, Ambatriadi had summed her up pretty well. And as she was an upright, uncompromising woman she was going to see justice done on the erring wife. That must be it.

ANYHOW, it would be no good saying anything about Mrs. Abbey to Muriel. For one thing, she wouldn't believe a word against Mrs. Abbey—and if she did, the only effect it would have would be to upset her more than ever about the whole business.

He wondered how Muriel would take it all, whether she would resent Lily Christine very bitterly, blame her. "Casual, unladylike, behaving anyhow." But Muriel wasn't like that, not when there was trouble to face. He had complete faith in her; the old girl was always right in her instincts, always. But no good saying anything about Mrs. Abbey to her. That *might* knock her instincts endways.

When he reached home a little after six, he was still turning over in his mind exactly how he would put the wretched story. But, on softly opening the study door, the first thing he saw was a Lily Christine kind of leg dangling over the arm of his particular chair. Shining like tawny sand it was as it dangled unashamed in the firelight.

There she was at it again, putting respectable people's backs up, making them suspicious. Muriel wouldn't like that at all, a young lady

sitting all anyhow, showing a long elegant shameless leg for all the world to see. Muriel wouldn't sit like that, not if she was paid.

He would have stolen out again if Muriel had not seen him.

"It's not really Lily Christine come to see us!" he tried to say lightly.

He did not know whether he was glad or sorry. His heart was beating so fast that he did not know anything but that he would die for her if it would do her any good. And he expected Muriel to share that sentiment, too. "It is indeed, and thank goodness for it!" Muriel said resentfully.

"She has told you, then?"

"She has."

He was enormously relieved. What a wonder this Lily Christine was! Casual she might be—there she was sitting all anyhow, showing yards of leg and knee—but when it came to working for her friends she thought of everything and nothing was too much trouble.

They were sitting in the firelight, Muriel on the sofa, Lily Christine in her armchair, the tea-things between them. Lily Christine must have asked her to turn the lights out; they hurt her eyes sometimes.

She twisted her head in his direction, smiling faintly. "It's a hard life, Rupert, isn't it?"

"A surprising one, anyhow."

"Poor old boy! What a shock you must have had today. It's no good trying to tell you how sorry I am. I'm afraid you'll just have to take that for granted. Will you?"

A jewel at the side of her small black hat glittered wickedly in the firelight. And the impish thing seemed to glitter right into him, into his racing heart.

"Tea, please," he said to Muriel, shortly.

Muriel made a clatter on the tray. The grand old girl. How trustworthy, how right she looked. And he had thought for a second that she might blame Lily Christine . . .

"When I thanked goodness she was here," Muriel said, giving him his tea, "I meant what a good thing it is she has told me all this instead of you. It would have taken you till Christmas."

He was enormously lightened, made almost gay, by Muriel's decency. This shabby affair did not seem to matter half so much now.

"Nice sort of Christmas story it would make!" he laughed. "I'm glad Lily Christine nobly took on the job of telling you, though. All the way here I've been wondering how I'd set about it."

"Yes, it's a trying kind of tale for a respectable man to bring home to his wife," Lily Christine said thoughtfully.

"Look at that, Rupert!" Muriel said resentfully. "That's been her attitude all along. Light. Casual."

"Don't say 'casual,'" Lily Christine smiled. "The lawyers this morning said I had been a sight too 'casual' as it was. I would hate that word—if only I knew what it meant. Rupert?"

"It means being innocent—in a confoundedly suspicious world."

"Yes," Muriel said slowly. "I'm beginning to think it *must* mean that."

"Parwen broke the news to me," Harvey said. "Marvelous bedside manner he has. I felt hardly any pain until he had gone."

"Yes, dearest Nappie! All day long he has been pegging away at it."

"You see, she takes it quite lightly!" Muriel burst out. "She has told me the whole abominable story as though it didn't concern her at all, as though you and I were the only people to worry about."

Harvey looked at Lily Christine earnestly, paternally. "That's perfect nonsense, Lily Christine—that attitude. I want to talk to you about that. What you must get into your head is this—that I'm wretchedly to blame. Even at the time Muriel said I had been thoughtless and—indiscreet."

He was sitting beside Muriel on the sofa, and suddenly she squeezed his hand. He looked

at her gratefully, and was disconcerted to see her eyes gleaming with tears. He realized he had not really given a thought to her since coming in. He gripped her hand tightly, remorsefully forgetful of Lily Christine. Muriel tried to smile away his look of concern.

"Don't worry, dear," she whispered. "Look—she seems to be in a dream."

But what a far-away dream it must be. She looked so remote—not of them, not of the room. What was she dreaming of—so sternly? And always there was that white intent look about her, which had so moved him last night. He realized he had always thought of her as someone who yielded to the circumstances of her life, tried to flow along with them. He had not thought she could be like this, wrapped in stern far-off thoughts, trying to stem the unhappy dark current of her life with a sword.

HE COULD not help being afraid for her, too. She was too remote from the small things of life. Heroic, but bad policy. And heroes were always beaten in the end by the small things of life.

"Lily Christine!" he called.

"Yes?"

"Did you hear what I said?"

"What was it, dear?"

"That you must *not* worry your head about my side of all this. I can take care of myself, I assure you."

"Yes, I'm sure you can!" Muriel sighed. "I think, Rupert, you had better let Mrs. Summerest's lawyers manage this hateful business and interfere as little as you can."

"I don't think you should call me Mrs. Summerest," Lily Christine said, "considering how closely we are going to be related."

"My poor child!" Muriel sighed. "Oh, what horrible things men can do!"

"Whereas women—" Harvey began.

"What?" snapped Muriel.

"I'll tell you something," Harvey addressed Lily Christine. "In this disheartening affair there is only one piece of luck I can see. But what a piece that is! It has never even occurred to my wife to think we could have been guilty."

"Nor to my husband," Lily Christine said absently. "Though that hasn't done us much good as yet."

"Really, Rupert, I never heard of anything so silly!" Muriel snapped. "Guilty! You!"

"It is luck, though," Lily Christine said earnestly. "Yes, indeed it is. I really don't think I could have borne it all otherwise."

Muriel looked at him resentfully, as though to say: "There you are—putting such a daft idea into her head!"

"And finally," Harvey said, "you must get rid of the idea once and for all that we are blaming you at all for what you can't help."

"Well, stop harping on it," Muriel said.

Lily Christine looked from one to the other of them with a faint smile that somehow emphasized the gravity of her expression.

"I know you're not blaming me—you are two dear real friends, that's what you are. But just imagine the opposite—imagine what I'd be feeling now if Muriel had been the sort of person who would have made you both unhappy—because of me! Imagine—"

And she startled them by suddenly jumping up, as though she had reached the end of her patience with the stupidity of things.

She stood staring down at the fire, as though suspended there, unwillingly. There was an extraordinary animation about her, a tense savage impatience. In her deep unknowable being she was living, tensely, savagely, living every second of life with sharp defiant pride. How unknowable she was, in her gallant zest for life, in her tense fruitful defiance. He saw the flame of life burning high behind the shadow of her face, and he felt he was a corpse beside her.

All the same, it was safe to be a corpse. One could not fall down. Whereas she, with the

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proud flame of life burning high in her, what would happen to her?

Suddenly, she broke the silence. "I've a good mind to give Ivor an awful shock."

Her voice had a new hard light in it, almost cruel. It made him uneasy. Then he tried to pull himself together, to stop romancing about her. But he could not help it. What had she to do with Ivor, why was she worrying about Ivor, what was Ivor Summerest but a weak muddle-headed man? She should be prouder, proud as the flame of life that was in her and made all beside her look like corpses.

But defiance could not free her, nor courage, nor pride, nor right, nor wrong. She was trapped, broken—by familiar grubbinesses. In the very husk of her was a butterfly with broken wings.

"How?" he asked. But what did it matter? She laughed, making him uneasy.

"Well, what a shock it would be for him if I suddenly ran away with someone—eloped."

"It ought to be easy enough for you to find someone," Muriel said, laughing.

"I'm not so sure," Lily Christine said seriously. "Men aren't quite such fools as we are in the habit of thinking, Muriel. They don't like being used."

Harvey flushed with anger. What silly talk this was! He hated talk about what "men" do and "women" think. Cheap generalizations.

"It's fantastic to talk like that!" he snapped. He felt that Muriel was looking at him curiously. He could not turn to her. He tried to control his voice. "You'll see," he added, "everything will come out all right."

"Of course, it must," Lily Christine said coldly. And he was frightened into silence.

She was not at all warm to him, she had no time for him. She was thinking of him only as a symbol for the idea of friendship, the idea of friendship which she revered and would fight for, fight for to the last ditch. And she was most beautiful to him in her white, tense indifference to persons.

"I've written to Ivor," she was saying, "and I think he is sure to come and see me. Then he and I will have to come to some other arrangement. I won't have you two dears entangled."

Suddenly Muriel rose and put an arm around her. She looked so safe, so reassuring, beside the slender figure.

"Thank you for being so—understanding," Lily Christine said, looking down into the fire.

"My child, you mustn't worry so much about Rupert and me. We are old enough to know how to meet the good and bad in life as it comes. And we are both so terribly sorry for you."

"Yes," Harvey said. The old girl—always right. He looked at the floor, his eyes dim.

"Oh, me!" Lily Christine said sharply, laughing—and suddenly she clung to Muriel, sobbing. "The shame of it!" she whispered. "Ivor letting my friends in for this!"

Harvey wanted to run out of the room. He could not bear it, felt he could not control his anguish. Her bitter humiliation was almost more than he could bear.

Then over her trembling shoulder he saw Muriel looking at him with a new but old, old understanding. But it was no good, he could not change himself. He stared back at Muriel helplessly, in anguish.

Then, swiftly as a shadow, scarcely more than a shadow in the flickering light, Lily Christine was gone from Muriel's arms, she was at the door, had opened it.

"But let me call you a taxi!" Harvey cried.

"No—please! I want to walk—can't walk enough these days. Good-by, dear Muriel."

She was gone, her voice floating behind her. Harvey quickly followed her to the front door.

"We'll ring you up tomorrow," Muriel called from the study.

"But I'm going away tonight—now."

"Not to Paris!" Harvey exclaimed. Somehow that seemed terrible to him, that she should follow the fellow to Paris.

"Oh no—to the country to see my mother and the children."

Harvey opened the front door for her, feeling behind him her impatience to be gone. How cruel she was to him in her absorption in the idea of friendship.

It was not raining now, that was one good thing. He did not at all like the idea of her walking in the slippery streets.

"Good idea, going to the country," he said unnaturally.

She laughed, startling him. She was bewildering today, incomprehensible. It was that defiant flame in her, the bright and dangerous flame.

"Good-by, Rupert. I'll be back in a few days and ring you up." She was gone, down the slippery steps, striding away.

"For heaven's sake, Lily Christine, put on your spectacles when you cross High Street."

"Yes, I will. Good-by, dear."

Back in the study, he threw himself into the armchair she had left. The lights were on now; the maid was clearing away the tea-things. Muriel mixed him a whisky-and-soda and brought it to him. He had to make an effort to lift his eyes to hers.

"You were a darling to her, Muriel. Bless you."

"Well, who wouldn't be sorry for the poor child?"

"And who wouldn't be sorry for you—with all this trouble your silly husband has brought on you!"

"Oh, we'll survive that," she said lightly.

She fussed a little about the room. His eyes followed her, moonstruck. It was terrible, the insistent temptation to think of Lily Christine, to imagine her, make pictures of her. He felt indescribably mean—to both of them, Muriel and Lily Christine. And this meanness had an irresistible attraction for him; he kept on giving way to it. Sitting there, staring blankly at nothing, he felt he understood Summerest.

"You said the other day the horrible man was in love with someone," Muriel said. "Is that why he is doing all this? She must be a nice woman! Do you know who it is?"

He found it, in his abstracted state of mind, surprisingly easy to lie convincingly.

"I haven't heard, dear. Don't let's talk of the fellow."

He had no idea how long they had been silent when he was made uneasy by the feeling that Muriel was looking intently at him. He turned to her sharply. "What is it, Muriel?" He felt himself flushing.

"Nothing," she said slowly. Then she laughed.

He was intensely uncomfortable, not knowing what to say.

"My innocent!" she said, laughing.

When, on her way out of the room, she stooped to kiss him, he saw that her eyes were wet.

"It's all right, silly one," she said, smiling.

But Lily Christine did not come back in a week, nor yet in two. And Harvey heard nothing directly from her.

One night Neville Parwen and his wife dined with the Harveys, and when the two men were left alone Parwen said he had been down to the country to see how Lily Christine was and had found her in quite good spirits; but then she always was when her time was taken up with the children. Lily Christine had said nothing about Summerest except that she was expecting him to come to London at any moment, and then she would come up to talk to him.

For Harvey, these days passed in something like a mist; everything seemed unreal, quite unimportant. A lot of fuss about nothing, that was what it all was. He was served with his writ, of course, and was now a correspondent all according to law and order. Then there was a deal of talking to do, explaining, discussing. But he did not mind particularly; it all passed in a sort of mist. Secretly he was intensely alive, living a vital secret life, but the

outside things that happened seemed unreal, unimportant, and so quite easy to cope with. Even old Townleigh, for instance, was quite easy to cope with. The old boy was furious when he heard of the divorce.

"That woman!" he boomed. "The hypocrite! Didn't I warn you, young Harvey, that she would be up to something? Guileless young fools, putting yourselves in her hands!"

"But we haven't, so far as I know," Harvey said patiently. "We have no definite reasons for thinking she has anything to do with it."

Old Townleigh glared at him, stroking his magnificent black beard and imparting to it a frightful, outraged majesty. "Sometimes I think you are just a fool, young Harvey."

"I wish I thought that only sometimes, sir."

Harvey still felt, but in a lazy indefinite sort of way, that it was improper to bring Mrs. Abbey's name into this wretched affair. He did not like to do it, although his mind would often turn to her wonderingly, painfully. But he was not in the mood to argue about her with old Townleigh. Let the old boy think what he liked.

"Well, what are you going to do?" the old man asked impatiently.

"I've seen Starrilaw a few times," Harvey said. "He doesn't seem very hopeful."

"Hopeful! The man's paid not to be hopeful. I'll see him myself. Will you ask him to come and see me this afternoon if he has the time?"

Harvey reflected how curious it was that not one person who knew him and Lily Christine, not even suspicious old Townleigh, for a moment thought it possible that there could be any foundation for the accusation against them. They might fancy that he was very attached to her, maybe that he was in love with her in the soft silly way a man like himself would set about falling in love at his time of life—but he could have sworn it never had occurred to anyone that there was any harm in his feelings or that Lily Christine looked on him as anything but a friend.

And that sort of acceptance of the niceness between two suspected people was very precious to him; he was very grateful for it; it made him feel that the world was not such a bad place after all, that the Abbess and Summerests of life were more than balanced by the decencies and graciousnesses of most people.

When he saw Townleigh again, later in the day, the old man looked very thoughtful.

"I've seen John Starrilaw," he said, not looking at Harvey but drawing monstrous patterns on a pink blotter with a giant blue pencil.

Harvey found he had actually to force himself to take an interest. "Well?" he said.

The old man shot a glance at him, one of those dangerous penetrating glances of his of which nobody who knew him well was ever afraid. "Young Harvey, are you in love with Lily Christine?"

"No," Harvey said slowly. "I don't think I'd call it that."

"And what would you call it?"

"Well, I think about her a good deal."

Old Townleigh sighed. "Unwise," he said.

"I'm not sure it's even that, sir. It's just more or less nothing." He added: "It began quite lately."

Old Townleigh sighed. "I know. It began by being sorry for her. It always does. We are all fools."

"What made you ask, sir?" Harvey asked at last. "Not that I mind."

"You should not mind, young Harvey. I am thinking only of your good."

"I know. But what made you think of it?"

"I was just wondering. Something Starrilaw said. It appears that at first you were for defending this case—"

"Yes, I was. For Muriel's sake."

"Of course. Did she want you to?"

"She has never said a word about it one way or the other. But I thought I'd defend—in fairness to her."

"And how does she take all this?"

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"It's very unpleasant for her, of course. But she understands."

"A good woman, Harvey—a grand woman."

All this time the old man was vaguely making patterns on the pink blotter. It looked an awful mess. Then, suddenly, he shot out one of those preposterously shrewd glances of his.

"Harvey, we have been friends a long time. Let us be fair and aboveboard with one another."

For the first time in days Harvey managed to fight himself out of the mist of unreality around him. He found himself surprised.

"Why, of course!" he said.

"Then you are not," the old man said sternly, "thinking of leaving Muriel?"

Harvey burst out laughing.

"Of all the suspicious old blokes!" he said. He could not stop laughing. The old man's knowingness seemed to him so very funny.

But it was a quickly collapsible sort of knowingness. And presently old Townleigh was grinning into his great black beard, with that comically hostile shamefacedness of his that prevented his friends from disliking him even after his worst moments.

"And how on earth," Harvey asked, "did you come by that idea, sir?"

"Because you are so infernally quiet! You quiet people get up to the queerest tricks. Still—I'm sorry I said that, young Harvey."

"Oh, that's all right, sir. But I assure you that Muriel and I have never been closer than we are now."

"Then the affair stands like this," the old man said thoughtfully, "that—so I gathered from Starrilaw—you want to save Lily Christine all the unpleasantness you can? I gather that was what made you change your mind about defending—to save her unpleasantness?"

"That and the fact that it's apparently not much use. We wouldn't get anywhere, as the case stands."

"How's that?"

"Didn't Starrilaw tell you? About Coghill?"

"And who is Coghill?"

"Summerest's valet. A charming fellow. Coghill rather brings the case home, you see, sir."

"I'm afraid I don't. How home?"

"As long as the evidence was kept to that night in the country, I didn't mind defending. But then along comes this Coghill fellow and says I've been in the habit of spending hours alone with his mistress in her bedroom."

"So!" said old Townleigh thoughtfully. "Which is true, eh?"

IT was curious to Harvey, the way the words came out of him quite mechanically and yet arranged in more or less reasonable order. He had not the faintest interest in them.

"Yes, I've been alone with her in her bedroom—several times. But—"

"Of course! So has everyone else, eh?"

"You know her habit, sir—receiving in her bedroom."

"And quite proper. But might look bad in the divorce court, eh?"

"Yes, casual. That's Starrilaw's point. The defense would naturally be that Mrs. Summerest usually received her friends in her bedroom, sometimes in bunches, sometimes alone—"

"And sometimes dressed—unconventionally?"

"I suppose so. I've never noticed."

"One can imagine the cross-examination, eh? Counsel trying to prove she lived an utterly immoral life."

"Starrilaw says that in no time there would be every kind of dirty story about Mrs. Summerest around the town."

"Yes, a first-rate news story."

"And after all that mud-slinging—we would still be nowhere."

"You mean, she wouldn't stand a chance anyway?"

"So I gather. It's a funny world, sir."

"Funny! I'm glad you think so."

"And there's another point—she doesn't

want to stop him getting his wretched divorce. It's that extraordinary loyalty she has to the idea of friendship—"

"Yes, I know. She is very loyal."

"That's what is upsetting her so about all this—the idea she has that I'm being let down. Otherwise, I'm positive she wouldn't lift a finger to spoil the fellow's game."

"Another good woman who loves a rascal, Harvey. I'm afraid you are right about not defending, as the affair stands. Very disagreeable for you."

"Well, I suppose it will blow over in time. What I can't stand about it is, though, the idea of Summerest getting away with murder."

"No good letting it make you bitter, young Harvey. And don't let it spoil your judgment. As you know, I sympathize with Lily Christine—completely—but I'm bound to tell you I find the public attitude quite understandable."

"Yes, I suppose it is. But what I can't understand is this, sir—won't this shabby business hurt his popularity among the people who know how unfaithful he has always been to her?"

"Oh, come, young Harvey! You don't want to Americanize us!"

"Well, I never knew before that America had a corner in decency as well as in gold!"

"I'm not talking about decency but about that namby-pamby idealization of women they go in for—and all it has done for them has been to breed a race of unpunctual women. America may be a beauty parlor for women financed by overworked millionaires whose only recreation is telling endless anecdotes—but England still remains a man's country—in spite of votes for women and flappers and the Lord knows what. Summerest will be all right."

"You mean that what he is doing would be quite impossible in America?"

"Socially, quite. They have other hypocrisies. Good night to you, young Harvey."

"Good night, sir. By the way, I suppose this rather knocks that editorship on the head?"

"I'm afraid so. But we'll see what we can do. You are a good fellow, young Harvey. Guileless, that's all, guileless. Good night."

Throughout this time, while Lily Christine was away in the country, Harvey was more than usually relieved to get home in the evenings, to sit by the fire with an open book in his hand. Of course Lily Christine was continually in his mind, but he was not distressed by her. He had got himself in some sort of order now; he no longer felt mean towards both Muriel and her. His soul was captive, he knew that now. His soul was captive, he was born to a captive life, and that was all there was to it. He did not want anything of Lily Christine—he, as a man, in his captive soul, did not.

But something in him wanted her continually, some hitherto unknown and sacred loneliness reached out to her. For all men, no matter how contented, have a secret sacred loneliness. And Lily Christine was the mistress of his. His soul was captive, but his loneliness was a footstool for the image of Lily Christine.

So she walked in his thoughts, unconcerned with him, heedless of him. He never imagined her as taking the faintest interest in him. He watched her—contentedly, for he knew his soul was captive to his way of life. And, watching her, his wonder took wings. It is a rare blessing to be a man, and to feel the stir of beauty.

So she went her way in his mind, thinking her sad far-away thoughts. And he was indescribably stirred by the loyalty that burned so defiantly in her and raised her sadness to the stars.

During this time Muriel was very quiet and very wise. They let each other largely alone. He knew, of course, that she was not happy, but he knew too that her unhappiness was not against him, that it flowed with the tide that bore them both to a friendly shore.

It was no good fidgeting—that was what

they both felt. And although they said so little, their understanding of one another was complete throughout this time; they never had been so close to one another.

He still did not say anything to her about Mrs. Abbey. He thought it better not to. Besides, what concern of theirs was Mrs. Abbey? All the same, the actress was often in his mind, painfully. He could not accustom himself to this new murky idea of her as a stern and cruel wrecker. He tried to put it away from him, but it would always come back, fascinating him with its queerly unexpected murkiness and selfishness. Yes, it was a funny world.

ONE day he met Ambatriadi for luncheon at a club towards the middle of St. James's Street. He found Ambatriadi alone in the smoking-room, sitting very erect in a small chair, his long handsome somber face looking more ravaged than ever. But the instant he saw Harvey he came striding across the room to greet him, shaking him warmly by the hand without saying a word. On his table there was a cocktail glass, empty.

"Daisy?" Harvey smiled.

Ambatriadi said that the next would unfortunately be Robinson. How hoarse his voice was, how smoky, as though forced up through the rubble of countless dissipations. What was it that was driving this decent man to this stupid and destructive indulgence? So erect and correct he was, so thoughtful for others, a kind man and an ungrudging friend. There was a worried, tormented kindness in the gentle brownness of his tired eyes. But on himself he had no mercy, wrecking his health in this silly wanton way.

"Have you heard anything from Lily Christine?" Harvey asked, over luncheon.

"I had a letter the other day."

Harvey felt a pang go through him. Still, Ambatriadi was the older friend.

"A very curious letter," Ambatriadi added, looking gloomily at his plate.

"Curious?"

"I'll tell you a thing, Harvey—it has been worrying me. I only wish I could tell you what it was about."

After that they talked very little. Harvey half hoped that Ambatriadi would say something about Mrs. Abbey; he actually wanted to talk of Mrs. Abbey that day, to get her clearer in his head. But, of course, just because he wanted to talk of her for once, the confounded man never so much as mentioned her name.

It was a gray cold day, a day for walking. Harvey said he was going to walk back to Fleet Street, anyhow part of the way back, and Ambatriadi decided to accompany him.

They walked quickly, not talking. As they were passing Mrs. Abbey's theater Harvey saw by the posters that there was a matinee. How and why he came by his sudden decision to go in, he did not stop to think. His work could wait for that afternoon. He wanted to get the woman clearer in his head.

"I think I'll go in," he said diffidently, feeling he was being stupid.

"But we've seen the rubbish," Ambatriadi said gloomily. All the same, he followed Harvey in.

There were no places nearer than the back row. The theater seemed to be full of middle-aged women.

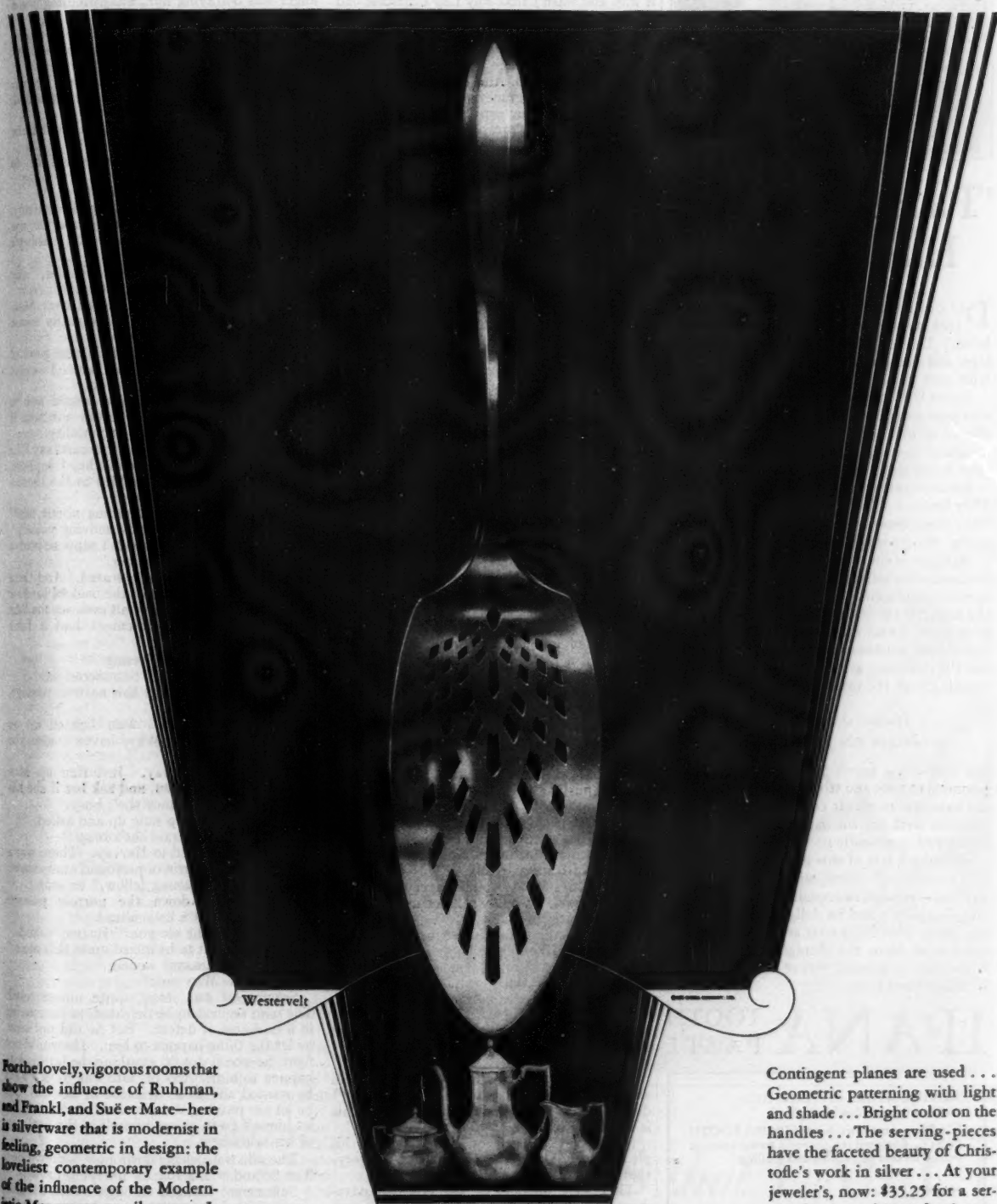
Harvey must have been staring at the fellow's profile for quite a while before he realized with a start who it was. Summerest was in the row in front of them, a little to the side. Harvey could see his fine stern profile quite easily. There he was, the "fellow." He was alone, disconnected from the people about him, unaware of them, brooding. He never took his eyes from the stage. He sat there, closed-up, brooding, a man alone. There he was, big and fresh and fine-featured, a man any woman would like for a brother or a lover.

"See him?" he whispered to Ambatriadi.

"Oh, leave me alone!" snapped that queer troubled man.

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An upright unguarded sort of man, that was how Summerest looked. One of the unwary ones, you would have said, with his head high above stealthy opportunities. One of the good fellows.

Harvey's breath came quickly. A longing to hurt the man overwhelmed him. He would gladly have done anything, endured anything, to see him defeated, humiliated. If only Summerest could see himself, how that would hurt him. He must be made to see himself, must. Or didn't he see himself and loathe himself as it was, and wasn't that why Lily Christine had that deep undefeatable pity for him?

There he sat, his clumsy blundering back towering above his seat, his clean fine head held high, indifferent to everything about him but what he wanted. And the man had grace, there was a look of grace on him. As a man to look at, he was an expression of something almost noble, an expression of beauty almost achieved.

He must speak to the fellow, Harvey thought. He had to speak to him, out of the cold hard anger in him. What he would say to him he did not know, but he must speak to him.

Ambatriadi refused even to glance in Summerest's direction. He had a fine nervous capacity for contempt which Harvey, smiling, envied him.

Summerest did not move during the intervals, nor so much as look about him, so Harvey had to wait for the play to end. It had seemed to him ignoble rubbish a few nights before, but now he found it almost unbearable. And he felt a sense of shame in watching Mrs. Abbey go through her tricks of good-fellowship. But she fascinated him; he could not take his eyes off her for long. What he had formerly admired as her radiance now seemed to him something clayey and unwholesome; she seemed to him clayey, there was something disgusting about her fair loveliness. But she fascinated him.

"I want to say a word to Summerest," Harvey said, at the end.

Ambatriadi looked gloomy, like a great gloomy bird.

"What's the use?" he muttered hoarsely.

All the same, he lingered with Harvey in the broad entrance passage. His sense of friendship would not let him leave a friend to face any kind of unpleasantness without support. He moved a little way off as Summerest approached.

Summerest lounged forward, distinct in the fussy crowd. Yes, he was a figure. He had on a soiled tweed suit, a tie so faded that the colors were indistinguishable, and a battered felt hat with the brim turned down. He looked tough but at the same time "right"; you couldn't mistake the fellow for anything but a gentleman. Well! It made a man giddy, trying to make people out.

He did not seem in the least surprised to see Harvey waiting for him. He did not seem to be aware of Harvey, really.

"I want to speak to you," Harvey said. His anger was cold, it would not flame up. It made him feel a fool, incapable.

"Got something to dislike me for at last, haven't you, Harvey?"

There was a subtle grin in Summerest's eyes, but it was deep down, deeper than the usual bitter mockeries between man and man.

"Let's get out of here," Harvey said.

As they moved on with the thinning crowd they came up to Ambatriadi.

"How do, Andy?"

Ambatriadi looked straight ahead of him with a sort of tormented exasperation. "I don't want to speak to you, Summerest. This is Harvey's affair."

Summerest lounged on, his hands in his pockets. He looked utterly unaware of everything about him, brooding.

They were outside, on the crowded pavement. It was raining. Summerest stopped, vaguely. People had to swerve aside to get by the big man.

Ambatriadi said to Harvey: "Shall I wait for you?" When Harvey said he thought

better not, Ambatriadi abruptly shook his hand and strode away.

They followed him, slowly. Summerest seemed incapable of walking fast. He lounged along, unaware, brooding, obstructing everyone. "It's no good, Harvey," he said slowly, "I'm not going to discuss this business."

"Oh, aren't you?" Harvey said, suddenly trembling with excitement. "You're going to hear what I think of you, anyhow."

Summerest lounged on, never looking at him, apparently unaware of him. Harvey felt his anger was betraying him, was dwindling into a fussy, childish excitability.

"It's not necessary, my boy," Summerest said indifferently. "Besides, I'm not interested."

"That's your lookout, not mine," Harvey said, trying to sound calm. "I am interested, I can tell you."

"It's just this, Harvey—I don't want to be bothered with you."

"You don't seem to mind bothering me, do you?"

"Yes, it's bad luck. I'm sorry for it."

The big lounging man stopped suddenly. They were a few yards past the narrow passage leading to the stage door of Mrs. Abbey's theater.

"If you're sorry for it," Harvey said, "why the devil don't you behave yourself?"

A puzzled, worried look passed over Summerest's face. He seemed to be really aware of Harvey for the first time.

"Look here, Harvey, what is the good of this? Do stop nagging at me. I've got nothing to say to you."

And Harvey's anger simply would not be worthy of the occasion; he could not raise it above an intensely nervous excitability.

"You look wretched enough, I must say," he said, jeering. "Anyone would be, I suppose, who preferred her"—he nodded to the theater—"to Lily Christine."

"How do you know anything about her?" Summerest asked in his slow-moving voice.

"It's easy enough to guess. I suppose you've come slinking back to see her."

"See her?" Summerest repeated. And there was that subtle laughter at the back of his blue stare, deep down. "She won't even see me," he said, as though the statement had a faint relation to a joke.

"Rot!" Harvey said, jeering.

"Well, I'll show you," Summerest said.

He lounged away up the narrow passage, and Harvey followed.

The stage doorman's face lighted up on seeing Summerest. "Why, haven't seen you for a long time, sir!"

"No, I've been away. Just ring up Mrs. Abbey's room, will you, and ask her if she has a moment? But I fancy she's busy."

The stage doorman rang up and asked.

"Yes, sir, she's afraid she's busy."

Summerest turned to Harvey. There was a grin on his face, a grin of profound amusement.

"There you are, young fellow," he said.

They walked down the narrow passage again, Summerest a little ahead.

"Why won't she see you?" Harvey asked.

"Doesn't want to be mixed up in this mess."

"Sounds a pleasant woman."

"Sensible. Why not?"

Summerest was stony, quite uninterested. The man seemed to be defeated, to be moving in a darkness of defeat. But he did not care, he let the thing happen to him. He would not fight, he would not do anything, he let his fate happen to him. And his fate was to get what he wanted and to be defeated in his soul. So he let the passion of defeat swallow him up, he let himself go to it, lost himself in the darkness of his selfishness.

The rain was pelting down now, a downpour. The Strand was a roar of hurrying crowds.

Summerest lounged through them, as unaware of their resentment as he was of the pelting rain. He had no overcoat, and in no time the shoulders of his old worn suit were black and sodden with rain.

Harvey kept his eyes open for an unoccupied

taxi, but he could not see one. He had on a thick overcoat. Somehow it worried and exasperated him that Summerest was getting wet through.

"I'm giving up first-class cricket," Summerest said in his slow-moving voice.

What a world! Cricket! And at the same time this poor anxious struggling crowd fumbling through the rain.

"There's nothing in the papers," Harvey said.

"Will be, next week. Going in for politics."

"Good Lord! Why?"

"She wants me to," Summerest said. "Fancy me as a politician, Harvey?"

"Well, you never know."

"Meaning I'm a swine and therefore certain to get on?"

"More particularly, that you don't look the swine you are—you inspire confidence—and so you will probably be as successful in your line as Mrs. Abbey is in hers."

"Thanks for the flowers," Summerest said, grinning.

At last Harvey saw an unoccupied taxi and just managed to catch the man's eye.

"I'll drop you if you like," he said. "You are wet through."

Summerest climbed in clumsily, giving him an address in Curzon Street. The taxi went carefully on the greasy crowded streets. They were held up by interminable blocks. The two men sat silent. Summerest was indifferent, closed up, brooding. But somehow Harvey could not help feeling joined to him; there was some queer thing joining them.

There was something subtle in Summerest's brooding unawareness. There was some awful insidious spidery humanness in the man, which entered into you and took you from yourself and made you the ally of his defeated soul.

Harvey, sitting beside him without a word, fought him with all his might. He would not be caught by the fellow's spidery humanness. He wanted passionately to down him, to strip him of his brooding unawareness. He would not leave the fellow until he had downed him somehow.

So when the taxi stopped he followed Summerest onto the pavement. They were outside a small house towards the middle of Curzon Street.

"Coming in?" Summerest said. And that deep slow-moving laughter lurked at the back of his blue stare.

"I've still got something to say. Are you living here?"

"Yes, staying with Tarlyon. Know him?"

He opened the door with a latch-key. "Only, don't nag at me, Harvey, or I might throw you out of a window."

"I'm not going to nag."

"Just be a bright companion for a tired man, eh?"

"Tired, are you?"

"Always am, when I haven't had enough exercise. Well, come in and have a drink."

Upstairs, in a long comfortable room, a man was sitting by the fire, reading. He closed his book as they came in. He was a blond red-faced man, very easy in his manners. Summerest introduced Harvey. On hearing the name Tarlyon stared a moment, then his eyes glinted with amusement. Harvey liked him, was quite comfortable with him. But he felt suspended, waiting to be alone with Summerest.

Tarlyon got up and stretched himself. "I'm afraid I must go out. Coming later, Ivor?"

"No, I don't feel like a game this evening."

"Then I'll see you at dinner." Tarlyon went out.

Harvey took a long whisky-and-soda and drank it with satisfaction. It steadied him. He wanted to explain himself to Summerest.

"If you think," he began, "that I'm fashed about this business for my own sake—you never were more mistaken in your life."

Summerest, lounging deep in the chair Tarlyon had vacated, stretched his feet out to the fire and stared at them.

"Wish you would shut up," he said moodily.

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"Wish to heaven I hadn't come back to London."

"Well, why did you?"

"Lily Christine wrote to me I must see her. I thought it only fair."

"Fair!" Harvey laughed. "That's a good one from you, Summerest."

Summerest slowly turned his eyes to him in a long stony stare, as though considering him. You could see that the fellow had a slow wicked temper.

But Harvey felt quite at his ease now. He exulted in the feeling that he had at last got the fellow, had collared him, the blundering hulk.

"It's a funny thing," Summerest said out of his stony stare. "People who dislike us make us feel a lot worse than we actually are. You make me feel a criminal, and glad of it."

Harvey grinned, exulting in the power of his dislike over the fellow. At the same time he felt that Summerest was a fool to be taken in by it. For his dislike was poor stuff at bottom, incapable stuff. He mustn't show that, though.

"I'm going to talk to you about Lily Christine," he said.

"Finish your drink, Harvey, and clear out. I've got nothing to say to you," Summerest said, but without a trace of feeling.

"The point is," Harvey said easily, sitting down, "what is she going to say to you? Any idea, Summerest?"

The fellow was full of spidery surprises. A smile spread slowly over his brooding face.

"What's the joke?" Harvey asked.

"You are, young fellow. You're such a fool. I suppose you think she wants me back?"

Harvey waited, his mind collaring Summerest, intent to down him for all his spidery subtlety.

"She wouldn't have me back," Summerest said to the fire, "as a gift. She's given me up. Get that into your comic head, young fellow."

"Don't you think she loves you any more?"

"Love? Who said anything about love?"

"Well, you might give it a thought now and then, don't you think?"

"If you're trying to be clever, I'm sorry I can't follow you. All I say is, I don't see what love has got to do with it. She's just given me up, that's all."

"How do you know?"

"Well, don't I know her? I've failed—so she's through with me."

"In friendship?"

Summerest yawned. "That's about it. She won't—can't—forgive that. Now run off home."

Harvey leaned forward, intent on Summerest. "Yes—but she hasn't failed in friendship to you, Summerest. See the point? And she won't fail in friendship to me. That's another point. Makes things difficult for you, doesn't it?"

"You're a comic, Harvey. How do you mean 'makes things difficult for me'?"

"You'll see soon enough. When she talks to you."

"She'll talk about you. I'm ready for that."

"Are you? You'll see."

"All right, all right! Now stop bothering me, there's a good boy, and go home to your mammy."

"You're ready for her when she talks about the mess this is getting me into, about her letting me down as a friend—aren't you?"

"I don't give a darn for the mess you are in."

Harvey grinned. Now he'd got the fellow where he wanted him. "Exactly, Summerest! And the point is—nor do I!"

"Oh, don't you! Reckless fellow."

"That's why I'm warning you—not to attach any importance to what she says about letting me down. She will tell you that what she minds most of all in this business is that I, who offered her hospitality in all innocence, am entangled in it. But I am telling you that I don't mind."

"And I'm telling you that I don't care if you mind or not."

"You will care. For that leaves you and your wife alone in this business. You aren't hurting me. You are hurting only her—banging at her and hitting at her."

"Oh, shut up, Harvey! You go on talking—"

"You'll see, Summerest—you won't have a leg to stand on. But she doesn't want you to know that—she loves you and doesn't want you to know what a swine you are being to her. I don't see how you can help feeling it, but women are funny. So she won't talk to you about herself, how you are hurting her. She won't say anything about the way you are—trampling on her. All she will talk about will be me and the harm you are doing me. But you will know that I don't mind—"

A cold, staring anger looked out of Summerest's eyes. "You are only saying that, man! You don't mind! Do you think I can't see through a tuppenny-halfpenny journalist who's afraid of his own shadow?"

Harvey smiled, quite certain of himself and of the impression he was making on the fellow. "You know I'm talking the truth, Summerest—that I don't mind about myself, because I'm in love with her—"

"You would be—in your squeamish anemic way!"

"Yes, it's all that. But she doesn't know it, wouldn't believe it. Still, that's not the point; I only told you to show why I don't mind about myself. The point is that she will only appeal to you for my sake—and you can stand that easily, can't you?"

"I should think so! What the devil do you matter?"

"Exactly my point, Summerest. But you would feel fine, wouldn't you, if she began appealing to you for herself, if she began showing you the pain you were giving her and how she still loved you?"

"Great talker, aren't you, Harvey!"

"But you needn't be frightened, Summerest—she won't do that, just because she does love you and doesn't want to hold you to her against your will. Still, you are in for a bad time. I'm almost sorry for you. While she is talking to you about me, you will know that I'm not of any importance in this thing at all, that you and she are alone in it, that in the intimacy of your two selves you are torturing her like a cruel kid would a kitten when he thought nobody was looking. Yes, you've got a fine time ahead of you. And try to get it into your head that as far as I personally am concerned—you can do what you like about it."

And Harvey, lightened of what he had to say, pleasantly easy in his mind, went to the door. He was not in the least worried by the fellow now. Summerest could get out of his musty hole or not as he pleased.

Then he heard Summerest's voice behind him, the slow-moving voice, jeering, elbowing him away, getting rid of him and his fancy talking for good and all.

"You're a darned clever fellow, aren't you, Harvey? Good journalist, I should say. There's only one thing you've forgotten—that she wouldn't have me back as a gift."

Harvey opened the door. He was quite indifferent to Summerest now. Only the fellow's spidery wriggling with the truth in his soul seemed to him pitiful.

"You'll see," he threw over his shoulder, indifferently. "Lying won't do you any good. Best of luck, Summerest."

Lily Christine finds a dramatic solution for her complicated problem in Michael Arlen's Concluding—December—Instalment

Unknown Lands by Blasco Ibañez (Continued from page 31)

existence. Why should he not carry Lucero away himself? And the Jewish girl also seemed to find within her soul the rash courage that many women of her race have displayed in moments of danger. The wife should follow her husband blindly! But the only husband she could ever have would be Fernando Cuevas!

The decision of the young people to run away was hastened by an episode which seemed to threaten the freedom of Fernando as well. The royal butler chanced to encounter him one day in the neighborhood of the Cohen house and in ordering him off threatened to have him beaten. Such insults were certain to have consequences with a youth of the temper of Cuevas. Fernando stepped back, picked up a stone and aimed it at the head of the insolent *hidalgo*, taking to his heels, however, before a crowd was able to form in answer to the cries of the astonished gentleman.

That very night, according to the plans they had already vaguely formed in their talks together, the two lovers fled the town with the intention of making their way to Cordoba. Fernando gave Lucero an extra suit of clothes he had—she was almost as tall as he, and her slenderness as a rapidly growing adolescent tended to conceal her peculiarly feminine lines

and allowed her to pass very well as a young man. A male costume, besides, would be easier to walk in; and it was essential to conceal Lucero's Jewish origin, to avoid the hostility of the Old Christians and the penalties designated in the Decree of Exile.

At first Fernando had thought of taking the short road to Cordoba, following the course of the Guadalquivir; but then he had chosen a more out-of-the-way route frequented only by the herders of the mesa. On these roads they would be less likely to have embarrassing encounters.

Their first night they slept in a herder's cabin, introducing themselves as two brothers both of whose parents had died, and who were going to Cordoba to live with one of their uncles. All the next day they spent on the road, meeting only a few travelers, and these of such disquieting aspect that they preferred to avoid their company.

The sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, had established the *Santa Hermandad*, or "Holy Brotherhood," some years before. This dread constabulary was gradually putting an end to brigandage by dint of cruel punishments. But there still remained a few *golpes*, a few outlaws, who infested the highways. For that

matter, the two fugitives were fearful of encountering the Brotherhood themselves.

At a number of forks they selected the wrong turn and had to retrace their steps. So night came on, and they rested through it on the bare ground. Lucero bravely strove to contain her tears, but laments were continually escaping her. Hitherto she had known only the easy, sheltered, almost claustral life imposed upon the women of the Jews and the Mohammedans. She left her house but rarely and knew nothing of violent exercise. Her tender feet were soon causing her great suffering from the blisters of the long march.

They slept like brother and sister with their arms about each other, sunk in a dream that was like a leaden nightmare for both. They awoke still tired and very hungry, and breakfasted on the remnants of the food which Fernando had taken with him from home.

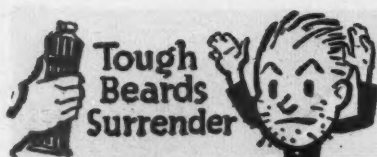
It was shortly after dawn when they resumed their journey. Cuevas had cut a stout stick for himself and a lighter one to serve as a cane for Lucero. He did not dare impart to her the information he had obtained from a wayfarer they had met early in the morning: they had been on the wrong road for more than twenty-four hours, and were heading not

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toward Cordoba directly, but toward the main highway that led from that city to Granada. At noontime their last piece of bread had gone. In reality Lucero had eaten almost all their food, since the young man kept pretending to take his share, but managing so that the girl would have it all. Two hours later the daughter of Don Isaac sank to the ground, without enough strength to rise.

Fernando remained seated at her side, gently raising her head so that it would rest on his lap. He kept turning his anxious eyes now in one direction, now in another along the road, which came down the slope of a hill behind and then ran on ahead into a steep ravine. No one! In his frightened solitude his mind reverted to almost forgotten lessons of his faith, and he addressed an unspoken prayer to the Virgin of Guadalupe, at the time the most powerful of all the miraculous images of Spain.

"Great Lady, Mother of God, I pray thee: send someone to our aid!"

Not many moments had passed when he became aware that they were no longer alone. He could see no one, but he thought he could hear voices. Shortly, over the hilltop behind, there appeared the tip of a cap, then a forehead, then a head, then the whole body of a man riding on a mule. But that was not all: the figure had hardly become visible at the waist when another person, mounted on a second mule, but not so sleek a one, also came into view. A gentleman, without a doubt, traveling with his servant! He was riding a mule, as all wealthy people did in those days.

Fernando studied the man's costume anxiously, to guess, if possible, what sort of person he might be. A gentleman of quality, to judge by his garments: a hat of bast, set off with tapering stripes of blue silk; a loose coat of blue broadcloth, with a cape hanging down behind in a style the Moors of Granada had made popular among the Christians of Spain. The feet, visible under the flaps of the coat, were shod in blue. At his belt a sword, broad and somewhat shorter than those worn by the warriors of the royal armies. Fernando had loitered much about the shops of the armorers in Andujar; and he had heard men of experience in such matters say that swords of that kind were worn for the most part by captains of ships that went to sea.

The man behind, to judge by his costume and bearing, was probably a rustic of the region where they now were—perhaps a hired muleteer who had undertaken to handle the gentleman's baggage. This he had packed on a bony underfed mule, which he was also using for a mount.

As the gentleman reached the spot where Fernando was seated at Lucero's side, he drew in his startled mule and brought it to a stop. Then quietly and with courtly manner he inquired whether the youth lying on the ground were ill or perchance dead.

As the man sat there on his mule, he seemed to be tall, with strong muscular limbs, shining and notably white eyeballs, the setting for dark blue eyes, a ruddy face with freckles, a hooked nose, smooth-shaven cheeks and startlingly red hair. However, most of his locks had already turned gray or white, this sign of age contrasting sharply with the impression of energy and self-reliance given by his personality as a whole.

While surveying the features of this man who had appeared, as he believed, in answer to his prayer, Fernando was explaining in a faltering voice that his companion had fainted from fatigue and lack of food—they had no bread, they had no wine.

"By Saint Ferdinand!" the gentleman exclaimed. "Now that God is remembering me, I cannot allow such a handsome youth to die of hunger!"

And at his bidding, the rustic dismounted from his mule, unhooked a well-filled sack of wine from the saddle-pack; and then, from a bag slung on behind, drew a long half-loaf of bread, a piece of hard oily cheese and a length of longanisa sausage.

Fernando fell avidly upon the food, for the

mere sight of such good things suddenly quickened the hunger he had been suppressing for two days; and in order to partake of it, he rose to his feet, again resting his companion's head on the roll of clothing. The movement awakened Lucero, who opened her eyes and seemed to regain strength in the presence of these two strange men. In a voice at once soft and commanding as of a person accustomed to authority, the gentleman bade her eat and drink; and she obeyed as though it were impossible to do otherwise.

While the two youths were eating their meal, the traveler in the blue cloak continued plying Fernando with questions—Lucero, evidently, was not in a condition to talk.

"He is a younger brother?"

Fernando nodded in the affirmative, though trying to frame his answer in evasive words. "He is the person I love most in the world! My father was killed by the Moors. We are going to Cordoba to put ourselves out as servants—if we find the chance."

"You are an Old Christian?"

Since the question referred to him alone, Fernando answered courageously: "An Old Christian, so may I serve God! My name is Fernando Cuevas."

"And your brother?"

The youth hesitated a moment; then he thought of one of his playmates at Andujar, and replied: "His real name is Pero de Salcedo, but we always called him Lucero at home!"

That brothers should have different names caused no surprise to the unknown gentleman. In those times a person chose among his ancestors the name that best suited him, whether for its sound or for its aristocratic associations.

The gentleman stood silent for a moment. Then he seemed to make a decision. "In God's name I tell you, boy—since you are looking for a master, I will take you both! You have never been to sea?"

Fernando shook his head, but he added joyfully that he had no greater wish in life. He and his brother Lucero were eager to see new countries, and no employer could be better to their liking than one who traveled about.

At a command from the gentleman, the rustic assisted Fernando in lifting Lucero from the ground and seating her on the mule that carried the baggage. The man, as the gentleman explained, was a carrier of Cordoba, who had gone with a load to Granada. There he had met him and taken him into service. The boy, Salcedo, would not fall; he would be sitting astride the mule on the saddle in front of the driver. Fernando would ride behind on the other mule.

And they set out on the march again; but as they rode along the gentleman remarked:

"Before we go on to the sea from Cordoba, we must get a donkey for you two young fellows. But at the sea, there we shall all change our mounts for other horses—horses of good stout oak!"

There was a long silence, broken only by the crunching of the eight hoofs in the red dust of the road. But after a time Fernando, desirous of learning more about his unknown benefactor, asked in a respectful voice of the gentleman riding in front of him, "My lord, and now my master—how should I address your Worship?"

The man turned his head around and looked at him, a smile of triumphant pleasure on his face.

"In Cordoba, whither we are bound, they call me by various names. I am known here as 'the captain' and there as simple 'master.' Many have called me 'Don Out-at-Elbows'; but the sovereigns at last have ordered things better! Now they must call me 'Don Cristobal!' You may do likewise, for the moment." And he added after a pause: "When we reach the sea, you will address me in another way!"

Many physicians there were in Cordoba, some confessedly Jews, others New Christians, as though the mysteries of healing were a monopoly of the Jewish race; but none of them as celebrated as Gabriel de Acosta, who was

commonly known about the city as "the Doctor," and required no further names to establish his identity.

He was still a young man—barely forty—dark-complexioned, with black eyes and hair that seemed even blacker, though the first touches of gray were beginning to sprinkle it. A lordly, majestic bearing native with him was heightened by his long, somber-colored robes; and the fact that the sovereigns summoned him to court whenever a physician was needed during their residence in Cordoba, contributed mightily to the prestige and to the earnings of the shrewd "convert."

His house in Cordoba was vast and commodious, almost a palace, and the luxury of its equipment was the talk of the city.

This display—it was frankly such—created no hostilities for the physician. The Cordoban rabble, which hated Jews because they were rich, and Genoese, Flemings and Germans because they did such profitable business in the country, had a certain liking for the luxury-loving doctor, as though a glow from his splendor were reflected somehow upon their town. His hand always opened at the appeal of need. The poor he attended without charge, and he worked cures which haloed his person with the worshipful awe accorded to magicians of achievement.

And yet Gabriel de Acosta was as much of a *martano* as any other converted Jew. Not a hundred years had passed since the great massacres at the end of the fourteenth century when his Jewish forefathers had accepted baptism to save their lives and their properties, taking the name of Acosta like many of their fellow tribesmen in Spain and Portugal, and continuing after their conversion the exercise of the medical profession hereditary in the family.

Despite these antecedents, Gabriel de Acosta was a cause of no concern to the newly founded tribunal of the Inquisition, and not so much because the Inquisitors were sure of his Christian beliefs as because they were convinced he would never try to propagate the faith of Judah.

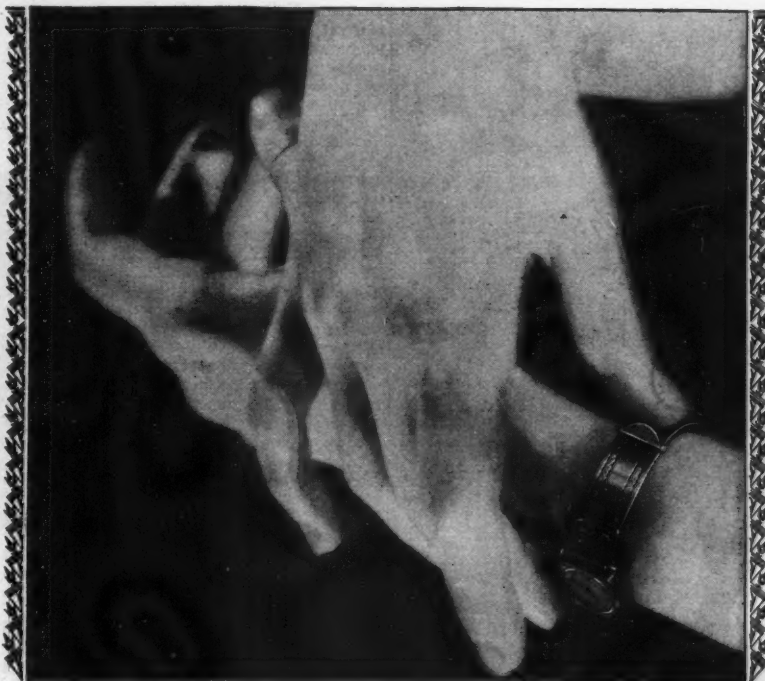
For one thing, popular with the Christians, he was hated by the Israelites, not as a convert—thousands of Spanish Jews were in that case—but as a man who did not believe in anything—something far worse, in their fanatical eyes, even than being a Christian. Of his heresies, meantime, the Inquisitors were well informed; but they regarded him as a pleasant good-natured lunatic, who was wise enough to keep his crazy thinking to himself. The doctor, furthermore, scrupulously observed all his duties as a Christian and offered not the slightest impediment to the devotions of his wife, the beautiful and godly Doña Mencía, a woman born of a long line of Old Christians.

Doña Mencía was a tall portly woman, with that lymphatic whiteness of skin which comes to odalisks and nuns and all women who lead sedentary secluded lives. Her doctor she admired as a man and as a scientist.

She herself could read only with difficulty and her hand would begin to shake whenever she had to undergo the torture of slowly tracing her signature in a rude scrawl. God had not seen fit to send her children, so she filled her idle hours by inventing new dishes for the doctor's table, personally supervising the kitchen, the pantry and the wardrobe.

Spiteful tongues had betrayed to Doña Mencía several infidelities of her doctor, one especially with a pretty Jewess of Andujar. But the Christian matron, though they roused her wrath at first, eventually learned to bear these little misfortunes. Men—why complain?—were built that way; and she was sure the doctor had higher regard for her than for any of the others.

If the good-natured and charitable Doña Mencía accepted her husband's reported waywardness with a lightness who could say how sincere and how affected, they were far more serious matters sometimes with Doctor Acosta himself. In spite of his unpopularity as a convert in the synagogues, the proclamation of the



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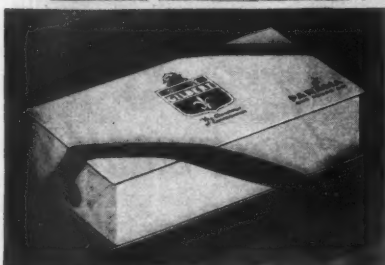
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GILBERT

CHOCOLATES

Decree of Exile against the Jews was a source of great worry to him; and one element in his uncomfortable state of mind was the obligation he felt of keeping certain negotiations he was now engaged in from coming to the knowledge of his wife.

For some weeks previous to the month of May in the year 1492, Doctor Acosta had been in intimate connection with one Pero Gonzalez, a man distinguished from the dozens of other Gonzalezes in Cordoba by a title of which he was rather proud—"the royal butler." Gonzalez, in fact, had for some years been in charge of the pantries, the furniture and the tableware of the royal household, a post which made him an important personage whenever public functions involving refreshments were held at court.

It was on just such an occasion, eight years before, that Doctor Acosta, then at court in attendance on the Queen, had met the man, who, for his part, was always eager to establish relations with people evidently in favor with the sovereigns. Acosta regarded him as an intelligent fellow—perhaps too intelligent, since, with his quickness of wit and his tireless energy, Gonzalez was always figuring in risky financial adventures where he had a faculty for coming out with as much money as other people lost. His services were available for anyone who could pay, when it was a question of favor or privilege at court to secure which required influence and "tactful management."

Knowing well the complicated history and the unscrupulous character of Pero Gonzalez, it was with some misgivings that Doctor Acosta had called him to his house to seek his aid in a matter of importance which the doctor otherwise could think of no way to arrange.

Acosta had been dumfounded at the precise information which Gonzalez possessed with regard to things which the doctor had supposed unknown to anyone.

"You may have heard," Acosta began, "of a certain rich Jew who lives in Andujar—Don Isaac Cohen. He has a daughter by his third wife, Doña Debora. The girl's name is Lucero."

"Yes, I know the story," the once royal butler replied, in an offhand manner, probably assumed for the occasion. "This lady, Doña Debora, was formerly the mistress of a famous physician in Cordoba—I shall not mention his name. Don Isaac thinks the girl is his. Her real father is the doctor."

Angered at the insolent assurance with which the words were uttered, Acosta retained his composure sufficiently to answer: "That is none of my business, nor of yours, that I can see! However, I am interested in the girl for reasons which I do not think it necessary to state."

"I meant no offense," Gonzalez answered. "What can I do for you?"

"Her father is a fanatical Jew, determined to accept exile rather than be reasonable in the matter of faith. I am anxious to find some way to keep the girl from sharing in his misfortunes. I would like to have her stay in Spain. Of course I shall find some way to look after her."

Accepting a rather munificent sum for his expenses, Gonzalez had set out for Andujar the next day, bearing a brief note of introduction which begged Doña Debora to have full confidence in anything that he should do or say. Within a fortnight he had returned, manifesting an extraordinary enthusiasm in the whole intrigue. To his own great alarm, Acosta remarked that Gonzalez had seen Lucero, and the girl's fresh, almost childish beauty had had a strange fascination for this bachelor of licentious life.

"The best way to free the girl from the law of exile is to marry her to a Christian," Gonzalez said. "I have no wife. To do you a favor, Doctor Acosta, I should be perfectly willing to take the girl myself. The mother, Doña Debora, liked the idea the moment I proposed it. She herself will follow Don Isaac wherever he goes. But in spite of the grand prophecies the rabbis are making about the riches and prosperity Jehovah will bring to the Jews

abroad, she is afraid of what will happen to the family. She would be happy to know that her daughter is safe in Spain, married to a friend of yours, and always under your—may I say fatherly?—protection!"

To be sure, there were difficulties, as the former royal butler went on to explain. He had ventured to broach the matter to Don Isaac, but that heroic patriarch had indignantly refused to allow a child of his to accept baptism.

"And there's another thing!" Gonzalez continued. "It seems the girl is more or less in love with a young fellow named Cuevas. He is always loitering about the Cohen house, whenever he thinks there's a chance of seeing her. But there will be no great trouble with him! I have already told him to go about his business. If he persists, I will have my friend Garduña drop a word to the Brotherhood down there. Garduña is captain of the Brotherhood throughout this whole district, you know. I can make some charge against this fellow Cuevas, and they will keep him locked up till this other matter is settled. Meantime they won't hurt him, if he behaves!"

Doctor Acosta sat up in fear at these brazen proposals of the court "trafficker," repentant now at ever having thought of using the good offices of such a man. However, as he well saw, it was now too late. He could do nothing but express his absolute refusal of such a solution of Lucero's problem.

"Of course I will do exactly as you wish!" Gonzalez replied. "I thought of marrying the girl only to help you out. We will drop that idea, then. But, as you can see, with Don Isaac feeling as he does, there is no way to arrange matters through the court. All I can do now is carry the girl off, with her mother's consent, and get her here to Cordoba. Then you can do with her just what you like!"

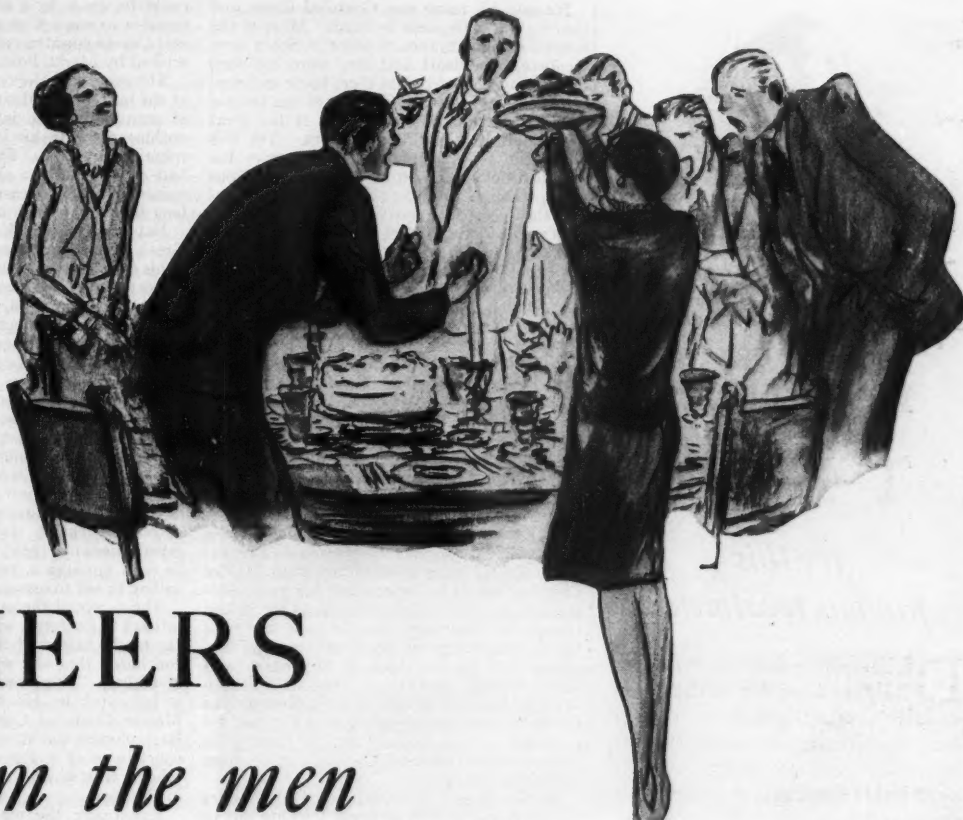
These complaisant words did not altogether allay Doctor Acosta's fears. With Lucero once in his power, the man easily could create a situation so complicated that he, Acosta, might find many reasons to consent to her baptism and marriage.

However, there was too little time for cautious action. At any moment Lucero might be forced by her father to marry within the Jewish faith, and then there would be no escape from the exile. Besides, Gonzalez, when all was said and done, had a certain position at court and in Cordoba. There would be limits to any dishonest schemes he might be developing in his mind. There was even the chance that he might be honest. It was better on the whole to accept the plan for the abduction, making Gonzalez' reward handsome enough to temper his remoter ambitions with immediate satisfaction to greed.

And the sometime royal butler had returned to Andujar.

However, the man Gonzalez had also talked of other matters during this second long conference with the physician, and Doctor Acosta thought he had divined other curious aspects of the man's character. In spite of the shrewdness men of rapacious instincts make it a practise to cultivate, they are usually, he reflected, the most credulous men in the world, easily succumbing to the dreams of the first visionary spirit who dangles prospects of wealth before their eyes. Gonzalez, in the few years past, had amassed a considerable fortune, and he was planning to invest it in a fantastic enterprise for the discovery of the mines of Solomon and of the Empire of the Grand Khan which was being promoted by a man known to Gonzalez as "Master Cristobal!"

This idea of the royal butler had been often in the doctor's thoughts during the days following Gonzalez' second visit, and for other reasons as well. Master Cristobal's name had been figuring of late in the advices that came in from the Royal Encampment at Granada; and it so happened that Doctor Acosta had known Master Cristobal well for nearly six years. In fact, the sailor in question often had been in the physician's house, and had accepted favors and financial assistance from Acosta and Acosta's friends.



CHEERS

from the men

greeted her Biscuits and Home-made Cake



¶ The Shortcake is made from the recipe at the top of page 21 of the Royal Cook Book using oranges instead of strawberries. Bake the dough in a deep tin, split and place orange sections between and on top. Sprinkle with powdered sugar before serving.



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He said his name was Cristobal Colón and that he was a Genoese by birth. Most of the foreign merchants then resident in Spain were Genoese, or at least said they were; for such nationality tended to win them favor and support among the rich merchants of the famous Italian republic, who held most of the great monopolies of the Spanish realm. Yet this statement as to his origins, which gave the so-called Colón access to people he was desirous of approaching, was the only definite information the doctor had been able to draw from the man's own lips. All the rest was vague and mysterious, one story contradicting another till the doctor was sometimes tempted to regard the man Colón either as an incorrigible dreamer or as a downright liar.

There was just as much doubt about his age. Sometimes he would pretend to more than forty; then again he would deny he was more than thirty, attributing the whiteness of his hair to the hard life he had lived at sea. More than once it occurred to Doctor Acosta that this "Genoese" might be a convert like himself, prudently concealing his Jewish ancestry in a country where the hand of the law was falling heavily upon the members of that race.

With his well-known fondness for men of the sea, Doctor Acosta was inclined on the whole to take the man seriously. He would sit listening to him for hours in his library while Master Cristobal would be expounding his geographical fancies and outlining his plans for future voyages of discovery. At the time the man Colón was living on small subventions furnished him by the Duke of Medinaceli and other wealthy gentlemen. And this scanty living he eked out by chance invitations such as the doctor was often glad to give him and by peddling printed books—then a novelty in Europe—from convent to convent or from scholar to scholar.

Doctor Acosta had decided that Master Cristobal was a man of scant learning but of great natural ability. He talked vaguely and with discrepancies of voyages about the Mediterranean, always as mate or pilot, but never in actual command of a ship. From one allusion the doctor gathered he had been a pirate in his youth, finding himself obliged to take to the water during a combat off the coast of Portugal, and making his way ashore on a bit of wreckage.

The man's history became clearer after his arrival in Portugal. Thence he had gone out on several voyages to the north of Europe, returning always to Lisbon, which was then the greatest shipping center of Christendom. The Portuguese, at the moment, were advancing down the west coast of Africa, founding one trading-post after another and looking for a road to the Indies. Colón had participated in voyages to Guinea, where the Europeans bartered cargoes of trinkets for cargoes of negro slaves.

It was in Portugal that Colón married. His wife was a certain Felipa Muñiz, daughter of a Portuguese mariner named Pelletrelo, who had discovered the Isle of Porto Santo near Madeira. To this island, indeed, Colón had gone to live with his wife, working in the employ of his father-in-law, who had been appointed governor of the island he owned.

After Pelletrelo's death Colón had access to all the man's papers, and probably had mastered most of the geographical information gathered by the School for Navigation founded at Sagres by the late Prince Henry, Infante of Portugal. By this time the Spaniards and the Portuguese, between them, had discovered Madeira, the Azores, the Canaries and the archipelago of the Green Cape (Cape Verde). And the colonists on these volcanic isles, which had been fished as it were from the blue bosom of the Unknown Ocean, all believed that still other undiscovered lands lay beyond them.

Eventually the man Colón came back to Lisbon and managed to find his way to the King with the proposal of a new voyage to the Indies, westward. He had figured that by sailing west for some seven hundred leagues, or twenty-eight hundred miles—a journey that

could be made in a few weeks—it would be possible to reach Cipango and Cathay (Japan and China), countries of the fabulous riches described by Marco Polo.

The experts at the court of Lisbon perceived at the outset that Master Cristobal was a man of scanty scientific information. There was nothing novel in his idea that the earth was spherical in shape. The Greeks of Alexandria had determined the shape of the earth, and quite accurately measured its circumference, long before the birth of Jesus Christ.

But this man Colón had interpreted the Greek mile as equivalent to the European mile of his own day; and this led him to believe that the earth's volume was much smaller than the Greeks had ever said. At the same time, he thought Asia was much larger than the men of learning of his day knew it to be. As he saw it, the Asiatic continent covered a vast proportion of the globe's surface, reaching east to within two or three thousand miles of Spain.

However, it was less because of his scientific heresies than because of the ambitions and exorbitant terms which he demanded for leading the enterprise, that the King of Portugal was induced to reject his schemes. The King did not like this foreigner who came to court without scientific training but with grand expectations of gold, titles and honors to be won through a project which he was as willing to sell to one nation as to another.

The career of the man Colón, following this setback in Portugal, was much easier to follow. He rarely talked of his wife; but the doctor concluded that she was still living, probably in Lisbon. There seemed also to be a child, a boy still in his infancy, named Diego. Master Cristobal Colón also had a brother, Bartholomew Colón, who was going about from court to court in Europe, promoting the same scheme with which Cristobal himself had failed in Portugal.

Eventually the man had left Lisbon and come to Spain, where he had made connections with the Duke of Medinaceli. This duke was a wealthy armorer, who had built a fine fleet of fishing-vessels at the Port of Santa Maria, exploiting his monopoly of the tunny fisheries in the Straits of Gibraltar. It was the Duke of Medinaceli who had passed the man on to the royal court at Cordoba—in which city the sovereigns had settled for a time to be nearer to the campaigns against Granada.

Close as he stood to affairs at court, Doctor Acosta was constantly hearing of the man Colón's new disappointments and adventures. He heard of his love-affair with a girl named Beatrice de Arana, from whom he had had a second son. He heard of the advances he kept making to the sovereigns, whether at Cordoba or at the encampment before the walls of Granada. The King and Queen, busily bringing a great national and religious war to a successful conclusion, were really too deeply involved to think of anything else. They had not dismissed Colón. They were merely putting him off from week to week, from month to month.

Meanwhile he was winning many people to his idea, courtiers and priests, ignorant of geography and ignorant of the sea, who felt the allurements of this romantically experienced sailor and were dazzled by the glowing reality with which he could clothe his dream.

Among such people, and significantly as regarded Colón's origin, Doctor Acosta thought, were certain converted Jews, much esteemed by King Ferdinand and entrusted with high offices at court. The most important of them all was Luis Santangel, a banker of Valencia, whose ancestors only a generation back had practised the religion of Judah. Santangel was convinced of the practical nature of Colón's proposal.

While others talked of the Grand Khan's gold and of the wealth of Asia in metals and precious stones, he had his mind on an important commodity of commerce—on the spices of Asia, cinnamon, pepper, cloves, ginger. Since the fall of Constantinople in the year 1453, the Turks and Arabs had full control of the lucrative trade in spices. Let this man Colón

chance to find his route to the Indies westward, and Spain would become the greatest commercial power in Christendom—greater even than Venice!

Unfortunately, just as in Portugal, Colón failed of securing the help he desired because of his enormous pretensions. In exchange for an idea which the most sympathetic scientists could only call wild, he asked immediately for money, ships and men; but then, in case of success, he demanded a share in perpetuity of all income that might be derived from lands discovered, the rank of Admiral of the Ocean Sea for the Kingdom of Castile, and nomination as Viceroy of the new territories, a title that should descend upon his children and his children's children forever! It was clear that this penniless man, who was risking not a cent of his own, was dreaming of rule over a hereditary monarchy greater than any state in Europe! Ferdinand and Isabella dismissed him as King John of Portugal had done.

For a moment Doctor Acosta had supposed that this fiasco would mean the end of the Genoese and his geographical deliriums; but he had soon heard another story which made him reflect once more on the enormous faith and will-power of the man, and his capacity for winning in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles. Colón had departed from Granada penniless and a vagabond, with not enough money to hire or buy a mule. He had walked to Seville, to get his elder son Diego, with the intention of taking the boy—the mother had recently died—to some distant relatives in Huelva.

Still begging his way, and traveling afoot, leading the little boy by the hand, Colón had come one night to the tiny convent of La Rábida, a short distance from Huelva, to ask for a night's lodging. There he had chanced to tell his story to the warden of the monks, one Father Perez, sometime confessor to Queen Isabella.

The kindly and simple-minded priest fell under the spell of this unfortunate man of the sea. He kept "Don Out-at-Elbows" at the convent long enough for a letter to reach the Queen. Then the priest went in person to Granada to solicit a reconsideration of the sailor's proposals. The King was in good humor over the capture of the Moorish stronghold. He consented to see Colón again. Again he was amused and angered at the grotesque terms of the proposed contract.

It was again the convert Santangel who persuaded the King, and with a two-faced argument. Why not give the man all the titles he asked for? He would reach Asia, if at all, with a couple of boats and a handful of men. With such a force, would he be able to make very serious trouble for a kingdom which, according to his own stories, counted armies of millions with armed elephants by the thousand? The main consideration was a new route to the spices!

The King agreed to finance the expedition. But with what? The royal treasury and the sources of more revenue were exhausted by the long war against the Moors. To pay the troops for the final attack, Queen Isabella had had to pawn her jewels with the usurers of the different cities. No more money could be raised on them. A third time the convert Santangel manned the breach: he would lend a million *maravedis* from his own moneys, to enable Colón to hire and equip a fleet of vessels and start on his journey. And as evidence of his generosity, he agreed to make the interest on the loan merely one and one-half percent!

"But it is twelve thousand miles to China, and not two!" Doctor Acosta had observed to Pero Gonzalez, when the once royal butler had spoken of his interest in Colón's expedition. And when the "trafficker" had gone off again to Andujar, his fears for Lucero continued to be crossed by the mental image of a fleet of tiny vessels making their way out into the wastes of the Sea of Darkness, looking for a Grand Khan who was no more, in a land they never would reach.

One evening about a week later, Doña Mencía



"—this luncheon will cost you more, Bill!"

"I've Said Good-bye to Indigestion!"

Both buyer and salesman had often lunched together before, but this time the buyer said: "Today I'm going to eat heavily."

"Great—but where did you get the new appetite?"

"Well, Bill, I've found a way to enjoy bigger and better lunches."

"How is that?" said the other.

"Why, you see, I now know how to fix my old enemy—indigestion. I just eat a few Life Saver Pep-O-Mints after each meal and presto—no more discomfort and suffering. I've said 'Good-bye' to indigestion."

* * *

Why suffer from indigestion when you can relieve it so easily by using the same old method that our grandfathers used—peppermint?

Use it in this delicious new form—Pep-O-Mint Life Savers; the little candy mints with the hole.

Try them after meals when you first feel that heavy logy feeling coming over you or to relieve the irritating distress of indigestion. Pep-O-Mint is displayed at all good stores so that you may help yourself.

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They are
"life savers"



As an aid
to digestion

P. S.
Lots of folks are
enjoying
LIFE SAVER
FRUIT DROPS
Orange, Lemon,
Lime and Grape.
Also Anise. Have
you tried them?

reported an interesting piece of news to her husband. That man named Cristobal Colón was back in Cordoba again. He had thought for a moment of seeking Doctor Acosta's hospitality, since he bore letters patent from the sovereigns billeting him on any man of means he might choose. Finally he had decided to go to the place where he had always lived in Cordoba—the inn of the Three Wise Men, kept by Antonio Buenosvinos; only this time he would take the best room in the house. He was now a person of importance, and for once he had money enough!

Doctor Acosta was thinking of going to bed when a series of loud knocks resounded from his front door. A servant came hurrying into the room:

"A gentleman on horseback! He asks to see the Señor Doctor at once!"

ACOSTA was accustomed to visits at all hours; he imagined this time it might be an urgent call from some gentleman from the country. But as he was entering the library to receive the gentleman, the servant murmured in a lower tone:

"He said to tell you it is Señor Pero Gonzalez, back from Andujar!"

The doctor started with a movement at once of fear and of anticipation. Was Lucero in trouble?

Gonzalez was waiting impatiently in the library. His sharp, wrinkled face, too old for a man younger by years than Acosta, wore now an expression of anger and anxiety. His clothes were covered with dust as though from a hard ride. He still had on his boots and spurs. "I hurried back to tell you," he began. "They've run away!"

And he proceeded in a voice trembling one could not say whether with anger or humiliation to tell the outcome of his intrigue at Andujar.

"I had everything arranged!" he continued. "The Brotherhood was about to arrest the fellow. I picked a quarrel with him, and he hit me with a stone. But he got an inkling of what was going on and was not to be found the following day. The girl had disappeared too. However, we're on their track. The scouts of the Brotherhood have been ordered to watch for them everywhere. On the way here from Andujar I inquired at all the inns and houses. One man I met on the road thought he saw a young fellow answering the description of Cuevas headed toward the Granada highway; but there was no girl with him—just another boy. We shall find them sooner or later; and when I get my hands on them—"

Doctor Acosta could see that in the anger the former royal butler kept expressing toward the young man there was something more than irritation at two fruitless rides.

"On the other hand," he finally resumed, "they may turn up here in Cordoba. They are not here yet. I had to have the gates opened to let me in after dark—they always do for me, you know, as a relative of Garduña. No one arrived from the south today—except Don Cristobal, with his man and two valets. He is stopping at Buenosvinos' place. I shall see him there tomorrow. I thought of going to the inn myself tonight; but then it seemed better to put up with Garduña, and talk this matter of Cuevas and the girl over with him."

And as Gonzalez made his plans, he never would have dreamed that the pair of lovers he sought were peacefully asleep on the top floor of a building only a few doors away, where Don Cristobal had lodged them in his quarters at the Three Wise Men.

Since his master was an early riser, it was barely dawn when Fernando left the garret chamber in which he had been sleeping with Lucero. His companion in flight still lay motionless on her mattress, with no other signs of life than a fitful breathing. She deserved the rest after that terrible journey, poor thing! He tiptoed from the room, to present himself at his master's door on the second floor of the tavern.

Don Cristobal was walking up and down in his bedroom, a little book in his hand. He was performing his morning devotions. The boy's attendance seemed to annoy him. No, he had no orders to give! He was waiting for the man who had made the trip with him from Granada.

"I told him to look around for a mule. We need one for you and your brother—something that will serve for the rest of the trip. You might wait downstairs till he comes. If I need you I will call."

Fernando had never been in Cordoba before, and he took his seat on the wall bench near the tavern door, gazing up and down the street with the curiosity inspired by a strange environment. The bells of the *Inglesia Mayor* and other churches were ringing for early morning mass; and hurrying thither down the street came women and young ladies, such as he knew in his home town, their black shawls drawn across their faces in Moorish style so as to show only one of their great round eyes that roved provokingly and interestedly about; old dowagers with hooked noses and wrinkled dusty skins; gentlemen of cape and sword striding majestically along, with rosaries of great beads dangling from their scabbards.

Cuevas was soon to be joined by a companion who could give him a less distant introduction to the mysteries of the strange faces of this wondrous city. The fat, good-natured proprietor of the inn, Antonio Buenosvinos, was wont to take the sun each morning at the door of his tavern, where he was most likely to encounter native prominent and such transients as were in town.

The innkeeper's forehead almost touched the ground before a tall, corpulent, dark-skinned individual who came walking gravely by, dressed in a long silk robe that reached his ankles and surrounded by a group of people, men and women, who were all talking at once in an effort to attract the great man's attention.

"One at a time, please," the magnate admonished with a kindly smile. "There will be an opportunity for all of you! It's only fair to begin with the patients nearest at hand!"

"That is Gabriel, the physician," said Buenosvinos, with sincere enthusiasm, as the company moved on. "The greatest man in Cordoba, and in the whole world! He is as famous as my wines! There you have him at this early hour, surrounded by throngs of poor people who are quarreling for his services and imploring him to visit their sick. Well, if he can't cure them, nobody can. And he never takes a cent except from the rich! There's a man for you! And he lives just below here! We're proud to have him in our quarter!"

Doctor Acosta's name was not unfamiliar to Fernando. Lucero had talked of him at the time of their flight from Andujar, as her mother's physician, and as someone, their sole connection out in the great world, to whom they might appeal if worse came to worst.

But at his particular age Fernando preferred men of the sword to sages of world-wide renown for learning; and at a nudge from Buenosvinos his eyes turned with envious delight upon a young cavalier who was approaching along the street, in a velvet cap, his cape folded over his arm, and with a youthful and not unattractive insolence in his bearing.

"You are up betimes for your walk this morning, Don Alonso de Ojeda!" said Buenosvinos in good-humored jest. "The air of this street seems to suit your fancy! Indeed, may it bring you all the happiness which I wish your Worship!"

The gentleman, as Cuevas noted, was a finely proportioned man, not much taller than himself, though perhaps four years older, but strong, sturdy, his limbs and muscles so harmoniously knit together that he really seemed much older than his years and much larger than his actual size. Barely twenty, Don Alonso, as Fernando learned, was already gentleman, knight and soldier, and not only a soldier, but a soldier home from a war! How humble he himself, just a poor page, worthy at the most of gazing at a distance upon one of the heroes who had whipped the Moors!

Here for Buenosvinos was another "greatest man in the world," with whom he was proud to exchange greetings.

"He comes from a noble family of Cuenca, and is first cousin to the Venerable Father Alonso de Ojeda, Grand Inquisitor of Spain. However, he is one of the Duke's cadets."

Young Alonso de Ojeda, as Buenosvinos related, had been fighting the Granadans since he was fifteen years old.

"A little fellow, as you saw, but without an equal, whatever the weapon! The best horseman in the realm, and unbeatable with the lance. Nothing can scare him, and he likes a quarrel. But if he always strikes the first blow, he is the first also to forgive and forget. Gallant and skilful as he is in the saddle, he is a first-class soldier on his feet, and a wonderful fencer. He is as strong as he is tireless, but it's his quickness of foot, hand and brain that wins for him."

The innkeeper lowered his voice: "If he weren't such a good Christian and own cousin to a Grand Inquisitor of Spain, you'd think the devil had something to do with his luck. You can't help wondering why a boy like him, who is always getting into fights where blood is drawn, has never yet been scratched in one of them!"

A sudden association seemed to work in the brain of the worthy hosteler:

"Come to think of it, he's a close friend of your master, Don Cristobal, though Don Cristobal is old enough to be this boy's father. They became acquainted through the Duke, who took your master into his service and gave him bed and board for a time, in the days when he was known as 'Don Out-at-Elbows.'"

"They say it happened this way. The Duke came to court for some matter connected with the war in Granada, and brought Don Cristobal with him, so that he could talk about his plans to people of importance. Well, some of the young knights at court caught sight of Don Cristobal one day as he was going along the street looking as hungry as a student of theology, and they began to make fun of his clothes, also calling him a lunatic because of his ideas about geography."

"Don Alonso de Ojeda happened to be there, and he ups and slaps the face of the one who was talking loudest. Swords came out, and there would have been blood on the ground had not some of the cooler ones interfered. Don Cristobal told me the story himself with tears of gratitude in his eyes, and he can't say enough in praise of the young fellow."

AS THE innkeeper sang the glories of the young warrior, Cuevas' eyes followed the progress of the velvet cap on its way down the street, though what he most remembered as the youth passed was the haughty arrogant expression of his face, which seemed somehow to compensate for his slowness of frame and stature. Don Alonso's manner, his carriage, his costume, and now what Cuevas had just been told of his glories, already had made him in the page's eyes a compendium of all the grandeurs attainable by men. How Cuevas wished it had been Don Alonso and not Don Cristobal who had encountered him on the roadside! Though at once a thought of Lucero came to console him. Perhaps it was as well to have an older man for a master, after all!

But the velvet cap stopped at the end of the street, and Cuevas could see that the gallant Don Alonso was examining the grating on the lower windows of the house there.

"That's lawyer Herboso's house," the innkeeper explained. "Herboso is a very important man, a friend of the monarchs. But I don't like him much. I prefer men like Doctor Gabriel. And as between the lawyer and Don Alonso, well, I am for Don Alonso!"

There was trouble in the Herboso household, Buenosvinos went on to explain. Doña Isabel, as he called her, a girl of a shy, yielding exterior, which, however, dissembled something of her father's disposition, would have nothing of a match which her father was proposing; and her passive resistance was

arousing the wrath of the vigorous and rough-handed jurisconsult, who was wont to impose his own will in his own house. To a mutual friend who was pressing the suit of Don Alonso de Ojeda, Herboso had once remarked:

"This young fellow likes to fight for the sake of fighting—it isn't for any honor or profit that may come of it. Well, that's not the kind of husband I want for my girl. She's entitled to something better!"

"Don Alonso, for his part," continued Buenosvinos, "finally lost patience and now openly voices his contempt for the old man, and displays in public his disregard for the precaution Herboso is taking to prevent him from communicating with Doña Isabel. The girl's mother is dead, you know; so Herboso has put her in charge of some old ladies of the family, who keep an eye on her every time she walks to a window and never leave her alone when she goes to church or to call on friends. This doesn't prevent Don Alonso from standing guard in front of the house, as you see him doing now."

"The lawyer breathed a sigh of relief when the boy was called away this last time to the front. But now Granada has fallen, and he's in town again, waiting his chance for a word with the young lady. He knows she loves him. What he doesn't know, perhaps, is that Herboso is not an easy man to trifle with. If anyone is likely to draw the first blood from this young man, it's the old fox Herboso. Oh, he couldn't do it in a fair fight, you understand. But there are other ways, when you know them. And a man with Herboso's brains is likely to know them!"

Buenosvinos attributed Don Alonso's courage to the belief he had in his own star. Ojeda, to be sure, was a good Christian, but like most men of his time, he placed full trust in fortune-tellers. And he had been told by one of them that he was not to die of a wound in battle.

"It was one of those old witches, with skins like shoe-leather," the innkeeper explained. "They call them gipsies. She takes a look at his hand and she says: 'You're going to die of starvation some day!' What nonsense! Don Alonso is poor and all that, but a man as handy with a sword as he is not going to die for lack of a dinner in this country!"

But Don Alonso was coming back up the street. He seemed to be making for the hotel. Buenosvinos stepped forward to anticipate his orders, but Cuevas could still make out that they were talking of his master.

"I heard he came in last evening at vespers," said Ojeda. "I should like to have a word with him."

The innkeeper motioned toward Fernando. "This boy is his servant—he has another one, a little younger, upstairs in bed."

Cuevas shrank inwardly as he saw the great

warrior's eyes move in his direction. At the same time he was prouder than he could tell of such attention from so wonderful a person. He rose from his bench and made a bow.

Buenosvinos, however, was eager to be pleasing to the young knight and would not allow Cuevas to carry the message to Don Cristobal. He would show Don Alonso to the gentleman's room himself!

Ojeda started through the door, but turned around when he had reached the top of the steps and seemed to be studying the embarrassed page who, for his part, was gazing after him in a veritable trance of admiration:

"You seem to be a likely sort of boy," Ojeda said, "the kind a man could rely on to do an errand well without talking too much!"

Fernando, blushing, embarrassed, stood stupidly, cap in hand, able only to nod in gratitude for this unexpected approval from a hero.

Don Alonso came down the steps and pointed to the last house on the street, the house which Cuevas had learned to be the residence of lawyer Herboso. There was not much to do! Cuevas was to walk up and down in front of it, trying not to attract attention if he saw one or more of the old women at any of the windows. Sooner or later a little Moorish girl would show herself.

"When she does," said Ojeda, "you just step up and, in an offhand manner, as naturally as possible, you hand her this!" And Don Alonso gave Cuevas a piece of paper, folded so that it might fit into a closed hand.

In view of the sacrifices he would have been willing to make for such a grand personage as this wonderful *hidalgo*, Cuevas thought the task assigned him very simple indeed. With another deep bow before Don Alonso, he walked off down the street, pretending to take no interest whatever in the lordly mansion of the lawyer Herboso, though his eyes were fixed upon it. Several times he walked up and down past the gratings on the ground floor. No one! So he ventured to draw nearer. And at last, sure enough, he caught sight, at a safe distance within the room, of the dusky face, the black eyes, the heavy joined eyebrows of a tiny Moorish girl.

The slave shrank back in fright as, suddenly, he stepped up to the window.

"Here, here!" he called softly. "For you! From Don Alonso!"

The girl smiled and came forward; her little hand darted out between the bars of the gratings; and the missive was hers so rapidly that no one could have observed what was taking place. As Fernando turned away he caught sight of another girlish face on the other side of the grating, an oval of soft white, marked by two large bluish eyes, two folds of smooth, shining chestnut hair falling to either side of

the forehead, and between them, a triangle of white skin centered about a sparkling jewel, which, in its turn, hung from the little gold chain that girdled her brow like a crown.

So this must be Doña Isabel, the girl who had brought Don Alonso back to Cordoba to face the wrath of the powerful jurist! And young Cuevas stopped in his tracks, dazzled by the beautiful apparition. For the first time in his life this son of a poor widow of Andujar had caught sight of a lady of the upper classes in her home costume, without the veil that hid the faces of Spanish women on the streets.

He saw the letter pass from the little slave girl to the mistress as rapidly and as dexterously as he had delivered it himself! And it reminded him of the dangers of his errand. He might be seen by the master or some servant of the house! So he bowed courteously to Doña Isabel, and was away up the street toward the tavern of Buenosvinos.

The tavern-keeper was waiting for him at the door with an urgent order from Don Cristobal. It was a question of carrying news of the latter's arrival in Cordoba to a woman named Beatrice Enriquez de Arana who lived in one of the most crowded sections of the city.

Cuevas started out with a few directions from Buenosvinos, but relying on the help of passers-by whenever he felt in danger of going wrong. It was at just such a moment at a perplexing crossing of streets that he was about to question two men who were approaching, both gentlemen, evidently, since they carried swords, but one of them dressed in the black costume worn by all agents of justice.

Fortunately they were engaged in animated conversation and did not notice Cuevas, who for his part, at sight of the minister of the law, stepped aside hurriedly into the open portal of a building close at hand. The precaution was even luckier than he thought, for in one of the two men he recognized that same Pero Gonzalez who he thought was in Andujar and whom he had hit with a stone a few days before!

The men paused for a moment at the crossing, without, however, looking in through the door into which Cuevas had fled. The page was able to hear a fragment of what Gonzalez was saying to his companion:

"A general alarm has been sent out to the squads of the Brotherhood. A lookout will be kept in all the towns of the south. It is our business to find out whether they are here; and once we lay hands on them—the boy especially—"

Divining that these menacing words referred to himself and to Lucero, Cuevas waited, his heart in his mouth, till the two men had gone on. Then he stole cautiously from his refuge and resumed his hunt for the obscure address in this great and unknown town.

An unexpected meeting with the rascally butler threatens fresh disaster for the lovers in the December Instalment of Blasco Ibañez' great novel

Ex-Parte by Ring W. Lardner (Continued from page 45)

dinner. Helga didn't get home from church till half past twelve."

"I'm glad of it," said Florence. "I want you to take me all through this beautiful, beautiful house right this minute."

Mrs. Dwan called her husband and insisted that he stop in the middle of mixing a cocktail so he could join us in a tour of the beautiful, beautiful house.

"You wouldn't guess it," said Mrs. Dwan, "but it used to be a barn."

I was going to say I had guessed it. Florence gave me a look that changed my mind.

"When Jim and I first came here," said Mrs. Dwan, "we lived in an ugly little rented house on Oliver Street. It was only temporary, of course; we were just waiting till we found what we really wanted. We used to drive around the country Saturday afternoons and Sundays, hoping we would run across the right sort of

thing. It was in the late fall when we first saw this place.

"Oh, Jim!" I exclaimed. "Look at that simply gorgeous old barn! With those wide shingles! And I'll bet you it's got hand-hewn beams in that middle, main section." Jim bet me I was wrong, so we left the car, walked up the driveway, found the door open and came brazenly in. I won my bet as you can see."

She pointed to some dirty old rotten beams that ran across the living-room ceiling and looked as if five or six generations of rats had used them for gnawing practise.

"They're beautiful!" said Florence.

"The instant I saw them," said Mrs. Dwan, "I knew this was going to be our home!"

"I can imagine!" said Florence.

"We made inquiries and learned that the place belonged to a family named Taylor," said Mrs. Dwan. "The house had burned

down and they had moved away. It was suspected that they had started the fire themselves, as they were terribly hard up and it was insured. Jim wrote to old Mr. Taylor in Seattle and asked him to set a price on the barn and the land, which is about four acres. They exchanged several letters and finally Mr. Taylor accepted Jim's offer. We got it for a song."

"Wonderful!" said Florence.

"And then, of course," Mrs. Dwan continued, "we engaged a house-wrecking company to tear down the other four sections of the barn—the stalls, the cow-shed, the tool-shed, and so forth—and take them away, leaving us just this one room. We had a man from Seattle come and put in these old pine walls and the flooring, and plaster the ceiling. He was recommended by a friend of Jim's and he certainly knew his business."

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"He made the hay-loft over for us, too, and we got the wings built by day-labor, with Jim and me supervising. It was so much fun that I was honestly sorry when it was finished."

"I can imagine!" said Florence.

Well, I am not very well up in Early American, which was the name they had for pretty nearly everything in the place, but for the benefit of those who are not on terms with the Dwans I will try and describe from memory the *objets d'art* they bragged of the most.

The living-room walls were brown bare boards without a picture or scrap of wall-paper. On the floor were two or three "hooked rugs," whatever that means, but they needed five or six more of them, or one big carpet, to cover up all the knots in the wood. There was a maple "low-boy"; a "dough-trough" table they didn't have space for in the kitchen; a pine "stretcher" table with sticks connecting the four legs near the bottom so you couldn't put your feet anywhere; a "Dutch" chest that looked as if it had been ordered from the undertaker by one of Singer's Midgets, but he got well; and some "Windsor" chairs in which the only position you could get comfortable was to stand up behind them and lean your elbows on their back.

Not one piece that matched another, and not one piece of mahogany anywhere. And the ceiling, between the beams, had apparently been plastered by a workman who was that way, too.

"Some day soon I hope to have a piano," said Mrs. Dwan. "I can't live much longer without one. But so far I haven't been able to find one that would fit in."

"Listen," I said. "I've got a piano in storage that belonged to my mother. It's a mahogany upright and not so big that it wouldn't fit in this room, especially when you get that 'trough' table out. It isn't doing me any good and I'll sell it to you for \$250. Mother paid \$1,250 for it new."

"Oh, I couldn't think of taking it!" said Mrs. Dwan.

"I'll make it \$200 even just because you're a friend of Florence's," I said.

"Really, I couldn't!" said Mrs. Dwan.

"You wouldn't have to pay for it all at once," I said.

"Don't you see," said Florence, "that a mahogany upright piano would be a perfect horror in here? Mildred wouldn't have it as a gift, let alone buy it. It isn't in the period."

"She could get it tuned," I said.

The answer to this was, "I'll show you the upstairs now and we can look at the dining-room later on."

We were led to the guest-chamber. The bed was a maple four-poster, with pineapple posts, and a "tester" running from pillar to post. You would think a "tester" might be a man that went around trying out beds, but it's really a kind of a frame that holds a canopy over the bed in case it rains and the roof leaks. There was a quilt made by Mrs. Dwan's great-grandmother, Mrs. Anthony Adams, in 1850, at Lowell, Mass. How is that for a memory?

"This used to be the hay-loft," said Mrs. Dwan.

"You ought to have left some of the hay so the guests could hit it," I said.

The dressers, or chests of drawers, and the chairs were all made of maple. And the same in the Dwans' own room; everything maple.

"If you had maple in one room and mahogany in the other," I said, "people wouldn't get confused when you told them that so and so was up in Maple's room."

Dwan laughed, but the women didn't.

The maid hollered up that dinner was ready.

"The cocktails aren't ready," said Dwan.

"You will have to go without them," said Mrs. Dwan. "The soup will be cold."

This put me in a great mood to admire the "sawbuck" table and the "slat back" chairs, which were evidently the *chef-d'œuvre* and the *pièce de résistance* of the *chez Dwan*.

"It came all the way from Pennsylvania," said Mildred, when Florence's outcries, brought on by her first look at the table, had

died down. "Mother picked it up at a little place near Stroudsburg and sent it to me. It only cost \$550, and the chairs were \$45 apiece."

"How reasonable!" exclaimed Florence.

That was before she had sat in one of them. Only one thing was more unreasonable than the chairs, and that was the table itself, consisting of big planks nailed together and laid onto a railroad tie, supported underneath by a whole forest of crosspieces and beams. The surface was as smooth on top as the trip to Catalina Island, and all around the edges, great big divots had been taken out with some blunt instrument, probably a bayonet. There were stains and scorch marks that Florence fairly crowed over, but when I tried to add to the general ensemble by laying a lighted cigaret down beside my soup-plate, she and both the Dwans yelled murder and made me take it off.

They planted me in an end seat, a location just right for a man who had stretched himself across a railway track and had both legs cut off at the abdomen. Not being that kind of man, I had to sit so far back that very few of my comestibles carried more than half-way to their target.

After dinner I was all ready to go home and get something to eat, but now such a storm broke that I knew it was useless trying to persuade Florence to make a start.

"We'll play some bridge," said Dwan, and to my surprise he produced a card-table that was nowhere near "in the period."

At my place there was a big center chandelier that lighted up a bridge game no matter in what part of the room the table was put. But here we had to waste forty minutes moving lamps and wires and stands, and when we were all fixed, you could tell a red suit from a black suit, but not a spade from a club. Aside from that and the granite-bottomed "Windsor" chairs and the fact that we played "families" for a cent a point and Florence and I won \$12 and didn't get paid, it was one of the pleasantest afternoons I ever spent gambling.

The rain stopped at five o'clock and as we splashed through the puddles of Dwan's driveway, I remarked to Florence that I had never known she was such a kiddy.

"What do you mean?" she asked me.

"Why, your pretending to admire all that junk," I said.

"Junk!" said Florence. "That is one of the most beautifully furnished homes I have ever seen!"

And so far as I can recall, that was her last utterance in my presence for six nights and five days.

At lunch on Saturday I said: "You know I like the silent drama one evening a week, but not twenty-four hours a day every day. What's the matter with you? If it's laryngitis, you might write me notes."

"I'll tell you what's the matter!" she burst out. "I hate this house and everything in it! It's too new! Everything shines! I loathe new things! I want a home like Mildred's, with things in it that I can look at without blushing for shame. I can't invite anyone here. It's too hideous. And I'll never be happy here a single minute as long as I live!"

Well, I don't mind telling that this kind of got under my skin. As if I hadn't intended to give her a pleasant surprise! I was pretty badly hurt, but I choked it down and said, as calmly as I could:

"If you'll be a little patient, I'll try to sell this house and its contents for what I paid for it and them. It oughtn't to be much trouble; there are plenty of people around who know a bargain. But it's too bad you didn't confess your barn complex to me long ago. Only last February, old Ken Garrett had to sell his establishment and the men who bought it turned it into a garage. It was a livery-stable which I could have got for the introduction of a song, or maybe just the vamp. And we wouldn't have had to spend a nickel to make it as nice and comfortable and homy as your friend Mildred's dump."

Florence was on her way upstairs before I had finished my speech.

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Dr. West's new Toothbrush

I went down to Earl Benham's to see if my new suit was ready. It was and I put it on and left the old one to be cleaned and pressed.

On the street I met Harry Cross. "Come up to my office," he said. "There's something in my desk that may interest you."

I accepted his invitation and from three different drawers he pulled out three different quart bottles of Early American rye.

Just before six o'clock I dropped in Kane's store and bought myself a pair of shears, a blow torch and an ax. I started home, but stopped among the trees inside my front gate and cut big holes in my coat and trousers. Alongside the path to the house was a sizable mud puddle. I waded in it. And I bathed my gray felt hat.

Florence was reading in the living-room. She seemed a little upset by my appearance.

"Good heavens! What's happened?"

"Nothing much," said I. "I just didn't want to look too new."

"What are those things you're carrying?"

"Just a pair of shears, a blow torch and an

ax. I'm going to try and antique this place. I think I'll begin on the dining-room table."

Florence went into her scream, dashed upstairs and locked herself in. I went about my work and had the dinner-table looking pretty Early when the maid smelled fire and rushed in.

"I'll just nick it up a little with this ax," I told her, "and by the time I'm through, dinner ought to be ready."

"It will never be ready as far as I'm concerned," she said. "I'm leaving just as soon as I can pack."

And Florence had the same idea—vindicating the old adage about great minds.

I heard the front door slam and the back door slam, and I felt kind of tired and sleepy, so I knocked off work and went up to bed.

That's my side of the story, Eddie, and it's true so help me my bootlegger. Which reminds me that the man who sold Harry the rye makes this town once a week, or did when this was written. He's at the Belden every Tuesday from nine to six and his name is Mike Farrell.

Try Flying Yourself (Continued from page 35)

toes devising cars that are not only more beautiful but more comfortably equipped in every way," this manufacturer told me.

A similar influence is inevitable in aviation as more women share the interest of men in this modern mode of transportation. Conversely, if the men who are investing in plane transportation realize that landing-fields could be made more attractive and convenient, feminine interest would be focused more easily on flying. Most air-ports are rather homely and not provided with many of the amenities of living.

Cabin planes are becoming increasingly comfortable craft in which to travel. Luxury will come later and must follow air-worthiness.

The Friendship herself, on the long flight, certainly boasted little luxury. She was equipped for a pioneer undertaking, with little else in view. In addition to the four fuel tanks in the wings, two big elliptic gasoline-containers filled the space in the fuselage where ordinarily passengers would have been. Between these tanks there was just room to squeeze forward into the cockpit. Often I stood leaning on one tank in that narrow passageway, watching the boys at the controls and getting some of the heat from forward; sometimes I sat on the floor in the cabin or knelt by the chart table writing in my log-book.

Some of that writing, by the way, was amusing. I don't mean the text, but the penmanship. Intermittently during the twenty hours and forty minutes of the passage I contrived to keep a diary. It records the incidents and the sensations of our crossing and subsequently has blossomed into the book I've just completed. In the night hours the writing was not so easy, for I feared to turn on the electric light where I sat lest it should blind Bill at the controls. So my pencil wavered blindly across the little notebook, guided as well as possible by my left thumb at the margin, to indicate new lines.

I have spoken of people outside of aviation and what they can do. There is room and need for them in aviation also. And not primarily as pilots, for there are many opportunities in various branches of the industry. These opportunities women share almost equally with men. Women touch aviation now in factories, offices, fields, service-stations and the like. In such places ability and not sex counts, as in any field of endeavor. There are individuals, too, who by acts of signal generosity further aviation. It was, for instance, a woman, the Honorable Mrs. Frederick Guest, who conceived and financed the flight of the Friendship.

It hardly seems possible that there is great differentiation in the actual practise of flying, either. For various reasons not enough women have tried it to give an adequate basis

of comparison. The limitations of women's strength will be a check upon her activities in the air as they are on land.

Today competent lessons in flying can be had almost anywhere in the United States. It is still, however, harder for a woman to secure instruction than it is for a man. The man who wants to fly may enlist in either the army or the navy, receiving there not only free instruction but a salary as well while he learns. Women must pay for the instruction they get.

Generally speaking, the average cost of ten hours in the air is about two hundred and fifty dollars, but ten hours do not make a finished pilot. After such time one should be able to solo, but skill is acquired only after long experience. Just as a novice can learn in a way to drive an automobile in a few hours but does not become competent until he has driven many miles.

New planes can be bought for a little more than two thousand dollars and up. Hangar-space ranges from twenty-five dollars to fifty dollars a month and up. Obviously a very large plane will cost more to store than a small one—think, for instance, of the "garage" needed for the Friendship, with her wing-spread of seventy-two feet.

Payment goes not simply for the hangar but for the necessary well-equipped field outside of it with runways, lights and facilities ranging from a filling-station to a machine-shop.

I have been asked what it costs to maintain a plane. I think it is fair to say the cost isn't greater than the up-keep of a good automobile. Exact information isn't available. The actual cost of maintenance depends upon the amount of use a plane is given, just as with an automobile. The number of hours a motor can run without overhauling depends not only on the motor itself but the character of the attention given it. Meticulous care of a plane's power-plant is vital. The motors themselves are not more complicated than the engines of fine automobiles but there simply aren't any service-stations ten thousand feet in the air. An oversight on a highway involves only inconvenience; one aloft with luck may mean limping along to the nearest landing-field, which may not be very near, or coming down on the best plot which is in reach.

I find a great many people have odd ideas about the sensations of flying.

"I can't stand great heights. It makes me dizzy to look down." I have heard that often, always from people who have not flown. Actually such dizziness is almost entirely lacking in the plane. The usual explanation may be interesting. The person peering from the top of a high building is affected definitely by the physical contact between his body and the street twenty stories below. This contact, or support, creates in his mind the absolute feeling of height, carrying with it a horror of falling

6 MINUTES a day for teeth . . . is that too much when health and beauty are at stake?

CONSIDER the time the average woman devotes to her hair, her complexion, her nails. Of what use will it have been if health begins to fade, and with it the bloom and freshness of youth?

Against these hours, balance the six minutes a day that you should devote to mouth hygiene! Think what these few minutes may mean, not only in preserving the charm of your smile, but in guarding you from the dangers that often follow tooth decay and gum irritation.

And mouth hygiene itself is so simple if you will consider the following fundamental principle. Apart from mere cleanliness, the reason you should use the proper dentifrice when you brush your teeth and gums is that the acids produced by food fermentation cause decay and must be neutralized. These acids form particularly in pits on your teeth and in the crevices at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. No tooth-brush can reach into all these places. So your dentifrice must bring protection.

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In the case of the plane the passenger has no longer any vertical solid connecting his body with the ground, as only atmosphere fills the space between the bottom of the plane and the cornfields far below. There is no measuring-stick of altitude.

The matter of speed is also interesting. You know that average planes travel from perhaps eighty to a hundred and forty miles an hour. In theory that seems breath-taking; in fact it is quite the contrary.

Thirty miles an hour in an automobile, or say fifty on a railroad train, give one a vastly greater sensation of speed than moving perhaps thrice that fast in a large plane.

On the highway every pebble passed is a speedometer. The ties and tracks running backward from an observation-car register realization of the train's motion.

In the air there are no trees, no telegraph-poles or mile-stones to act as speed indicators, only a countryside below opening out before one in leisurely fashion. Even when the plane's velocity is greatly increased, there is little change in the situation, if the plane is flying high, so far as sight and feeling are concerned.

Piloting, by the way, differs from driving a car primarily in that there is an added necessity for lateral control. An automobile runs up and downhill and turns left or right. A plane climbs or dives and turns, but in addition tips from one side to another. Keeping the plane's wings level becomes as automatic as driving straight in a car.

When the pilot turns he must bank or tip the wings at the same time. Why? Because otherwise the plane would skid exactly the same way a car does if it whirls around a corner.

The inside of an automobile race-track is like a bowl, with the sides growing steeper towards the top. The cars climb towards the outer edge in proportion to their speed. The faster they go the steeper the bank must be and the sharper the turn. A pilot in the air must make his own "bowl" and learn to tip his plane the right degree relative to the sharpness of his turn and his speed. A skid means lack of control either on the ground or in the air.

A plane, like a car on a hill, can stall. Recovery of control of the automobile is a matter of jamming on the brakes and getting the

engine started again. With the plane there is some difficulty but no great danger if one happens to be high enough—the plane simply falls for an instant until it attains enough forward speed to make the control surface again effective. If the stall occurs when the motor is stopped a longer period for recovery is required. Consequently, if planes stall near the earth there isn't time to recover control and the result is a more or less hard landing. Height is a safety factor.

"I would gladly fly if we could stay very close to the ground." That is a statement often made by people who don't know the situation. As a matter of fact a plane one hundred feet off the earth is in a more hazardous position than one five thousand feet aloft.

Trouble in the air is very rare. It begins when the ground is hit. Obviously the higher one happens to be, the more time there is to select an appropriate landing-field. For, you realize, the ship doesn't fall like a plummet even if the engine stops. It assumes a natural gliding angle which sometimes is as great as eight to one. That means that a plane five thousand feet in the air can reach out laterally in any direction forty thousand feet, or practically eight miles. And with a sixteen-mile radius, at least in many parts of the United States, one stands a fairly good chance of finding a safe landing-place. There should be more landing-fields established over all the country so that this safety factor won't be left to chance at all.

One of the joys of flying is the magnificence of the view. It is that obtainable from a mountain, magnified and extended in all directions.

As seen from the air, the world seems to flatten out. High hills grow humble and really rough terrain appears smooth to the eye. Landscapes are laid out in squares, in country or city, and men and their movements are very slow. Automobiles crawl along the streets. Even the white waves on the shore seem stationary. Then there are other visual delights in playing hide-and-seek through light fluffy clouds that are not compact enough to be ominous—clouds of gray or white or tinted with the exquisite colors of sunset.

Truly, there is another world aloft, a place of infinite variety, of alluring attractions.

One of the 30 (Continued from page 83)

the various articles in her hand-bag for safe-keeping and then read the note:

He was off for Chicago; things were in a jam. He couldn't take her with him; that would be like carrying a flag to advertise his identity. She knew that without being told it in so many words. He couldn't even wait long enough to tell her good-by—no time. He'd had to move fast. By wire or mail she could reach him under a certain name at a certain address. It would be better though not to try to communicate with him except in an emergency.

When things quieted down he'd be back or else he'd send her word and she could join him in Chicago or elsewhere. Meanwhile she was to keep her trap shut and her ears open. If anybody inquired regarding his whereabouts she was to profess complete ignorance and stick to it. And burn up this note as soon as she had read it!

She destroyed it and then she sat down again to think the situation over, and immediately she did this she began to doubt her man's sincerity. It was funny that she should doubt him. Subconsciously, even while she engaged at it, she told herself that it was funny. Never once in all the three years that they had lived together had she doubted him. He had given her undivided the sort of loyalty which his kind would give. She in all regards had been faithful to him. He was the best lover, the most satisfactory one she ever had. But now, somehow, she was doubting him.

Her thoughts went on back beyond the time when they began living together. He'd had a girl then—in Chicago. He had been living

with that girl when she met him and fell for him; and she'd taken him away from that other girl, who was red-headed. So far as she knew, that girl still was in Chicago. And that was that!

Her thoughts returned to the period covered by the last few weeks. Crummy hadn't been his old self. He'd brooded a lot, which wasn't like him; he'd been crotchety, full of caprices, dissatisfied apparently, sullen sometimes. She put two and two together and got two—a brain picture of Crummy and that red-headed jane tucked away in the Chicago rooming-house where she first had seen the pair of them.

Kittie Steinway didn't sleep much that night. Next day she went abroad and made inquiries. She interrogated Dumb Izzy—discreetly at the start, then with a sudden involuntary avowal of her feelings. Dumb Izzy seemed to be aware that Crummy was gone but he declared that he knew no valid reason for his going.

She pressed him for his theories in the mystery; she hinted at a second woman in the case. Dumb Izzy merely gave her an eloquent shrug of his shoulders. That shrug was like fresh oil to feed the green lamp of her round and quickening jealousy.

She tried Gabby Thoms, another member of Crummy's mob. Gabby loved to chatter; hence his moniker. Now, strangely enough, Gabby wouldn't talk at all. He appeared to be concealing something; but the look on his face at mention of Crummy was not a pleasant look. She jumped at the conclusion that Gabby was covering up for Crummy.

She went back to the lonely flat in a rage.

If she had been ditched for a cheap jane she'd show somebody before she was through. No guy that ever lived could make a sucker of her and get away with it.

But she wouldn't be in too big a hurry. She'd wait a little while—she'd hold back for news from Crummy. She got none. She wired him, using a kind of cipher code they had used before. But there was no answer.

Once more she sought out Dumb Izzy. Openly she confessed now what was in her mind. She asked him, for friendship's sake, to run out to Chicago, she paying all expenses and cash on the side, and there spy out the lay of the land for her and then hurry back and give her the low-down.

"Not for mine," he told her. "Unnerstand, I'm for you. But in a thing like this it's hands off for me, get what I mean? If Crummy takes a notion that he wants to—"

"Wants to what?"

"I ain't sayin' nothin' more." His shoulders lifted suggestively—accusingly, you might say. Kittie, at the end of two weeks, haggard and half crazy from sleeplessness and liquor, decided to take her revenge.

She took it by the route which to her was the vilest one imaginable. She turned snitch. She turned Crummy up to the cops. She wrote a note to a certain plain-clothes man and made a rendezvous with him and there she made to him disclosures which promptly started him and a fellow detective for Chicago. Chicago detectives joined forces with them on their arrival with their warrant.

Sure enough, they trapped Crummy in his old quarters at the third-rate rooming-house; but he was living there alone, having no dealings with any red-headed jane or any other jane. They took him unawares, so there was no gun-play. He waived extradition and came on back to New York with them, not knowing how or by whose treachery he had been undone and confident that the bulls had nothing on him.

But the bulls promptly proceeded to get something on him. There was an expert in a new specialty at Headquarters. With microscopes he examined bullets fired from revolvers and rifles. By virtue of certain minute irregularities in the rifling of such weapons, he claimed that every bullet would bear tiny corresponding scorings and scratches which scientifically and absolutely proved its identity as counter-distinguished from any other bullet from any other gun of like make and like caliber. The police already had accepted his claims as sound; the courts were inclined to accept them as legal evidence.

The specialist fired Crummy's captured automatic at a prepared target, then dug out the bullets and made his examinations and his measurements and his deductions. As a result, he was able to demonstrate under oath that these bullets, in their infinitesimal markings theoretically were identical, first with sundry bullets found in the ceiling and walls of the road-house on Long Island, second with the two bullets taken from the body of the late Peter (Snuffles) Gavin, sometimes called The Mustard, third with a bullet which six months before had killed Patrolman Martin J. Simmons, who, in the discharge of his duty, had interrupted a warehouse robbery on West Street.

Now, by police interpretations, the assassination of an obscure mobster by another mobster might, comparatively speaking, be but a small matter, whereas murdering a cop was quite and altogether a different matter. For Crummy Mix, already indicted and held without bond in the Tombs to await trial, things were breaking pretty badly.

For Kittie Steinway, who had turned traitor on him, things weren't breaking any too well either. With characteristic ingratitude the department had failed to reward her for peaching on her man. Indeed, those in authority had gone so far as to have her person and her apartment searched and then to get an order for her committal as a material witness, so-called, to the House of Detention. So there

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If yours is a "Spoil-Sport" skin—if it cracks, chaps, flakes and becomes roughened and irritated whenever the high winds blow, then be consoled.

For there's a sedative for skins like yours—a delightful, fragrant lotion that brings swift relief. Frostilla's its name, famous for fifty years as America's perfect conditioner for skin ailments caused by exposure. When stroked on, Frostilla's message is one of coolness, of consolation. It converts that "weather-warped," starched, chapped feeling to one of contented comfort. It quells the flame of redness and removes the sting of wind-burn with amazing rapidity.

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Just what do the other wives mean

when they talk together about feminine hygiene?

WHY do the others seem to know so much more than she does about this delicate subject? Probably they do *not* know more of the actual facts. They only *seem* to. Unfortunately, in a matter so intimate as feminine hygiene, *any* piece of information is likely to be accepted as truth.

A few statements of plain fact

Physicians and nurses in general approve the feminine hygiene routine as a healthful practice for mature women. They approve the *practice*, but not the old-fashioned *methods*—methods which involve the use of caustic, poisonous germicides such as bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid. The simple truth is that these deadly preparations are unnecessary. There is one antiseptic-germicide far superior for purposes of feminine hygiene—namely, Zonite.

Zonite is immensely powerful, actually far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body. Yet it is as safe in use as pure water. No hardened, deadened membranes. No areas of scar-tissue. No deaths through accidental swallowing. Zonite is a real godsend to women as millions already know, who have achieved comfort, surgical cleanliness and peace of mind.

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she was, under lock and key, closely guarded.

It was just as well that the authorities took these precautions. Because from the very moment when they stripped her of her belongings and put her under restraint, a great penitence for what she had done possessed the young woman. There was no question about her remorse being genuine. She raved and screamed for hours; she refused to eat. She tried to kill herself by beating her head against the bars of the cell in which she had been put.

The matrons strapped her into a strait-jacket until she was quiet. Then, when they unhobbled her, she tried to hang herself with her garters. So she went back into the strait-jacket—a disheveled, wan wreck of the rather good-looking girl that she had been.

The assistant district attorney who had been assigned to handle the case against Crummy Mix was a young man named Oxford—Willis K. Oxford. He belonged to an old New York family but one which was not a wealthy family. He was keen, high-spirited, competent, a hard worker. Older men, seeing him in action, predicted a fine future for him, provided he didn't let his foot slip. They said he ought to go a good way either in politics, if he went into politics, or in his profession, if he chose to stick to his profession.

The district attorney, who prided himself on his ability at picking the right sort of young men for his aides, set great store by Willis K. Oxford. He trusted him implicitly and even passed over the heads of veterans to put important investigations, important prosecutions, in his hands.

With the thoroughness which was characteristic of him, young Mr. Oxford gave direct attention to every separate earlier phase of the Crummy Mix inquiry. He made a point of it to be on hand when the detectives took the furiously protesting Kittie Steinway into custody on the very day she gave away the hiding-place of her man.

Personally, he supervised the confiscation of her effects and Crummy's effects, and the sealing-up, for the time being and pending fuller search, of the apartment itself. He returned to his desk in the Criminal Courts Building carrying a portfolio and a suitcase packed with objects which conceivably might be required for subsequent reference or possibly for exhibits, meaning by that, physical testimony, at Crummy Mix's trial.

Less than three weeks later, a grievous scandal developed within the district attorney's official family. A sheaf of documents deemed to be essential to the conviction of Sidney Knoblach, better known as Six Hundred Percent Sidney, disappeared from the safe in the district attorney's office where they had been stored following the memorable raid on that wily old chronic offender's establishment.

A sheaf of letters and certain private account-books, and some most incriminating memoranda, were among the papers which vanished. With them in his possession, the district attorney felt reasonably sure of getting a verdict against his old arch-enemy. Without them, he was licked before he started.

This Knoblach called himself an investment broker but the high prosecutor of New York County called him a notorious promoter and purveyor of spurious mining stocks and spurious oil stocks to the widows and the retired clergymen and the maiden school-teachers of the land. District Attorney Stafford had been gunning for Sidney for a long time. He had his heart set on sticking the scoundrel away where he could, for a period of, say, ten years, do no more harm.

Now, just when he was so confident of success, he found himself suddenly balked. Old Sidney had beaten him out again.

But if he could not reach Sidney he could get at the man who had robbed him. He swore a double-jointed oath to that. It must be some member, big or little, of his staff. This was an inside job. Every circumstance proved that it had to be and was an inside job. This struck at the integrity of the whole staff.

Like a hose gone wild, it squirted suspicion toward every man and woman on it.

For once at least, Mr. Stafford had reason to be glad that one of the lesser wheels within the greater wheel of his organization was a little detective corps made up of men from the Headquarters force, detailed to his office. For shrewdness, the pick of this group were a pair of comparatively elderly men—Haggin and Schleemann. It was a difficult and delicate assignment which he gave these two. Without subjecting any innocent party to direct accusation or even to obvious espionage, they yet were to find the guilty party and find him or her quickly.

They went to it and did that very thing, did Haggin and Schleemann. But first and beforehand they found the missing link in the affair. The missing link was a disbarred lawyer of exceedingly ill repute who under cover played jackal to the firm of roaring legal lions that had the swindler Knoblach for a client.

Having been promised immunity for his part in the nefarious transaction and having incidentally and previously been threatened with a variety of unpleasant punishments, this agent came through. He steadfastly refused to name his principals but he did name the person in the state's employ that he had, for a cash bribe, corrupted.

The man he incriminated—the man who for hire had betrayed his chief who was his friend as well as his chief—was young Oxford. The ex-lawyer made an even more astounding claim. He said that he had not made the overtures to Oxford. He said that Oxford came to him and offered to deliver the loot over provided he was sufficiently well paid for it. Here was a part of his confession which he said he could corroborate by substantial proof. And he went further—he proved it.

"Heaven knows why you did it," said District Attorney Stafford to the trapped offender in the last meeting these two ever had. "Heaven knows why any man in his right senses could be tempted to do what you've done—selling me out, selling out your own birthright for a mess of cheap and dirty pottage! It passes human understanding!

"I ought to jail you for this trick. But I'm not going to do that. I'm not even going to expose you in the newspapers—we're going to try in here to hush this dirty business up. Now, get out. I don't care to hear anything you've got to say. I don't ever want to see you again. The sight of you standing there makes me sick. Get out!"

Possibly Mr. Stafford had a selfish motive for wanting to keep Oxford's dishonor an office secret. Running on his record, he was a candidate for reelection. There must have been a leak though. The evening papers that day had guarded stories about the matter—stories full of hints and sensational suggestion. The morning papers, with more time to dig into it, came out boldly, giving names and facts.

All through that second day of his disgrace young Oxford hid himself away from the reporters. He hid in his room, eaten up with shame and regret. His telephone was off the hook and his door was locked; nobody could reach him.

That night late he slipped out of the house by the back way, thus eluding the newspapermen standing watch, turn and turn about, at the entry. He hurried through the cross-street until he came to the East River and there a little later, and with the linings of his overcoat weighted with scrap-iron, he jumped off a string-piece of a pier into the water. The body was never recovered.

But before the suicide went overboard, he laid on the deck of the pier three farewell notes: a note to the girl he was to marry—their engagement had been announced a month before; a note to his former chief; a note to the press, saying in effect that he was guilty but could account for his guilt only on the grounds that he must have been mad. The sole restitution he could offer was the sacrifice of his spoiled life and now he was offering that. He said that in the third note.

"It Flatters the most Beautiful Hands"

says NEYSA McMEIN—Illustrator of beautiful women



Neysa McMein's slender, magnificently able fingers are kept in perfect trim with the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

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"Dogs and Hunting Never Spoil My Manicure"

Says Anne Atkinson

MISS ANNE ATKINSON, of Wrightstown, N. J., photographed with Golden Dawn, sister of Nick O'Crahu, full blooded prize English setter from her kennels.

"Hunting and Field Trials are occasions for great hospitality and great excitement preceded and followed by many parties," says Miss Atkinson. "You shed your tweeds, and don your chiffons. Barely time for a brisk wash with soap and water."

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"A sport your hands must live up to"

Says Mrs. Clifford Garvey, Long Island motor boat enthusiast

Mrs. Garvey is a stunning example of the young sportswoman whose perfectly groomed nails match her trig costumes.

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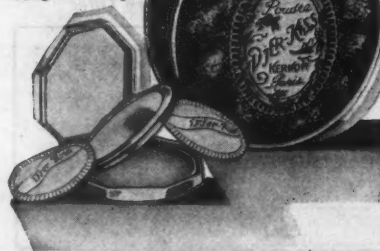
IMPOSSIBLE that he had ever considered her colorless — ordinaire. Tonight—she is so enchanting ... so gay ... so mysterious! Such is the allure of the beguiling Djer-Kiss Parfum ... created to evoke love, romance, moon-lit moods! A mere hint . . . and mademoiselle is irresistible—magnétique!

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He weighted down the notes with the contents of his pockets. As, with this purpose in mind, he drew forth a handful of change, the light from an electric bulb above his head fell on one coin, an antique, about the size of a quarter but thicker and heavier, with blunted edges. The inscriptions on it, judging by their shapes, might have been done in Greek or perhaps in Hebrew but now were worn so slick and flat as to be almost obliterated and quite beyond deciphering.

He separated it from the rest of the money and fingered it and one cell of his brain dwelt fleetingly on it while the rest of his thoughts, in a swift, distracted current, raced on past and away into a black infinity. He had found it among the effects of Crummy Mix's girl on that afternoon six weeks before when she was being taken into custody.

Moved by some whim, some small indefinable fascination, he had kept it as a sort of

memento of an interesting experience. It seemed to him that from that hour he had been the victim of whims, base impulses, low desires, evil lures.

Revulsion overcame him. He flung the battered coin away as a man might fling any unclean and contaminating thing, and where it sank in the river it made a little splash. The greater splash of his own jumping followed an instant later.

* * * * *

The superstitious natives of a mountainous part of the Island of Sicily have a legend that one of the thirty pieces of silver for which Judas sold his Lord was preserved through the ages, carrying the legacy of a dreadful curse with it, the curse being that into whosoever possession it may fall, that one, inevitably and speedily, will betray his or her dearest friend.

The Disciplinarian (Continued from page 89)

had come here agog to prove herself the worst girl and to revel in doing so; and how on earth are you to show worst-girl behavior when, because you are the worst girl, you are most cordially welcomed? She sat mum.

"In fact," continued Miss Strong, "in fact I feel like that so much that if I went on to another school, say from here, and was allowed to take two girls with me, I should take the best girl and the worst girl."

"I wouldn't go," said Celia.

Miss Strong threw back her head and—no other words express it—fairly shouted with laughter. "I am glad you have come!" she cried. "You had better slip off now, if you would like to. You haven't seen the others yet, have you? You are in the same dormitory with the same four."

With a hideous sense that she slunk off rather than slipped off, that she had been ignominiously defeated, though no battle had been joined, and with the ferocious feelings aroused by the sense, Celia went from the room and closed the door behind her. "Am I in the same dorm?" she thought to herself. "Well, that just fits in absolutely with my scheme for the Big Five and I will bring it off and show her where she is as soon as ever I can—sooner."

Losing no time, she that same night propounded to her four comrades in her dormitory what the great scheme was. In the few hours between her interview with Miss Strong and bedtime she had learned from other girls the many restrictions of old liberties and imposition of new tasks brought about by the disciplinarian; and from the four members of the Big Five—probably, being girls of the idle sort, the only members of the school who really did resent the new order—she heard, as they lay abed, how hardly these new refinements pressed upon them.

"Well," said she when the last grumble was finished, "that just fits in with the plan I have brought back for us, the Big Five. I read in the hols a boys'-school story in which some of the boys, because the head master was a beast, screwed themselves in and had a barring out."

Four voices simultaneously: "What on earth is that?"

"They screwed up the door of their dorm," explained their leader, "and refused ever to come out until their demands were granted."

"What did they eat?" demanded Hulda Lumpf, the fattish, greedy one.

"Grub that they had brought back from home in their play-boxes. They did it at the beginning of term, just like this is."

"It isn't," objected Ella Lank, the sharp-nosed one. "Term is nearly three weeks old and we've eaten everything we brought back long ago."

"Hogs," said Celia disgustedly. "However, that doesn't matter. You've not spent all your coming-back money, I suppose, and we'll buy a stack of stuff and have a grand time."

It was now the turn of Annie Budge, the

stubborn one with thick ankles. "We can't," she contributed as her turn. "No one is allowed down in the village now. That's another of the new rules. So that settles that."

"Look here!" cried Celia. "Are you in the Big Five or aren't you?"

"I'm only telling you," replied Annie Budge, quelled, "a new rule that you didn't know."

"Well, there is no need," said Celia, "to add 'that settles that' after it. It doesn't settle anything. I've worked up this barring-out scheme all through the hols for the Big Five, and I've come back and found things just asking for it, and we are jolly well going to have it. I've got plenty of grub in my play-box here by my bed, and it will be part of the lark of the thing to go on short rations and all that; and as the stuff won't keep, because if we wait it is certain to get eaten, I vote we do the thing at once and screw ourselves up directly it's light."

She waited for the cries of approval which as she knew from her reading are the immediate tribute paid to every leader on propounding a scheme to his band; but no cries of approval came. Hulda Lumpf for her part had gone to sleep, and announced the fact by a gentle snore; the others were far from feeling any enthusiasm and betrayed the fact by silence.

"Well?" cried Celia sharply.

"How can we screw up?" inquired Annie Budge, "without any screws?"

"We don't want any screws. The door has got a lock, hasn't it? And we can shove all the beds and things against it to make it firmer. That is what the boys in this story did."

"What happened to them in the end?" inquired Katie Mull, the cowed and frightened one.

"I don't remember," said Celia, untruthfully but, three expulsions and four floggings having resulted to her fictional heroes, very wisely. "Look here," she cried, with the instinct of a true leader, feeling the pulse of her band and detecting it faint, "look here, it is going to be the most frightful lark and there is absolutely nothing to be afraid of. You don't suppose Miss Strong, who has never been a head mistress before, is going to risk losing her job by starting off with expelling half the school or anything like that; and what else could she do? Hulda! Will you stop that horrible snoring!"

It was the timidly but decidedly expressed opinion of the awake Big Fivers that Miss Strong could do a very great deal and that, however little she might do, they were not prepared to suffer it.

"Very well," accepted Celia at last, "I shall do it alone."

She did.

She had come back with her head full of this scheme; she felt, somehow, that Miss Strong, without a sharp word spoken, had got the better of her at that high tea; she had vowed to herself that she would get the better of Miss Strong; and she was of the type of character which, when it has booked a ticket, goes

through with the trip. It appealed, moreover, to her romantic mind that by carrying out single-handed this superb act of defiance, she would become the hero of the school.

Yes; the more, lying awake, she thought upon it, the more she kindled to the idea of doing it alone. Enormous thrill, mystery and excitement were to be got out of the formation of a Big Five in a school; naturally its members required stiffening before they could be welded into one reckless unit; obviously, and in perfect keeping with all she had read, the stiffening was to be imparted by admiration of the courage and resource of the leader.

Admiration in full and delicious meed she received in the morning. "Celia, you'll never dare!" they cried.

"For the sake of the school and of the Big Five," replied Celia magnificently, "I will dare anything. There goes the bell. Get off and don't say anything and watch." She locked the door, pushed the head of a bedstead against it, and awaited developments.

Two dormitory maids supplied the first. They tried the door, knocked at the door, called through the door and were informed then by Celia of her intentions. "Oh, miss!" they cried; and departed to tell Miss Strong.

Celia, expecting the hurried feet of Miss Strong to come tearing along the corridor, remained by the door in readiness. No feet came. She stood till tired of standing; sat on the bed till tired of sitting; heard the bells which summoned to breakfast and then to class; wandered rather gloomily about the room and wondered what on earth was happening. In the story she had read assault was begun upon the door immediately the barring out was discovered; and assault and parley were carried on throughout the whole of the first day without cessation. This uncanny indifference was not according to plan, and Celia was disconcerted by it.

"She's frightened," thought Celia, and took new heart.

The bell for the midday break rang.

"This is rotten," said Celia, and took new gloom.

The dinner bell rang.

"This is simply tragic," said Celia, and, realizing for the first time that she had eaten nothing and felt uncommonly hungry, took a sinking feeling.

She was about to open her play-box to relieve her hunger and haply to restore her spirits when steps along the corridor at last did sound and she jumped to ready attention.

Now for it!

A knock on the door and, as expected, Miss Strong's voice. As entirely unexpected, on the other hand, a most bright and cheery voice and bright and cheery greeting: "Hullo, Celia!"

Celia, taken aback, could not reply.

"Hullo, Celia; awfully sorry I couldn't come before; I have been so frightfully busy. What's the game?"

This was not according to plan. But perhaps those fools of dormitory maids had never told her.

"It's not a game," said Celia. "It's a barring out. I have barricaded myself in and I refuse to come out."

"What fun!" cried Miss Strong and laughed. "What a jolly lark! When are you coming out?"

"Not until all my demands are granted," said Celia, speaking words carefully prepared but, consequent upon this extraordinary reception of her conduct, speaking them sullenly and entirely without the splendid ring of defiance with which they had been rehearsed.

Miss Strong, according to plan, should have responded fiercely, "What demands?" She did not. She only cried again: "What fun! I say, I do call that a lark!"

"I'll read them to you," said Celia.

"Oh, don't worry now," cried Miss Strong. "Any time will do, and I am afraid I can't stop just now. I just popped up to see how you were getting on. What are you going to eat?"

"Out of my play-box," said Celia curtly.

"Good! Well, good-by just now. I do call it a ripping lark!" And she was gone.



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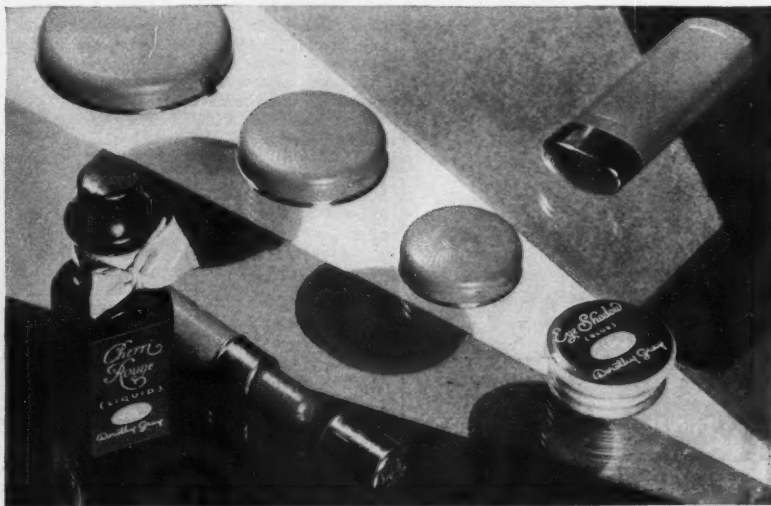
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Here is cheerfulness in a bottle for those who suffer with unruly nerves, who feel their powers and ambitions declining! To acquire the vigor and nerve force which will make them more than a match for the "day's work ahead", many need only the revitalizing "chemical foods" in FELLOWS' Syrup. It replenishes the body's mineral salts, increases appetite, aids digestion, and strengthens the body generally against sickness. This fine old tonic is now prescribed by physicians in 58 countries of the world.

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"Dash that beastly book," said Celia to herself. "If this is the extraordinary way she is going to behave I wish I never had read it."

She wished it much more very shortly. Her gloom now profound to the point of dejection, she went with more need of cheer than ever to her play-box and discovered that the lid was locked and that she had not the key. According to custom, she had handed over the key of her trunk to the matron on her arrival and her play-box key was attached to it.

"That's done it!" said Celia, and plumped herself down on the obdurate box and sat, wishing she were dead and beneath it.

The calamity had not, however, done it. What came much nearer to causing the last wreckage of Celia's composure was the return, at that moment, of Miss Strong's footsteps and the message that they brought. "I say," called Miss Strong, "do you know that you have not got the key of your play-box? You left it with the matron with your trunk key and of course you can't get at your food. I've brought it up. I'll shove it under the door. Here it is. Got it?"

"I see it," said Celia, too disgusted with the whole business to trouble to move.

"Good!" cried Miss Strong. "I'm glad I thought of it. It would be too rotten to have the lark spoiled by a thing like that. Good-by again." And again she was gone.

"This is the limit," said Celia. The limit of the day in time arrived; night came and with the night again Miss Strong, cheery as ever. "Hullo, Celia! Going on all right? I say, I hate to ask it and seem a sport, but we are frightfully short of beds and I simply don't know where to put Hulda and the others. I wonder if you would mind unbarring for the night and letting them sleep here as usual? You could bar up again in the morning. Could you, do you think?"

"No," said Celia. Miss Strong appeared not to mind a bit. "Well, I quite understand; but I thought I would just ask. Put out the light when you get into bed, will you? Good night." And again she was gone.

"I can't stick this," said Celia. In the morning she unstuck it. When the breakfast bell rang, down she went to the dining-hall ready to be pounced upon and carried off to whatever doom awaited her. She was not carried off. No doom awaited her. Neither by Miss Strong nor by any of the staff was the faintest reference made to her escapade. She took her place at breakfast, later in her classroom, and so generally in the life of the school, and for all the remark or hint made by any mistress the affair might never have happened. Celia was almost ready to believe that it never had, that she had dreamed it.

It was, at best, a bad dream. The story of what had happened, persistently refused to the girls, who had only the bated-breath information of the Big Fivers that Celia had barred herself in and plagued the life out of her to know more, leaked out in all its hideous humiliation through dormitory maids who had been about the corridor; and Celia, who had visioned herself the hero of the school, found herself its laughing-stock.

Her heart, like Pharaoh's, hardened within her. "I'm going to do something next time," she told the Big Fivers, "that will unset not only Miss Strong but the whole school. You'll see!" And the happy chance of a newspaper sent to one of the girls and coming into Celia's hands enabled them to see indeed before half the term was over.

The paper contained an account of a boy who had run away from a school and of the hue and cry that was being raised all over England to find him. Celia jumped for the idea, schemed it out to her own usage, and laid it cut and dried before the wonder-stricken Fivers.

"I'm going to disappear. I'm going to give Miss Strong the fright of her life and the whole school the fright of its life. I'm not going to run away like that boy did. He had plenty of money and I have only got nippence. But I am going to make Miss Strong think I have

run away and I am going to have the police informed and a hue and cry raised all over England to find me; bloodhounds perhaps; and all the time I am going to be snugly hidden right here in the school itself!"

"Where?" cried the Fivers.

"I'm not going to tell you. It isn't that I don't trust you; but if you don't know, you can't have it dragged out of you; and of course you will swear never to tell what you do know?"

They swore.

"Well, it is going to be ripping for you too. The Big Five are herewith abolished and you four are to be another secret society by yourselves. I'm not in it; but it is formed to help me and it's called—you are called—the Ravens."

"The Ravens?"

"Yes, because you are going to feed me by laying out food for me in a certain place as the ravens did for Elijah, or was it Elisha?"

"What food?" demanded Hulda, the fattish, greedy one.

"Your food," returned Celia sharply. "You can each smuggle away a bit from your meals and you will leave it in one of the boxes in the box-room, and that will be quite near where I shall have disappeared to and am hidden."

Overruling the selfish and gloomy objections of Hulda, disappeared and hidden on a day very soon after, she was. The place was beneath the rafters of the roof above the ceiling of the trunk-room. Access was obtained to it by a trap-door in the ceiling and access to that by the piled trunks with which the room was filled. The area was considerable but low, dark, chilly and cobwebby, and, as Celia encoined there very soon found, desperately uncomfortable for any position except standing (stooped) owing to the fact that the floor was of the unboarded joists of the ceilings beneath.

Against these inconveniences were set the delicious thoughts of first the disturbance, then the alarm, search, dismay, terror and finally hue and cry caused by her vanishment; in augmentation of them, as the hours added one to another, was no visit from the Ravens and consequently no news and no food.

It was in the midday break that Celia had slipped away. The arrangement with the Ravens was that one, collecting the food concealed by the others, should come up after each meal, slip the food into the selected trunk and give the latest intelligence of the hue and cry. Luncheon time passed and no Raven; tea and no Raven; supper and no Raven. Sole visitor to the trunk-room was Miss Strong (invisible but identified by her voice) who entered just before luncheon, stood, no doubt gazing all about the trunks, for a minute or two, ejaculated, "No, not in here; dear me, wherever—" and departed.

Celia had hugged herself for joy.

She was hugging herself for other reasons—chill, physical discomfort, hunger and Raven-phobia—when, just as the bedtime bell was sounding, a hurried entry and exit, the opening and slamming of a trunk and the agitated cry "Daren't stop!" informed her that there had been difficulty in getting to the trunk-room, that a devoted Raven had at last run the gauntlet and that supplies were at last arrived.

Listening for danger for as long as she could control her hunger, down then to the pile of boxes as eagerly as darkness would permit, she slipped, felt her way to the selected trunk, groped within it, could feel nothing, struck a match, and found a sardine—one single, solitary sardine, dry and flattened as if (as probably) long sat upon.

Happy, happy Ravens that thoughts directed at them could not kill them! Else on the morrow had four corpses been discovered in their beds.

Elijah (or Elisha) was ready on that morrow to greet her ravens as never Elisha (or Elijah) greeted his. Shortly after breakfast stole into the trunk-room the Raven that was Hulda, called batedly "Celia!" heard the trap removed, and saw peer down upon her a face dark with passion, sleeplessness, cramps and cobwebs.

"Well?" menaced the prophet.

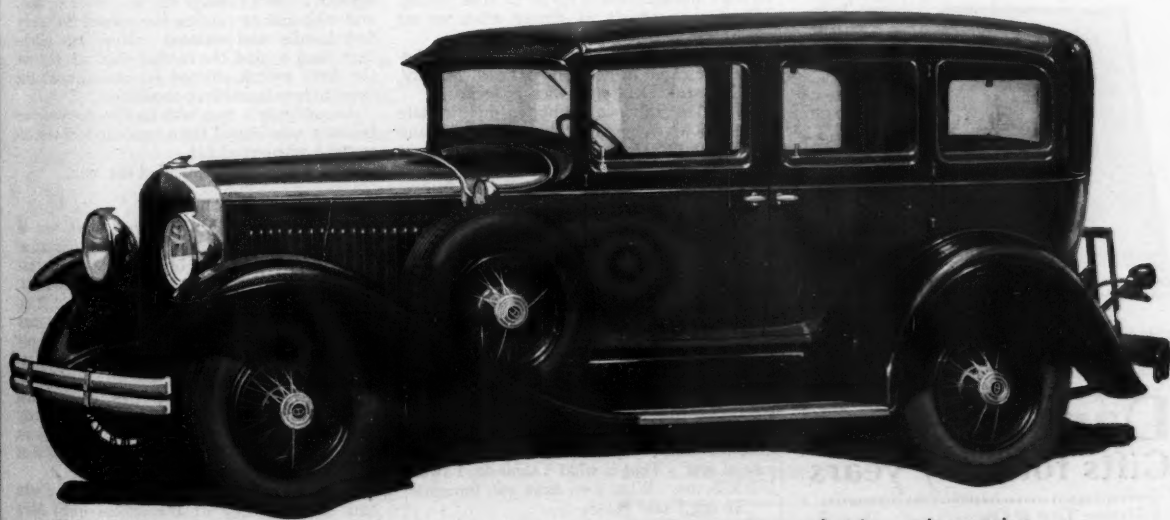
Four Speeds Forward

Driving with four speeds forward, you have two high speeds instead of one. The gear shift is standard—you start in second, advance to third, and then to fourth. First is a reserve speed, instantly available, but seldom used. Four speeds forward give a new thrill to motor-ing—which we invite you to enjoy.

[Two High Speeds]
[Standard Gear Shift]

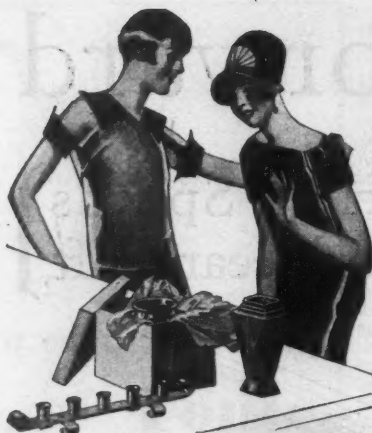


*Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham*



Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from \$860 to \$2485. Illustrated is Model 614, 5-passenger Sedan, \$1295. (Wire wheels extra). All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

GRAHAM-PAIGE



I have a Christmas Shopping Secret

"I used to love to shop—it was such fun hunting for unusual gifts. She always gives such original things," said my friends.

"But a growing family took more of my time. I found it harder to go shopping. And when I did go, I came home worn out—it is so much harder to shop than it used to be. In stores, with their widely scattered gift departments, I was tired and bewildered, until finally I took anything because it was 'closing time'."

"I really came to dread Christmas, which once I so loved. Then one night at my sister's, I picked up 'Good Housekeeping'. Idly turning the pages, I saw Daniel Low's ad. 'I let Daniel Low do my Christmas shopping.' I read it through and asked Barbara: 'Did you ever hear of Daniel Low?' 'It's queer you asked that,' she said, 'because just today at the office, Mr. Bartley had me send his annual Christmas order to Low's. He does it every year—just twenty minutes of looking thru the catalog for interesting things, a short letter and a check, and his whole worry of Christmas shopping is over.'"

"So I sent for Daniel Low's Christmas catalog, and when it came I was surprised, a wonderful book of all that was new, unusual, interesting. Again I would be complimented for my originality and—Oh! the bliss of quiet shopping at home."

"When the things came—I was delighted—the gifts were so well packed, they looked so fresh, so different from the prosy old things I would have bought in desperation."



showed John the bill, he said: 'Well, this is the first Christmas we have kept inside the budget.'

"Every year since, Daniel Low has never failed to surprise me with new things of lovely quality, with every courtesy in exchange or refund. I wish it were possible to put a Daniel Low catalog into the hands of every woman in this country—it makes it truly 'more blessed to give.'"

Why don't YOU take advantage of this woman's experience and clip the coupon below, that you too may enjoy Christmas shopping this year?

Daniel Low's Gifts for sixty years

DANIEL LOW & Co.

241 ESSEX ST., SALEM, MASS.

GENTLEMEN: Here's my address. Please send me your advance booklet of Christmas cards and the newest small gifts by return mail and your 166 page Catalog just as soon as published. (Nov. 1)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

*****Please print name and address*****

"How are you, Celia?" quavered the Raven. "I'm jolly nearly dead!" cried Celia, infuriated, "and I only wish I was dead, and my skeleton rotting up here, so that you fools who would be responsible for it could be tried for murder and hanged. What have you been up to, you hideous starvers?"

"Up to!" cried Hulda, stung, and discovering herself not nearly so frightened of Celia up in the ceiling as of Celia down on the floor. "Up to! It's been absolutely impossible to get near you except that one dash last night—"

"That miserable sardine! How many sardines did you gorge besides all your other meals, I should like to know, you fat thing, you!"

"I tell you we couldn't get near you. There's been a most frightful—"

Forgetting her fury in her thrill, Celia eagerly anticipated the rest. "A most frightful fuss, has there? Do tell me, Hulda. Never mind about the food. I quite understand. Tell me about the fuss and all. Do tell me every word right from the beginning when they first found I—"

Hulda interrupted the eager stream. "I wasn't going to say fuss. I wasn't going to say anything about you." Her face assumed a puzzled look, her voice a puzzled note. "Celia, it is a most extraordinary thing, but there hasn't been the slightest fuss about your disappearing at all."

"Not been the slightest fuss?"

Hulda shook her head. "Not the slightest."

The old fate of the bringer of evil things was hers. As if she were responsible, it was at her that Celia's incredulous anger was discharged. "You must be a fool and not know what a fuss is! Do you mean to say there hasn't been a hue and cry and all that?"

"No."

"Not the police summoned?"

"No."

"Not even the school called together and told to search for me and all that?"

"I tell you, not a thing."

"There must have been something. When I wasn't there after break yesterday something must have been said."

"I tell you, not a thing. When you weren't at geography after break, Miss Smith said, 'Where is Celia?' and of course no one knew; and about half-way through she said 'Where is Celia?' like that, and went off and I saw her through the glass doors speak to Miss Strong. Miss Strong wasn't at dinner when we sat down—"

"No; she was searching then, anyway, because she came in here and I heard her say, 'Not in here! Dear me! Yes, go on.'"

"Well, she came in about ten minutes late and sat down at her place at the staff table and they all talked and laughed together and there has never been a word said since."

Celia, after black-browed silence, began, "Don't the girls—"

"The girls think you have been expelled for that barring-out business and—"

"Fools!" cried Celia bitterly; and after a further black-browed silence bitterly exclaimed: "Well, I've never heard of such a head mistress in my life! First I bar myself in and she says, 'What a lark!' and shoves the key of my grub under the door for me; and then I disappear and she doesn't take the remotest notice! Well, she shall take notice, I swear!" she declared. "I shall stay here till end of term if necessary, and if she can't produce me then to my aunts she is bound to get into a row. That is what I shall do, I swear, if it kills me. What food have you brought?"

"An egg," said Hulda.

Rage at the astounding neglect of her disappearance had added rage to Celia's hunger. "A what?" she cried.

"An egg," repeated Hulda, and fumbling in a pocket produced and held aloft an egg. "Annie Budge kept it for you. I am afraid it is rather cold by now."

Celia grabbed the chilly egg from the upstretched hand. "Is that all?"

"Celia, it was all we—"

"One beastly cold egg? No bread, no butter,

not even a spoon! How am I to eat the loathsome thing? Couldn't you have kept a slice of bacon each? Couldn't you have kept—"

"Celia, it is hard—"

"Take your vile egg!" bellowed Celia. She dashed the despised egg down upon the head of the unfortunate Raven, slammed down the trap, and fell to upon her only sustenance, alike for body and mind, for comfort and for recreation—her own feelings.

They were feelings amazed, baffled, sore, defiant and ravenous. The passage of the interminable day did not improve them; a sole incident of the period, and that not till nightfall, lashed them anew in each dimension. At the bedtime bell were hurried feet below, the rise and fall of the trunk lid, and hurried departure.

"Come back!" shouted Celia, struggling with the trap-door; and, "Celia, I daren't," replied the voice of Katie Mull, the cowed and frightened one. "Celia, I daren't."

Celia got out her head. "You must! What have you brought?"

"A sardine."

"A sar— I'd like to choke you with it. Is there any commotion about me yet?"

"No; not a bit."

"Do you mean to say not a single thing has been said or asked or done?"

"Not a single word, Celia."

"Don't go!" bellowed Celia; but the cowed and frightened one was fled.

Celia retrieved the withered sardine, its partner to its fellow, and reviewed the plans she had made should the miserable Ravens again fail her. With the astounding unconcern of Miss Strong her wits could not battle; with the cravings of hunger, on the other hand, they could engage, and she had decided that in the night she would find and raid the larder.

Her mouth watered as she envisaged that larder; its watering ceased, turning instead to a horrid dryness of fear, only, as, shortly after hearing midnight strike, she embarked herself upon the eerie business of tiptoeing down the stilly buildings to where the dining-hall and kitchens lay. Lights were left all night along the corridors. The way was easy to find. The sensation of finding it, fears leaping stark at every creak, was decidedly alarming.

She reached the ground floor. Her shortest way now was through Miss Strong's study whence a short passage led to the dining-hall, and with infinite caution she turned the study door-handle and entered. Here was pitch-dark; and to find the farther door she felt for the light switch, turned it, and caused the room to leap from black to white.

As suddenly a man who had been crouching before a safe leaped from knees to feet and directed a revolver at her.

"Put 'em up!" commanded the man.

I do think—and I have put that row of asterisks to emphasize it—that the situation thus presented is superbly dramatic and that superbly I have done it. It is not my fault, but the misfortune that, as I have said, I do not invent my stories but tell them as they come to me, that it now, in my opinion, simply goes to pot. The burglar, instead of being, as he would have been if I had invented him, a bold and brutal burglar, steeped in crime and all that, was in point of fact an absolutely new burglar, out on his first job and with about as much idea of dealing with this phase of it as a rabbit.

He was (the stupid ass) a mere boy who had been bootboy at the school until Miss Strong came and fired him, and who, by an extraordinary coincidence, derived all his ideas from fiction just as Celia derived all hers. He knew from it everything that a burglar should do when discovered; but—which as I have inferred completely knocks the bottom out of this story—he knew absolutely nothing of what to do when treated, as he now was treated, as no burglar of whom he ever had read ever came near to being treated.

"Put 'em up!" he commanded again, using

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"Put what up?" said Celia, who though she knew nothing of the rules, etiquette and phraseology of the burglar game, knew the burglar well and despised him. "Put what up?"

"Yer 'ands," said the burglar, decidedly taken aback at this unheard-of question.

"What for?" inquired Celia.

This absolutely beat the unfortunate burglar. In all his wide study of burglar ways he had never read of such a question. Entirely, therefore, without answer to it, he thought it best to jump to the surer ground of another memorized phrase. "I'll drill yer!" he said, and wagged his revolver. "I'll drill yer!"

It was no better. "Don't be so stupid, Robert," returned Celia. "The games-mistress drills us, as you know well—"

The unfortunate burglar almost wept. "I'm a burglar," he cried exasperatedly. "Don't yer know a burglar when yer see one, and don't yer know a gun when yer see it pointing at yer?"

"You are Robert the bootboy," said Celia impatiently, "and I know that toy pistol of yours as well as you do; and what you are doing here after getting the sack I can't imagine."

The bootboy returned the pistol to his pocket. "I'll show yer," he said darkly. "There's a clip on the jaw coming to yer that will put yer where yer ought to be, and that's to sleep, instead of interfering with me down here"; and he took a menacing step toward her, an arm drawn back, fist clenched.

"If you come another step nearer me," cried Celia, "I'll shriek the house down!"

The bootboy hesitated, decided to take the step, took it and was lost.

His foot was no more than advanced toward her when Celia opened her mouth and let fly a shriek that caused every nerve in his body to leap on edge. She was not the shrieking sort, whether at a mouse or a malefactor; and she had not, so to speak, any set and accustomed screams ready to hand. But she produced at top pitch a series of the most diabolical sounds that ever the bootboy had heard and he did not tarry to hear many of them. Terror filled him and, spurred on by terror, he turned and fled. A dash took him to the window by which he had entered. He threw up the sash and jumped; and as he disappeared the door opened and Miss Strong stood there.

"Celia!" she exclaimed. "A burglar?"

You know, one way and another this child, had as she was, had been through a good deal in the last few hours, and the sudden appearance of the disciplinarian on the top of all that had gone before caused what I think they call a sudden revulsion in her. Anyway, the room gave a bit of swim and she gave a bit of a stagger.

She said firmly enough, "It was only Robert the bootboy, Miss Strong, and he hasn't taken anything, I—"

And she put a hand to her forehead and did the stagger bit. Miss Strong put a swift arm about her, and stooped and put a kiss on her forehead where her hand had been. "Well, we needn't worry about him," said Miss Strong. "But you are the plucky one, aren't you, though, coming down and catching him and frightening him off! Well done, you!" and she kissed her again.

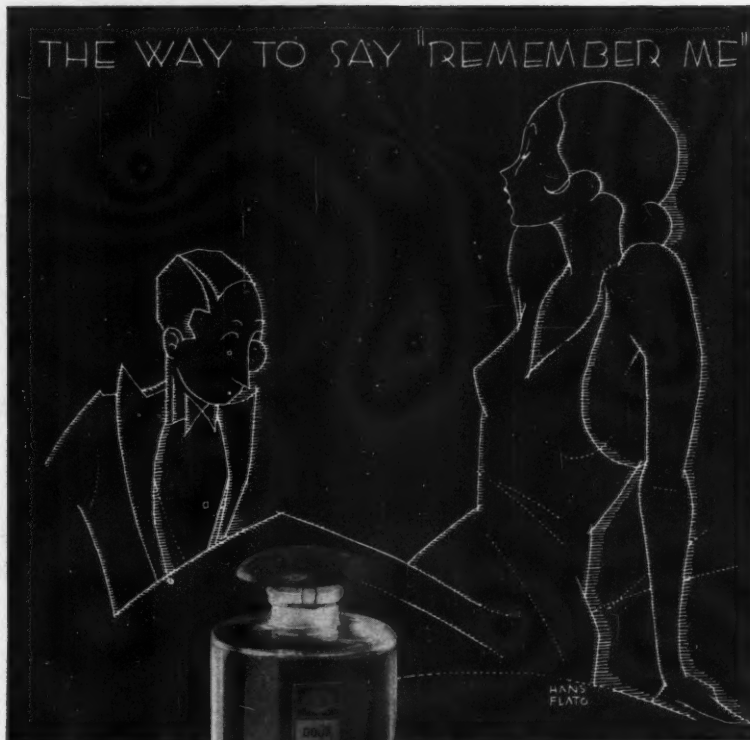
Celia now was doing that sort of half-laughing and half-crying stuff that girls do, and Miss Strong took her over to the settee and rested her there and continued her congratulations.

"I believe you will be entitled to ask for a holiday for the school on the strength of this, or something like that, won't you?"

Celia gave a gulp of about the size that the whale must have given when it swallowed Jonah. "Oh, dear!" gulped Celia.

"But you must be simply dead with hunger," said Miss Strong. "I expect that was why you came down, wasn't it? Look here, there is a most gorgeous pigeon pie in my private larder. Come along and let's get it and we will rake up the fire and I will make some tea on my spirit stove. Come on!"

They went.



DOUX JASMIN PERFUME AND POWDER

Remembrance is born of a multitude of little things—a lift of the shoulder, a lilting laugh, a snatch of song—a breath of perfume.

The woman of today chooses her odeur with this truth in mind. Like a master in the art of mosaic, she enhances the delicate pattern of her personality with a fragrance that gently points the way to remembrance.

Doux Jasmin, created and sealed by Parfums Ciro in Paris, is a fragrance as gay as laughter; as fresh as dew; as scintillant as the blossoms of spring. Doux Jasmin can turn a day's romance into a life-long memory.

Doux Jasmin is available in Extract, Toilet Water, Sachet, Talc and an incomparable Face Powder. All Ciro products are packaged and sealed in France.

LES PARFUMS DE CIRO

Paris: 20, Rue de la Paix. New York: 565 Fifth Ave.

In about ten minutes Celia was cozily in front of the fire, and the pigeon pie getting into Celia as fast as she could put it there. In about twenty minutes hunger was sufficiently appeased for her to go, so to speak, into second gear, and she said, speaking not untidily for, for some reason, Miss Strong, sitting with her like two chums together, seemed to have far more power over her than when being defied:

"Miss Strong, why was there no fuss or anything when I disappeared?"

"Well, I knew where you were, you know."

Celia opened her eyes about as wide as the hole in the pigeon pie.

"Oh, rather; of course I did," Miss Strong went on. "I came up into the trunk-room and marks on the trunks under the trap and on the

ceiling by the trap told me that in a minute."

Celia had finished and she sat and pondered a bit before she made reply.

"But if you knew—" began Celia; and then stopped and began another way. "But Miss Strong, were you going to let me just stay there until I chose to come out?"

"Absolutely," said Miss Strong.

She said it so calmly and so nonchalantly that the whole business seemed suddenly grotesquely absurd to Celia and, somehow, absurdly moving, and she gave a laugh that astonishingly got itself mixed up with a sob.

"But any ordinary mistress—"

Miss Strong said, "Yes, but then would any ordinary child—?" And she then said, with a sudden rather engaging twist of herself toward Celia, "You know, with me it is just like

dealing with an ordinary horse and a not quite ordinary horse. You ride a lot, don't you?"

Celia very eagerly did an equal kind of twist toward Miss Strong. "Oh," she cried, "I love it more than anything in the world! My daddy and I—"

"Why, then," said Miss Strong, smiling delightfully, "you know how you have to handle a pulling horse. If you pull at him—"

"He pulls at you," cried Celia, and had a sudden light break on her with the words.

Miss Strong nodded. "Of course. Whereas, if you give him his head he soon sees there is nothing to fight, and so he—"

Celia concluded it for her. "Gives up fighting," said Celia; and said it with a bit of a choke, and collapsed into the arms of Miss Strong, who held her, gently patting her back.

Absolutely No "It" by Royal Brown (Continued from page 77)

dollars, "I want you to go away, for a week. A real spree—Atlantic City or something like that."

Ann had no intention of going away. For various reasons, mostly financial. This, however, was yet to be divulged to him. In the meantime there was the office routine to occupy her. It was not heavy.

Entering, Tommy Adams discovered her with a man on his knees before her. A swarthy male who, however romantic his position, was engaged in commerce none the less.

Nevertheless, Pascale, who planned to send his son to college on the proceeds of his daily rounds of office-buildings with his little shoe-polishing box, had just paid her a compliment.

"You have," he had announced, almost reverently, "the loveliest legs: No like this"—his expressive hands, holding the implements of his trade, widened broadly—"or"—his hands came almost together—"like this!"

He lifted his brown, dramatic eyes to her, smiling at her expansively, radiating all the swift charm of the Latin. Ann smiled back—Pascale was not just a bootblack. He was an old friend.

"Isn't it too bad that the rest of me doesn't match?" she had suggested.

He had looked up at her, puzzled. "The rest of you—doesn't match?" he had echoed.

"Ever hear of 'It'?" she had asked, amused.

"It? Sure—I go to da movies too. Great big pictures of girls. They say girl has 'It.' No 'It' at all. Maka da smile, or maka da weep. But just the same—" He had gestured widely, disgustedly.

"What do you mean?" Ann had asked.

It was queer what some people could tell you. Street-car conductors, policemen—almost anybody when you got them talking.

"They all so American," he had explained. "Not like Italy. In Italy people look—alive. In America people hide everything. You go into an office and see people with dead faces everywhere. As if they afraid to look alive and—" He had paused, a bit lost. Then, surprisingly: "You not-a that way," he had said. "Your eyes, your face—alive!"

Ann had stared at him, open-mouthed. Then: "You're a nice man, Pascale," she had said, "but you're an awful liar. Do you—"

The door opened and Ann glanced around, still smiling. She thought it was the postman. But it wasn't the postman. It was—Tommy Adams!

"I hope I'm not being a nuisance," he began directly. "I looked up your business address in the directory. I wonder if you could help me out of a hole."

Instantly her face settled into the American mask Pascale had referred to. Did he—could he—believe that she could possibly model shoes for him? Or would, if she could?

Before, however, she could answer Tommy, Pascale with a final flourish of his polishing-cloth had replaced the tools of his trade in the little brass-bound box and, arising, was favoring her with one of his prodigal smiles. She must, of course, warm to him, glow swiftly if

unconsciously before turning back to Tommy. "People interest you a lot, don't they?" he remarked surprisingly, as the door closed behind Pascale.

"Some people," amended Ann.

He grinned, unexpectedly, charmingly. "I wonder if I could—a little," he remarked. And went on quickly with, "I don't know whether your sister told you that I was on for the shoe show next week and looking for a manikin."

"I should think," commented Ann aloofly, "you'd have no trouble finding one!"

"Oh, there are plenty of applicants," he assured her. He paused a second. Then, "Is there a chance in the world I could persuade you to help me out?" he plunged. "It's only for three days, next week."

"Me—model shoes?" gasped Ann.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Well, one of us is crazy," replied Ann, "and it must be you, because I'd be a perfect flop at that sort of thing. Marge would love it, but—"

"I can get fifty persons of Marge's type," he informed her. "It's you who are precisely the type I want—"

"And when," she demanded, "did you decide that? You"—she had a swift flash of intuition—"certainly didn't think so the other night, did you?"

"No," he confessed candidly. "And yet I couldn't get you out of my mind somehow. And I had an idea that if—" He hesitated there as if not quite sure of his ground.

"Oh, I understand," Ann assured him coolly. "An idea that I was like one of those girls you read about. Girls who don't know how to make the most of their good points. Then somebody comes along and changes their way of doing their hair or something like that and they discover that they are really pretty and begin to radiate charm and everything. That was your idea, wasn't it?"

"Something like that," he confessed as coolly. "But not just—"

"Well, it wouldn't work," she assured him definitely. And added flippantly, "It's not a matter of clothes at all. Either you have 'It'—or you haven't, and—"

They were interrupted there. The postman came in, depositing a sheaf of letters on Ann's desk. Tommy, eyes intent, watched the by-play between them.

"Have you any idea just what 'It' is?" he broke in abruptly as the postman withdrew.

"Have you?" she retorted.

"I have a hunch that what you need is not new clothes—or a different way of doing your hair—but a proper perspective on yourself."

"Really?" commented Ann, in a tone that suggested he was being very amusing but not at all convincing. "Well, how does it happen that Marge has the proper perspective and—I haven't?"

"That," said he, "is easy. She's the younger. You both grew up together but she developed in one way, you in another. She diverted attention from you while you were still a baby; got the idea the world revolved around her and

that she could have anything she wanted."

"Nonsense," interrupted Ann. "It's just that she is naturally more charming."

"That," replied Tommy Adams coolly, "is a matter of taste."

No woman who ever lived could take offense at that. But Ann chose to disbelieve him. Did he think she was silly enough to let herself be flattered into becoming a manikin?

But he was going on: "Your sister is a supreme little egotist. Life has made her so. I'm not criticizing—egotism is not a bad thing. She knows she's pretty, she expects attention and—she gets it. She'll meet a man half-way—at least—while you—"

"While I?" gibed Ann, as he hesitated.

"While you," he plunged deliberately, "are so darned afraid that any man will think you're chasing him that you freeze up. You wouldn't lift a finger to attract his attention."

"I wouldn't—not any man that ever lived!" blazed Ann.

"And," he commented imperturbably, "you ask me what 'It' is. Isn't it merely to make yourself attractive—naturally if you can, provocatively if you must? Your sister does—but you just won't."

"Never!" Ann assured him emphatically.

"Except," he grinned, "to Italian boot-blacks and gray-headed letter-carriers. They find you attractive enough and like you."

"Oh, they're old and married," explained Ann. "They like me because I'm interested in them and their problems."

"I know what they like you for," he informed her. "I—have eyes. You know your interest won't be misconstrued and so you let yourself be natural and—darned attractive." His eyes sought hers and his nice grin flashed again. "I'm not old," he told her, "but I am married and Lord knows I have problems. If I could persuade you to take the same interest in them—"

A curious thing happened then. Ann had never dreamed, somehow, that he might be married. She certainly had had no idea of his marrying her. And yet she felt—well, suddenly and subtly defrauded.

"Won't you?" he pleaded beguilingly.

Ann wavered. "I—don't see what I could do."

"Could you possibly get three days off next week?" he asked eagerly.

Ann hesitated. He was nice. And married too. As he had said, that made a difference. He couldn't misconstrue her interest and—she was interested.

"I could get the days off," she admitted, "but—oh, if it's a question of being a manikin, I simply couldn't. I'm not the type."

"I don't want the ordinary type," he persisted. "The styles I'm showing are new and, I hope, both distinctive and a bit revolutionary. I want the same type of manikin."

"I'd be revolutionary enough, anyway."

"And that's the point," he pressed on. "I couldn't get you out of my mind—and neither could the buyers. You'd stand out."

"I," Ann maintained, "would be carried out,

you mean. There would be lots of people there, and I'd simply shrivel up and die."

Nevertheless, she was weakening in spite of herself. He saw that.

"Let me tell you a bit more," he begged. "I'm—well, I'm running a shoe factory on a shoe-string. It's an old established concern that has been going behind for years. A town syndicate has been carrying it along and there was talk of closing it down. That's where I stepped in." He paused, produced a catalog and showed it to her. "Specialty stuff," he explained. "I sold the idea to the syndicate, now I've got to sell it to the world at large. And—it's neck or nothing."

Already he had caught her interest. A clever young man, Tommy Adams. For: "It's not my own neck that's worrying me," he assured her. "I shan't sink without a trace even if the thing does prove a flop. But—do you realize what it means to others? What a shoe factory is to a town?"

Ann didn't, exactly. But he made her see it. Not as an ugly pile of brick and mortar, equipped with machinery and smelling of leather. But as the heart of a little town.

"We employ a hundred and fifty men and women in good times," he enlarged. "Some old, some young. Some married, some thinking of getting married. Each with his or her separate existence and problems—automobiles and babies, radios and homes. It's—rather a pretty little town. And if it goes as I hope—and this show will be a test—it means more automobiles and babies, more radios and homes. That's why I'm so darned crazy to put it across." He paused, eyed her expectantly.

"If—I could help I—I would," she said. "If you will, you can," he told her positively. He held out his hand. "Won't you—shake on it?"

Ann still hesitated. But his outstretched hand—to say nothing of something in his eyes—was compelling. So she let him have her hand—impulsively.

At first she hesitated about telling her employer. When she said she was taking three days off he, of course, assumed that she intended taking the vacation he had suggested.

"Atlantic City?" he asked interestedly. She almost let him think that. Then, feeling herself flush absurdly, she confessed. If he had looked incredulous! Or laughed at her!

But he didn't. He merely chuckled—which, of course, was quite different. "You'll be the hit of the show," he prophesied.

The surprising thing was that he actually thought so. But then he, like other old men, always had seemed to hold a higher opinion of her than—well, than she did of herself.

"It's because I'm sort of an old-fashioned girl, I suppose," she decided.

YET that, certainly, could not be Tommy Adams' impression of her. Aside from such attributes as a successful young manufacturer of specialty shoes should possess, Tommy was, obviously, well informed as to what the modern girl wears.

"You'll need," he told Ann, "some sort of ensemble, an evening dress, of course, and something that suggests sports and Palm Beach too. And hats and stockings to match each costume."

"And where," Ann demanded, aghast, "do you expect me to get them?"

He grinned at her. "I'm just thinking out loud—I expect to provide them, of course."

"Good gracious!" Ann protested. "If you are running a shoe factory on a shoe-string, as you say, I don't see—"

"It's all charged up to advertising," he informed her serenely. "And this is no time to pinch pennies."

Nor did he. He not only took Ann's breath away, he even took Marge's. As for Mrs. Randolph, she had been breathless from the start.

Of course there had been no keeping it from the family. If she had tried to, the first evidence of Tommy Adams' prodigality when it came to advertising would have given her

away. This was the arrival, not of a single pair of stockings, but a dozen pairs!

And that was only the first bomb to explode in Mrs. Randolph's presence. The next package to arrive contained accessories even more intimate. Ann wished she had opened that package in her room.

"Say," demanded Marge, "what does he think he's doing? Furnishing your hope chest?"

Ann hastily placed the silky, slinky frivolities back in their wrappings.

"I don't wonder you blush," added Marge mercilessly. "A girl is certainly stepping out when she gets step-ins. That—"

"I don't," exploded her mother, "see any necessity of his sending things like that. I—I don't think it's nice."

"Oh, he just knew Ann was the sort who didn't wear them," contributed Marge. "And of course in demonstrating shoes you demonstrate so much else, too!"

"He's one of the nicest men I ever met," flamed Ann, goaded to it. "And he's married—very happily married."

"And isn't that too bad!" suggested Marge.

"And it's all strictly business," Ann persisted. "He's as impersonal as—"

"As any other married man is at the start," Marge put in helpfully. "Well, he'll tell you that his wife doesn't understand him yet."

This Ann ignored. Tommy Adams wasn't the least bit like that. He was delightfully casual and he was terribly in love with his wife. If she had doubted that, a letter he let her read would have proved it.

He let her read the letter because at the very last moment she had stage fright.

This was on Wednesday, January the fourth. The show was beginning. The fourth, the fifth and the sixth floors of the hotel were given over to the display of sample shoes.

They—Ann and Tommy—were in a room on the fourth floor where his products—the shoes Ann was to model—were displayed. Footgear that, coming from a little New England village, was fit for a queen. Slippers such as Cinderella might have worn.

Ann felt absurdly like Cinderella herself. Because downstairs in the main ballroom was a runway. And a million people, more or less, waiting to see her walk down that runway. Well, she couldn't—just couldn't!

"I—told you I'd be a flop," she reminded him, almost tearfully.

She was all dressed up and the place she was to go was plainly designated. But all she wanted to do was to find a hole to crawl into! Or to bury her nose in a masculine shoulder and weep. Yes—Tommy Adams' shoulder. Married or not, she felt that way.

And married or not, Tommy Adams darn near gave her the chance to. But that she did not guess. Because instead he abruptly drew a letter from his pocket.

"Read the first page of that," he suggested.

The first page was in the swift firm writing that looked so like him. It ran:

Dearest:

This will be only a short letter today to tell you how much I love you and miss you and how I wish you could be here. I hope you are taking every precaution—this is bad weather for colds, you know—and that Doctor Crossman will sit on your chest if necessary to keep you in bed.

Don't worry about me. It's going to mean big things for us. I've got exactly the girl I want, you know. She hasn't the slightest idea how charming she is and she's not the type that would do this normally. And that's just the reason she's going to strike precisely the note I want. She'll make the others look like rhinestones.

As you can't be here I'm going to describe her a bit. I persuaded her yesterday to go to the best *coiffeur* in Boston. He has achieved a miracle! She has the loveliest ears and she looks, somehow, as young Shelley must have. I—

That was all there was on the first page. As Ann finished he retrieved the letter, smiled down at her.

"But—but that's not me!" she gasped.

"What do you know about yourself?" he asked. And added, teasingly, "I'll bet you don't even know your nose should be powdered."

Ann made no move. She couldn't. Even when he placed cool, impersonal fingers under her chin, tilted her head a bit and calmly powdered her nose for her.

"The first hundred feet are the hardest," he said. "You'll get used to it after that."

"I feel," she confessed, "like Joan going to the stake."

"All right—feel that way," he suggested. "She went with courage—for France. You're going with courage for"—he grinned swiftly—"more automobiles and babies, more radios and homes. Let's go!"

THEY went. To Ann the runway seemed miles long. Her knees shook. She was conscious of misty faces all around her but Tommy had advised her not to look at the people.

"Just move easily, naturally," was his parting injunction.

Easily, naturally . . . "She has no idea how charming she is . . . She has the loveliest ears and she looks as young Shelley must have."

Ann moved as in a daze. In that daze she reached the end of the runway. And there was Tommy to greet her.

"Thank you," he said—just that.

"Did—I was I all right?" she asked, looking more like young Shelley than ever.

"I only hope they noticed the slippers," he replied.

The other trips, as he had prophesied, came easier. Some she made in the little black evening frock he had secured for her; others in the smart little ensemble with its particular hat or the little white jersey suit with wrapped skirt and sport hat.

So passed the day to dinner-time. She had dinner with him at the hotel. She had wondered about dining with him. Perhaps his wife— But she had checked the thought.

"Why shouldn't I?" she had demanded of some inner questioner, almost defiantly. "It's strictly business with him!"

"Is it—strictly business with you?" the inner questioner persisted.

Ann, however, refused to pay any attention to that. He was much the nicest man she ever had met, and of course she liked him. Who wouldn't? He was so generous in his appreciation of what she had done.

"But I haven't done anything," she told him. "It's the shoes—and the clothes. They're beautiful. It's not me at all."

And so she believed. Yet among those present that night was one who had come to scoff and, if she had not remained to pray, at least had been forced to pay tribute.

"Good gosh!" gasped Marge, as Ann appeared on the runway.

She felt precisely as Cinderella's stepsisters must have at the ball. She hardly heard her mother's comment. The latter was as impressed, although her reaction was phrased differently.

"I should think," she remarked, "that Ann would hate to have everybody looking at her that way. As if—as if she were an actress or something."

This she repeated to Ann herself, later.

"Oh, it's not so bad when you get used to it," Ann assured her.

Nor was it. Not with the unfailing support of Tommy Adams' encouragement and enthusiasm. It carried her along through the second day and the third to that moment when Tommy gripped her hand, impulsively and gratefully.

"Just about twice as many orders as I dared hope for," he assured her. "How can I ever thank you enough?"

The show was over; already the runway downstairs was being dismantled. Ann herself



When Thomas Edison groped in the dark

IN 1859 Edison was a newsboy on the trains in and out of Detroit. He spent every hour he could spare in the public library "grappling bravely with a certain section, and trying to read it through consecutively, shelf by shelf, regardless of subject."

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had changed back to her own clothes. Sensible hat, sensible shoes. The sort of frock and coat that would be suitable for the office and good for two years. The butterfly had crawled back into its cocoon.

This evening she had had a moment with her employer downstairs.

"And you once told me," he had reminded her, "that you had nice teeth and were good to your mother but were not the sort men marry. Oh, well, I suppose I might as well surrender to age and shut up shop as my daughters are forever urging me to."

"And what will I do for a job then?" Ann had demanded. "Am I to be fired—just because I've made a spectacle of myself?"

His eyes had looked down into hers. He was a bearded, moth-eaten Jove with hair in his ears and yet—well, there was that in his eyes that made the shadowy past, when he had stroked a college crew, seem less dim and incredible.

"If I were forty years younger I'd offer you another job," he had assured her. "But—if you're really coming back I'll be glad to have you."

"And I," Ann had assured him, "will be glad to be back."

And she meant it. She was glad the show was over, glad that Tommy Adams was going away. She had reached that point. Cinderella was ready to return to her hearth.

This had all been in her mind as she had shifted from the little black evening frock she had worn last.

"I hope you inherit that," Marge had told her—meaning that she, Marge, would be glad to borrow it frequently.

Ann, however, didn't want it. She folded it carefully, left it with the other costumes that Tommy's packer would attend to presently. The show was over.

"What is he paying you for all this?" Marge had demanded curiously.

"Don't you wish you knew?" Ann had evaded.

Actually Tommy Adams had never mentioned paying her anything. She had supposed he would sooner or later. At the end, anyway. Now she hoped he wouldn't. It would be—well, awful to be paid.

And Ann knew why. "I might have known," she assured herself fiercely, "that I'd go along for years never thinking twice about any man—and then make a fool of myself."

Well, he'd never guess that anyway. And, of course, she must say good-by to him. So she confronted him.

"Thank me?" she repeated. "Oh, it's been fun, truly. I—"

She had a feeling that her voice was going to betray her. And she simply couldn't meet his eyes.

"I—" began Tommy, with characteristic impetuosity and then checked himself abruptly. He snatched up his hat and coat, adding, "I'm going to drive you home."

"Oh, you mustn't!" phrased Ann's lips.

But the words did not come. He picked up another coat, coonskin like his own. "Slip into this—it's cold outside," he commanded.

As if she were no more than an automaton controlled by his voice, she obeyed.

They found his parked roadster and he helped her into it. Traffic at once engaged his attention; he was silent for a moment. Then: "You're a peach!" he announced huskily.

"I—" He did not finish. But his right hand found hers and gripped it hard.

"You mustn't—mustn't!" phrased Ann's lips—but again the words did not come.

"I'm not going to let you say good-by and walk out of my life," he added. "I—can't. You—you don't want me to, do you?"

The tearing wistfulness of his voice. His hand holding hers as if it never would let go. His shoulder against hers, thrilling her through and through.

"No!" clamored Ann's heart, in spite of all the conventions in the world.

She didn't want him to walk out of her life.

But he must! And she must tell him so. She lifted her head determinedly, forced her eyes to meet his. And tried to force her lips to say what they should. But they rebelled, quivered briefly. And he, manlike, misread her intent.

"Oh, my dearest!" he breathed triumphantly. "You don't—you don't!"

The next instant, careless of traffic, his free arm went around her and drew her to him. He kissed her swiftly, exultantly, as Ann never had been kissed by any man; as she never had expected to be kissed. He had taken her by surprise. That might have been her excuse. Only—Ann was honest.

She had yielded her lips—and not passively either—for one cataclysmic second. She realized that, and was swiftly, searingly ashamed.

"And that," she commented, her voice savage in its bitterness, "is the sort of girl you think I am!"

The car swerved as his startled eyes held hers. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"The sort that will have an affair with a married man," Ann went on. She was furious; with him and even more so with herself. She remembered Marge's prophecy and flung that at him. "Well, go on. Tell me that your wife doesn't understand you. That you're starved for sympathy and—"

"My wife?" he said. Then he grinned. "But—I haven't any wife!"

Ann sat slim and small, wide-eyed and open-mouthed. "You—you haven't any wife," she echoed dazedly. "But you said—"

They had crossed Massachusetts Avenue, were swinging into the Fens. He stopped the roadster short. That left him with both hands free but for the moment he no more than laid them over hers.

"So I did," he admitted. "But I lied. I had to, you see. Because you are that sort of girl."

Ann was trembling—but not from the cold. "What sort of girl do you mean?" she asked.

"The sort that just has to freeze up when you're with any man who isn't old enough to be your father—or happily married," he explained. "I'm not old enough to be your father—thank the Lord—but I wanted you yourself, not an iceberg, and so I invented a wife for myself. I know you, you little idiot."

"You can be nice to bootblacks and letter-carriers—anybody who you feel quite sure won't misunderstand your motives," he went on. "But if you hadn't thought I was married you'd have made it plain to me—being you—that you wouldn't try to attract me for anything; that you weren't the sort of girl that would chase any man, that—"

He checked himself there, but only to draw her toward him, swiftly, irresistibly.

"As if you—needed to chase any man!" he finished, huskily again, as his lips met hers.

There were, fortunately, comparatively few cars passing. Because that kiss was not brief. Tommy, at least, put all his heart and soul into it. And—well, so did Ann.

"But," recalled Ann suddenly, "you showed me a letter."

"Oh, that," he explained, still holding her close, "was to my mother. I bagged that idea out of a story I read. I wondered if you'd fall for it."

Ann's thoughts were already taking yet another twist, however.

"It—it wasn't just the pretty clothes?" she broke in swiftly. "You're—sure it's me—"

"What else could it be?" he protested.

"But—but I've never had any 'It'! I—"

His arm tightened around her. "You are a darned little idiot!" he exploded. "Why do you think I came to your office? Because, of course, for all you did your best to freeze me, I couldn't get you out of my mind. I couldn't understand it myself—but if that isn't 'It' what have you?"

The searchlights of a car that was approaching illumined them briefly but they were superbly, sublimely unconscious of that. For: "And how!" he added, his voice making music of the shop-worn phrase as his lips came back to hers.

Kindly Flames

(Continued from page 79)

way to excitement, pride, rejoicing, and to preparation for the event. Running to the bazaar and spreading the news as they ran, they bought *mashru*, their ceremonial cloth of silk and cotton mixed, to enwrap the little victim. Next, having decked her with the jewels she had never worn since her husband's death, plus all the family store, again they rushed forth, busy as swarming bees, to borrow still more finery, tinsel, silver, gold, of neighbors all proud to aid so noble a spectacle. At last when sheer weight of metal had rendered her powerless to move, raising the child in their arms, they implanted her in an open palanquin.

There, gorgeous and impassive as a temple idol, she sat enthroned while, seizing the poles, with rhythmic tread they began the procession.

Chanting prayers, beating drums, playing instruments, shouting inarticulate exultations, the village came trooping after.

But first behind the palanquin came a bullock-cart, well-laden.

"Not to the Burning Ghat!" the Old One had ordained. "That were too exposed. We might be perceived by some Sahib. To the Garden of the Two Wells."

So, on they swung, through lush, deep fields, through great fruit groves and away by swamps and reedy places, till they came at last to a solid wall of trees full sixty feet in height.

In the midst of the wall hid a gateway opening upon an ancient garden. And in that garden were neither flowers nor ordered planting, but only a tangle of neglected fruit trees and of snarled and moldy wild growth, on all four sides encompassed by the towering wall of green.

Entering, with songs and shouting they moved toward a dense-topped, wide-armed tree whose shade had kept the ground beneath it clear.

There, discharging from the cart its burden of cow-dung cakes—of which each bore the imprint of a little hand—they laid the cakes close together in rows upon the ground, scant five feet one way, scant three feet the other, heaping them up till the bed sufficed.

Finally, lifting little Kamla Devi from her palanquin, stripping her jewels and her fine clothes from her, they stretched her on the sacrificial bed.

Motionless she lay—motionless and silent as stone, while they heaped her body high with dung cakes, leaving exposed only her face and her right hand. Then, all being ready, they thrust a wisp of straw into those blistered fingers, and set the straw ablaze.

The tiny fingers clenched—that was all—till the straw fell away in dust.

But those who, being strongest and tallest, had fought their way close to the pyre, enjoyed the greatest thrill. For they saw the big eyes open wide while the lips framed the signal of command—saw the priests swing high their vessels of kerosene and *ghee* and empty them over the high-heaped dung—saw the torch applied.

Then, with the uprush of smoke and flames, arose such a babel of rejoicing shouts, such a clamor of instruments, such a beating of drums, as must drown any cry, however sharp, that agony might wring from the lips of a little child.

"Why did I allow it?" the village head man protested, when the awkward facts came out. "Let the Sahib not be wroth. Of a truth there is an order, forbidding suttee. But this woman was not of my village. She came from afar. It was therefore no business of mine—merely a matter of the private hearth."

"Still, for our Hindu people it was surely a great and most holy festival, and for our village an honor that abideth forever, blessed of the gods."

It is so easy to check intestinal toxicity so dangerous to let it "drift along"



WE TALK a great deal about the "game of life."

Indeed many of us live as though it were a game—a game of not too great importance, at that!

Nowhere do we show such carelessness in matters of intestinal hygiene. Surely we have been told enough times about the dangers of intestinal toxicity! And yet, when we find headaches or "bilious attacks" or tired digestion warning us of an overburdened system, we are satisfied to take a pill and let it go at that until the "next time."

Why take such chances? Why permit poisons to endanger our entire system? It is so easy to combat intestinal toxicity. Thousands are doing it by perfectly natural means—a balanced diet, fresh air, exercise. If, in addition, a certain degree of assistance is necessary, why not trust yourself to the gentle, thorough action of Eno instead of using bitter, drastic cathartics?

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The Wooden Horse (Continued from page 35)

the girl next. Odysseus insisted that the man precede him. In fact, he had some idea of not following at all. Helen noticed the pantomime. "Both of you come along! And stop that nonsense!"

Odysseus entered and the slave ostentatiously bolted the door.

"Now," said Helen, "why do you think he's a Greek spy?"

The slave testified eagerly, "He came here armed—he has a sharp knife on him—and he knows the Greeks personally. You should hear what he said about Agamemnon and Men—"

He stopped, embarrassed. Helen was amused. She turned to Odysseus.

"So you have the pleasure of knowing my first husband?"

"No, madam. I am a humble rug merchant from the East. But before the war I had the honor to display some of my wares for sale in your husband's house, in Sparta."

"Did he buy any?"

Odysseus saw a trap. "Madam, I regret to say he did not."

Helen thought a moment. "Was I there at the time, or was it after I had left?"

Again he suspected a snare. "Madam, the date of your leaving is not known to me."

Helen shook her head. "It must have been afterwards. If I had been there, he would have bought one. I've always had a weakness for rugs. You came at a bad moment, when he was breaking up housekeeping."

The slave interrupted. "Madam, this fellow is a spy. Why don't you hand him over to the city at once?"

Helen laughed. "Are you a spy?" she said. "You do look awful enough to be anything."

"Madam, I'm a rug merchant. In the matter of looks, I confess I don't qualify as a member of this household." He made a rather courtly bow toward the slave.

Helen gazed at him with sudden keenness. "In your travels," she said, "did you ever meet Odysseus?"

With the girl and the slave listening, he couldn't say no.

"Once or twice, madam, very casually."

"That man is a puzzle," she said. "What quarrel had he with Troy? He cared nothing for me." She paused, but he declined to comment. "I'm afraid he's a cheap adventurer—wouldn't you say?"

"Madam, you may know him—I don't."

"Why, you stood up for him a while ago," cried the slave. "You said he had abilities!"

Odysseus appeared to be racking his memory. "I don't place the reference. He may have abilities. I don't know him well enough to be sure."

Helen put an end to the debate. "I wish a word with this man in private. You two may wait here in the hall . . . Come with me."

Odysseus followed her into an inner room. She made herself comfortable on a divan. He stood respectfully before her.

"Why are you here, Odysseus?"

"I am a simple merchant from the East."

"Don't be frightened," she said. "I know who you are."

He took a convenient seat near by. His legs were weak. "Well," he said, "I'll tell the truth, to save time. I'm trying to find out how to unlock the city gates."

"They don't unlock from the outside."

"Exactly. I want to know how to unlock them from the inside."

She was puzzled. He hastened to explain. "The war's about over. A few of us are coming in, some night before long, and we'll open the gates for the others. I'm making the arrangements now."

"How will the first of you get in?"

"That's the secret."

"When's it to be?"

"That's a secret, too."

"I just wanted to be ready," said Helen. "It can't happen too soon."

He looked surprised. "Your husband won't

treat you well, when he gets his hands on you."

She smiled, unembarrassed. "He will kill me. That, too, can't happen too soon."

"You seem rather low in your spirits," he said. "We thought you were enjoying Troy."

"You know how it is," said Helen, "after you become used to a place. Until Paris died it wasn't so bad, but now they think of nothing but the war. It gets on your nerves."

Her manner was confidential. Odysseus forgot that he was a spy, in peril.

"I never thought much of the Trojans myself," he said. "Humdrum characters, most of them. Paris was an exception."

"I don't know—when you came to know him, he wasn't so different."

Odysseus watched her for a moment. She really was more beautiful than ever. It wasn't simply her face or her queenly body, those eyes and those lips, that graceful neck Menelaos had once called swanlike, that astounding bosom, those long white arms and legs—there was something besides, an energy within her, a sense of upwelling life . . . He didn't care how long he talked with her.

"Odysseus," she said, "is my husband determined to kill me?"

"I'm afraid he is."

She didn't show much concern—she had asked as though to verify the weather.

"Then he ought to come soon. The fighting does no good. I'm sorry to see so many die."

"Oh, it isn't your fault, not entirely," said Odysseus. "There would have been a war anyway. You just happened to be the cause."

For the first time she seemed annoyed. "On the contrary, if I weren't here, they wouldn't fight another minute. That's why I ought to give myself up."

"You're wrong," he said. "No one ever appreciates a sacrifice of that sort. A war has to be fought to a finish, no matter how casual the origin of it."

She looked at him hard. "You're an interesting man. Do you know, you're the only one who never thought well of me?"

"But I did. I do." His eyes took in her whole appearance. "I do at this very minute."

"No, you were always complimentary, but I guessed what you really thought."

"I wonder if you did!" He was rather proud of this remark, it sounded so well without committing him to anything.

She smiled. He asked himself what she was leading up to.

"Odysseus, I know exactly what you thought. You classed me among all the other women you know, as a pleasant amusement when you are in the mood for that sort of thing. Nothing to lose your heart to or to die for."

She looked her most radiant, and he fished around in his mind for an appropriate tribute. She recognized the effort.

"No, you probably had a delicious quickening of the pulse when you talked with Adraste, a few minutes ago—and if I cared to flirt with you now, you'd like that too. That's what you think of me. But I can't understand why, feeling no more deeply, you came to Troy."

"It's a long story," he said. "I shan't bother you with it now. Some other time."

"There'll be no other time. Menelaos will kill me."

"That's true. I'd forgotten your husband. Well, you can be sure of one thing, I didn't come out of any hostility to you."

"Of course not. You don't care one way or the other."

He couldn't help looking at her, and the impression was unavoidable that she was trying to make some sort of effect on him; her manner of disposing herself on the divan was really too luscious. Perhaps she hoped to seduce him. From all that he'd ever heard of her, he would have thought it probable, except that it didn't seem exactly the time or the place. He regretted that they had met when he was busy being a spy.

"You don't care—do you?"

He tried to return her gaze without feeling susceptible.

"Well, you know how beautiful you are, Helen—and I won't pretend I'm not a man."

Her eyes now were deeply thoughtful. This wasn't flirtation—the woman was in earnest.

"Odysseus, do you care enough to do me a great favor? I've no right to ask it of you, but you could do it better than anyone else."

"What is it?" He wanted to be sure first.

"Take a message to my husband. You can tell it in the proper words. The other spies who have come in here were all a bit vulgar—I couldn't trust them with my personal affairs. Tell Menelaos the war can stop. I'm ready to surrender. He can do what he likes with me. If he'll send a herald over tomorrow, offering to take the army back to Greece on condition that the Trojans give me up, I'll tell the people here not to fight any more. I'll go back with the herald, and you can start for home tomorrow night."

He felt his spirits sink. She really wasn't going to flirt with him. Besides—what about the wooden horse? Was she going to monopolize all the credit for this war—for stopping as well as for starting it?

"I'd like to do any favor in reason, but this isn't so simple as you make it. The Trojans have an account to settle, aside from you."

She wasn't impressed.

"Odysseus, the Trojans have spies, too. They have good reason to believe that if Troy offered to give me up, on just these terms, my husband and my brother-in-law would jump at the chance. In fact, the city council has voted to make the offer. I'd rather surrender myself than be turned out that way. If you'll take my message, I can go to my death with a little dignity—that's the only difference."

"When do they expect to make the offer?"

"It depends. They voted to do it at once. I got Priam to agree to wait till next Monday. Sunday's the anniversary."

"Of what?"

"I knew you wouldn't remember. Of our wedding, of course—Paris' and mine."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I made Priam understand that I'd like to visit Paris' grave, for the last time."

She sounded so cheerful about it, he had to grin, and she smiled back, completely frank.

"Couldn't you visit the cemetery two or three times, and delay the offer till Wednesday?"

She shook her head. "I tried, but Monday's the latest."

"Then I can't do anything for you. That is, I can't take your message. But I suspect we shan't accept the offer now—it's too late."

"You mean, my husband won't."

"On this subject, Helen, I'll have to vote with him."

"Oh no, you won't!" She walked gracefully toward the door. "On Sunday, for the sake of old times, I'll bring flowers for you too."

She turned to give him a last chance. He steadied his nerve and got his wits together.

"If we could talk this out a bit further—"

"No. You do what I ask, or the police will have you."

"Helen, give me five minutes to explain. I know what I'm about. If you listen to me, you won't have to surrender, and the Trojans won't give you up!"

She came back toward him and stood waiting.

"It all depends on the wooden horse."

"The which?"

"In a day or so you'll see a monumental horse outside the walls. When it appears, the Greeks will be gone. The Trojans will no doubt bring the thing into the city. It will be suitable for any of the larger temples . . . Well, that's about all. The war will be over, and you can go where you please. Isn't that better than being executed by your husband?"

She narrowed her eyes at him. "If I recall your first remarks, a few of you are coming in some night before long, to open the gates for the others. You're making the arrangements now. All you need is to find out how the gates are unlocked from the inside!"

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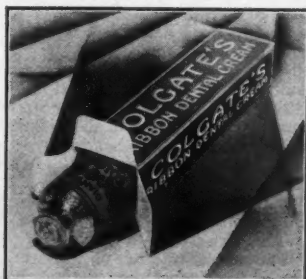
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He flung himself on his knees before her. "Helen! Kill me if you want to—afterwards—but give me a chance with the wooden horse! It's the climax to my career! If you spoil it now—well, I might just as well never have come to Troy!"

She laughed, but she didn't open the door. He took courage from her delay.

"You're like all other men. The largest part of you is vanity. What are a few lives, more or less, compared with the success of your silly strategem? You can end the war with a word, but you prefer to risk your neck to prove yourself an inventor! I'm sorry. I can't countenance any more slaughter."

"That's your last word, is it?"

"Don't you know it is? You're in my power, man. I can deliver you to the Trojans now, and get some credit for doing it, or I can take you to the gate, show you how to unlock it, let you go back to the fleet, wait till the horse is brought in, and then tell the public what's inside it. You see?"

"You might," he said, "and no doubt you're planning to betray us, one way or another, but you're not the only person endowed with wits. There's more than one way to—"

He didn't finish the sentence. The slave stuck his head in the door.

"Has anything happened, madam? I was worried about you, alone with that fellow. The city won't understand your talking so long with a spy."

"Look here," said Odysseus, "you're too insolent this time! Insult me all you like—I'm only a helpless stranger. But if you try it on this kind lady, you'll make me angry!"

"Madam," said the fellow, "with your permission, I'll now call the—"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Helen. "You've made a mistake. This is an ignorant but harmless barbarian, who sold rugs in better days."

"That's true enough," said Odysseus, "but your slave is right—we need the police."

The man couldn't believe his ears.

"Call them! Your mistress and I have evolved a happy method of ending the war. She's going to elope with me."

The man looked at Helen, then at Odysseus, then tapped his forehead significantly.

"Of course," said Helen. "You should have recognized the symptoms earlier. Wait just outside the door, in case he becomes violent."

The man retired. Helen and Odysseus looked at each other. He was pleased with himself.

"As I was going to say, when he interrupted us, there's more than one way to use your wits. When the police arrive, they will find you talking to Odysseus, who has spent all his powers of persuasion to show you that you ought to surrender yourself and end the slaughter. You don't see it that way, but if the Trojan council will commit you to his care, he will escort you back to the ships and will guarantee the departure of the Greeks. Not a bad day's work. Less picturesque than the horse, but perhaps even more memorable."

"Well?" she said.

"Well?" He imitated her tone. She made a gesture of resignation.

"I see it's no use," she said. "You are a little crazy, Odysseus. But perhaps I am, too, trying to control fate. You may do what you please. You may now leave my house and go where you like—or where destiny permits. As to what happens to me, I'll wait and see."

"You won't give away my secret?"

"There's no promise between us, on either side. You take your chance, I'll take mine."

"If you'd go so far as to swear not to interfere with the horse—"

"If you'll take my message—"

He considered a moment. "Is there a side door? I'll try the street."

She called the man. "Take this beggar to the porch and let him go."

In the early morning Odysseus told the council all about it, before breakfast.

"I think I can find the gate," he said.

"But do you know how to unlock it from the inside?" said Agamemnon.

"Certainly." Nothing was going to stand between him and his experiment. He'd find out about the locks, somehow.

"Well," said Agamemnon, grudgingly, "I really didn't expect to see you again."

"Oh, it was easy enough. The city is demoralized. By the way, Menelaos, I met your wife. She's looking awfully well."

Menelaos kept his emotions to himself.

"If you talked with her, by any chance," said Agamemnon, "she probably knows all about the horse."

"Not a thing," said Odysseus. "She's up to her old tricks. While I was buying one of her rugs, if you'll believe it, she made love to me!"

Getaway Day (Continued from page 63)

race, whether that horse has won or not.

"Now, if there's an understanding between Fatty Milligan, Dan Bard and John T. Banfield that neither shall claim the other's horse, it's because they picked this race as a soft one and are going to make their money betting on the horse they've picked to win! When wise birds like them three start leveling, they never pick the favorite with even money or worse. They got to have long odds."

"Nobody knows what Colonel P. can do over this course if he's let out. He's run a mile and an eighth many a time and finished in the ruck, and he's won and made place and show with poor fields. He'll be at least six to one in this race."

"Moon Valley will be figured a place, with Border Chief, Colonel P. and Don Marco fighting it out to the head of the stretch and a chance for Don Marco to show if he can last. He might last if he's handled well and the early going isn't too fast. But whether he does or not, who cares? You got him entered in that claiming race and we don't figure him to do anything. Colonel P. should beat the favorite, with Bedelia a place."

"The race will be run on Sunday. Sunday races at Tia Juana bring the big crowds and the sucker money. Remember, there is no racing on Monday—the meeting closes next Sunday. That's getaway day. The big idea, Miss Marion, is for you, as owner of a horse in that claiming race, to claim Colonel P."

"Then we'll ship him up to the ranch and I'll find out how fast he really is. He might make us a wonderful sire, and if he does, why, ten years from now he'll be worth a lot of money."

"Midgie," the girl replied, "I have my orders and will obey them. Run along back to the track and start your snooping, because it does seem to me there may be a little fire where there is so much smoke."

At three o'clock next morning Midgie Macklin crawled out of his bed in the tack room of the stables that housed Don Marco and Ballyhoo. In his pocket he had Marion Henning's split-second stop-watch. Across the track fence he climbed and out into the center of the infield, where he lay down in the grass to wait developments.

At half past four he saw a light in the Banfield stables.

"Ah," he breathed. "An hour ahead of time, eh?" He glanced toward Fatty Milligan's barn. A light showed there, too. "Going to give the nags a work-out before the clockers get around on the job," he decided. "I figured they would. This is going to be a real race. Fatty's careful. He's been up before the stewards a couple of times and he's afraid to pull any more rough stuff if he can avoid it. He'd prefer to run a real race if he knows for sure Colonel P. can beat his Bedelia; then, too, he'll not be afraid to bet his roll on the Colonel."

A little later a horse was led out of the Milligan barn; then two horses emerged from the

Banfield barn. It was still too dark to see them, but he could hear them snort. Instantly Midge ran across the infield to the finish-line. Crouching behind the timer's board he waited. Presently three men came walking down the deserted track and took position in the lee of the judges' stand. Behind them came the horses, walking; after passing the judges' stand they jogged half a mile and then cantered easily around to the starting-point.

"Just a nice little warm-up," Midge decided, and cocked his young ears. His thumb was on the stop-watch.

He heard the webbing fly up with a faint bang, a voice cried hoarsely, "Come on," and the thud of flying hoofs answered instantly. Down came Midge's thumb. The light was breaking fast now—the sort of half-light that precedes dawn, and in that light he could plainly see the dark bulk of the horses as they flashed past the white poles, enabling him to time them accurately.

Down the track they came, stretched to their last effort—Colonel P. five open lengths in front, Bedelia second and Moon Valley third with his outflung head at the mare's tail. He could see that Colonel P. was being hand-ridden, but the bats were rising and falling on Bedelia and Moon Valley. Midge snapped the time and then flung himself face down in the grass and listened.

"Well, Fatty, what did I tell you?" he heard John T. Banfield say.

"Come away," he heard Fatty Milligan reply. "They might have a watchman around the place and he'll hear us."

"Well, he can't recognize the horses," Dan Bard's voice cut in reassuringly. Then the three men walked rapidly away up the home-stretch and thence to the barns.

"This is Thursday," Midge reflected. "Tomorrow morning Moon Valley and Colonel P. should be set down for a half or three-quarters together when the clockers and tipsters are lining the rails. I'll bet the Colonel doesn't show the speed Moon Valley does."

He was out on the fence with the rest of the railbirds when Moon Valley and Colonel P. appeared for their morning exercise. Sure enough, after walking and jogging a bit, both boys set their horses down suddenly. For a quarter they ran neck and neck, then Moon Valley gradually drew away, to pull up at the end of a half-mile two lengths in front of the Colonel.

"Moon Valley a place in the fourth race on Sunday," Midge heard one of the clockers for a morning paper declare.

He went back to the barn to saddle Don Marco. In front of Milligan's barn he observed Jockey Jameson sitting on an upturned bucket conversing with Fatty's trainer.

"Time you were out doing your road-work," Midge reflected. "You ain't been out all week and what do you mean by setting there eating peanuts? Peanuts is fattening, you boob. First thing you know you won't be able to make the weight for Bedelia."

Jameson was still around the barn when Midge rode back with Don Marco. Midge trailed him around all day and in the evening rode into San Diego with him on the train. An hour later he followed Jameson to a restaurant and observed him eating roast beef with gravy, mashed potatoes, green peas and bread. He topped the meal off with a glass of milk.

After dining, Midge crossed the bay to the hotel where Marion Henning was a guest and reported to his employer.

"Well, we aren't going to scratch Don Marco," he announced confidently. "Have you seen the dope-sheet?"

He handed her the official list of entries for the Sunday races, together with the selections as made for their clients by the professional tipsters. He read them all.

"Here's how three of them pick the fourth race: Bedelia, Moon Valley, Border Chief, Colonel P. and Don Marco. Two others pick the race: Moon Valley, Bedelia, Border Chief, Don Marco, Colonel P. The evening newspapers pick Bedelia, Border Chief,

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Moon Valley, Don Marco and Colonel P. That's dope enough for the sucker money. They'll fly to Bedelia with Jameson up.

"But I think Jameson isn't going to be up. I got a hunch he isn't going to make the weight and that tomorrow morning about ten o'clock Fatty Milligan is going to discover this and hurry to the stewards with the bad news and a request for a change of jockeys. Just before the third race a notice'll go up on the board that Jockey Jameson has been substituted by Jockey Whoosis, and Jockey Whoosis isn't going to be the best boy at the track either.

"Fatty Milligan is taking no chances. His mare will be the favorite anyhow, but as she's scheduled not to win he'll have a good out on the jockey."

"How do you know she isn't going to win, Midge?"

He told her about the extra morning race between Bedelia, Moon Valley and Colonel P.

"You little fox," the girl declared, and ruffled his hair. "And how do you know Jameson will be substituted on Bedelia?"

"Because he's been off his diet, eating fattening food and neglecting his morning road-work. A fool can see he's done it a-purpose."

"What horse is going to win the race?"

"Colonel P. He's the horse they're leveling with."

"Yes, Colonel P. will be much the longer odds."

"Even if Colonel P. should only place, he'll be four to one, possibly more. That's a good bet because it's a sure bet. They'll play him straight and place in the books all over the country and get closing odds. Dan Bard will probably sacrifice five hundred dollars or so for the sake of appearances, and play him at the track to place and show. He might even play him a little to win, figuring to break even at that."

"Well, what are we going to do, Midge?"

"There are eight horses in the race and I'm in eighth place. That suits me fine. Moon Valley has the rail, Border Chief is second, Bedelia third, Argonaut fourth, Colonel P. fifth, Huntsman sixth and Nantucket seventh. With a fair start, Moon Valley, a quick breaker, should take the rail and keep it. He'll make the pace. I'll be laying back, saving Don Marco and looking for the breaks. Maybe I'll get them, maybe I won't, but if a break shows I'll see it and try to grab it."

"Now, Miss Marion, this is a wild gamble, but if you can afford it I'd like to see you take it. None of these three jocks will be figuring me, and Border Chief isn't considered a stretch runner. I've got to outthink those other boys. My job is to win this race against superior horses and head-work is all that will do it."

"I'm in good position to start some head-work. Play Don Marco across the board. I'm pretty sure to show and the worst you'll get is your money back. He should be three to one a show. Play Colonel P. to show. Play Bedelia to place. And be sure to be there with your thousand dollars to claim Colonel P. That horse can step a mile and an eighth under forty-eight. I know it because I clocked him when he did it in forty-eight flat and he wasn't fully extended. The boy was hand-riding him."

The mistress of Sycamore Rancho laughed. "Very well, Midge, I'll play your game," she assured him, and Midge went back to Tia Juana to get a good night's sleep.

At one o'clock on Sunday when Marion Henning dropped in at the barn she found Midge Macklin all aggrin. "Jameson's overweight," he confided, "and the Oro Fina Stables have loaned Fatty Milligan a boy of theirs—an apprentice, Chuck Berger. Not so good, not so bad. Don Marco's ready."

Marion thought the horse looked ready as the field paraded past the grand stand for the fourth race. Indeed, her horse never had looked more fit, although he was up to his old tricks, prancing around, breaking out of line, turning, fighting for his head. She saw Midge slapping him gently and continuously across the rump, talking to him, refusing to take him seriously. A cut-up at the post she knew him

to be, but she also remembered that Midge had on two occasions won with Don Marco in fair fields; that the boy had given evidence of being what is known in the parlance of the track as a "post" rider and that he had an uncanny ability to handle and soothe the recalcitrant horses.

The horses turned and paraded back to the starting-gate. With the exception of Don Marco it was a quiet and unexcited field, and the girl saw that Midge was up to his old trick, permitting Don Marco to swerve from the barrier, then bringing him up to it, and they were off to a fair start.

As they came past the club-house the girl noticed that Border Chief was out in front with Huntsman, Argonaut and Nantucket running a length behind him and neck and neck. Behind them Moon Valley came, Bedelia next, Colonel P. next and then Don Marco. Coming into the back-stretch Don Marco spurted past Bedelia and Colonel P.

Midge had seen a convenient hole and like a flash he had crossed from his place on the outside and into that hole, taking position beside Moon Valley. Border Chief, Huntsman and Nantucket still held their respective positions and the pace was not fast. Argonaut was out-classed.

Coming out of the back-stretch into the turn Huntsman dropped back and Bedelia, spurring, challenged Border Chief and Nantucket; behind Bedelia and half a length apart and in the order named came Moon Valley, Colonel P. and Don Marco. Rounding the turn into the stretch, Bedelia, Moon Valley and Colonel P. readily passed Border Chief; Don Marco already had started his run and passed Nantucket and Border Chief as the three leaders settled for the stretch running.

But they had not really started their run as yet. Seemingly they were content to be out in front; seemingly they were content to save their horses, now that their chief contender, Border Chief, was behind them. They were holding Don Marco cheap.

Midge knew he had the three leaders to beat. Indeed, he always had known that and now was the time to use his head. Suddenly he saw Colonel P. come on with a rush and pass Moon Valley and Bedelia.

Now! Now was the time! Don Marco was running well; he had not as yet been fully extended. Midge eased his head ever so little and with a cluck and a boot called upon him now for his reserve speed. Don Marco gave it unhesitatingly and courageously. He passed Moon Valley; at the eighth pole he was running a head in front of Bedelia; he passed her by two lengths, moved gradually over and challenged Colonel P.

Midge had galloped that horse too often not to realize that Colonel P. still had a world of speed left in him. Time to start his real head-work now, time to make Don Marco give him all the gallant horse had left. He would start tiring any moment now, but if he could give Midge one more terrific burst of speed—only enough to carry him three-quarters of a length in front of Colonel P., that was all the boy would ask of him.

Don Marco did it—and even as he flashed past Colonel P., Midge with that sixth sense of all good jockeys, knew that the horse had done his best, that from now on he would slow up. Colonel P.'s nose was at Don Marco's left hind quarter when his rider called to Midge:

"Goin' to show you some speed, kid. This goat hasn't started runnin'. Get out o' my way!"

Midge's bat was in his left hand. He swung it forward and down in a wide arc now; it rapped against his boot with a resounding crack; he beat furiously his boot and the saddle-pad—and before the vision of that bat rising and falling almost in his face, before the menace of those resounding whacks on boot and saddle-pad, Colonel P. refused the invitation to step out and do his stuff!

His jockey dared not pull him up, swerve to Midge's left and, riding clear of the bat, come on and win. The remaining distance to be run was too short; to swerve meant to lose

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for November, 1928

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ground which he would not be able to recover. Midge did not look for Bedelia. He knew she must not win, that if her jockey had his orders Colonel P. must be given a free hand as undoubtedly he had been played to win and to place, for good gamblers usually hedge a little. Moon Valley was out of it, too. Evidently his rider was depending on Colonel P. to win the race—and Colonel P. would not come on and win it.

He crowded Colonel P. more and more toward the rail without actually fouling him. The two jockeys were riding boot to boot. Don Marco was a very tired horse as they flashed past the paddock, but Midge's bat never ceased to rise and fall directly in front of Colonel P. And occasionally it fell on Don Marco's flank!

Midge had not expected to win; he had sought merely for what he called "the breaks," well knowing that the breaks usually come to those who look for them. He was employing an old trick on the apprentice rider who bestrode Colonel P. A more experienced rider would have countered with his own bat, striking down Midge's bat long enough to get his horse's nose up beyond its whirling menace.

Midge glanced around. Bedelia was third, Moon Valley fourth and all four horses closely bunched. No, there was no escape for Colonel P. He had to go on; unless his courage was equal to risking a crack on the nose to win, he must come second. Don Marco was a beaten horse as he passed the grand stand, yet he could not be beaten. The inferior horse with the superior jockey had the advantage over the superior horse with the inferior jockey. Things had "broken" for Midge.

They came under the wire with Don Marco winning by a nose, Bedelia second, Colonel P. third, Moon Valley fourth. Bedelia's jockey had had his orders to make a place and right faithfully had he obeyed them!

It was a splendid race, albeit a bit slower than was to have been expected. But it had been a hot finish, hence to the uninitiated it appeared to have been a fair race. With the favorite just being nosed out, the race had about it the odor of sanctity. Undoubtedly, the public told itself, Bedelia would have won had Jameson been able to make the weight; everybody was remarking what a good race Colonel P. had run. Everybody was disgusted to think that Don Marco, at his price, had been so sadly overlooked.

After the race had been run various trainers and handlers came to lead the horses away. Dan Bard actually had led Colonel P. some thirty feet up the track headed for the barn when the presiding judge leaned out the pagoda window and shouted to him:

"Come back with the Colonel, Dan, and give the halter shank to Jim Merton. His employer, Miss Henning, has claimed the winner. Hey, you man with Bedelia, and you with Moon Valley. Bring those horses back. They have both been claimed."

Marion Henning glanced up from a cursory examination of Colonel P. and caught the judge's glance fixed upon her humorously.

"Something fishy about this race, Miss Henning," the judge confided, "but I'll be hanged if we can put our fingers on it. Look at that time. Fifty-one. That's much too slow for Bedelia."

"It's fast enough for Don Marco," she replied. "If the early going hadn't been so slow he never could have lasted the distance. However, when I see horses like these three entered in a claiming race I like to be on hand to claim."

As she reentered the club-house veranda she passed Dan Bard, John T. Banfield and Fatty Milligan seated at a table. They faced her with what appearance of cheerfulness they could muster. Of the trio Dan Bard alone was equal to the task of rising and proffering his congratulations, from which Marion Henning judged that Colonel P. had not been his property after all, although entered under his name. "I congratulate you on that race, Miss Henning," he said. "I understand you have purchased Bedelia and Moon Valley from the

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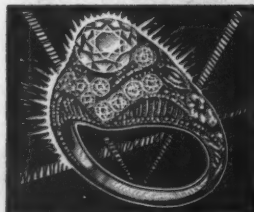
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two owners who claimed them from Mr. Milligan and me."

"Yes, I learned that the owners of Nantucket and Argonaut were very debilitated financially so I lent them each a thousand dollars to claim Bedelia and Moon Valley and promised to buy both horses from them immediately at a five-hundred-dollar profit. Quite a legitimate deal I assure you, Mr. Bard. At the price they cost me I consider both horses a gift. I can always use a good mare like Bedelia, and a stallion like Colonel P. is not to be despised at a thousand dollars. I have a feeling that Colonel P. is faster than he seems to be. As for Moon Valley, I'll make a few dollars out of him, too."

John T. Banfield found his voice. "I'll give you a chance to make a few dollars on him without waiting very long, Miss Henning. Remember, he's a gelding. I'll buy him back for twenty-five hundred. I'll be frank. I didn't expect he would be claimed."

"I think I'll keep him, Mr. Banfield. If he's worth that to you he's worth it to me."

Fatty Milligan heaved himself up with a prodigious effort. "How about my Bedelia?" he almost sobbed.

"Not for sale."

"And Colonel P.?" Dan Bard was smiling hopefully.

Marion shook her head. "I'll sell you the winner, Don Marco, instead."

"That dog!" the three almost growled in chorus. "Why, look here, Miss Henning!" Fatty Milligan was speaking. "Why, if that boy of yours wasn't as wise as a tree of owls Don Marco would have been beaten so far he'd be running yet."

"Yes, Midgie's a very wise boy, indeed. Here's a note he slipped me in the paddock. It makes very interesting reading. Read it, Mr. Milligan."

Fatty Milligan read aloud: "'Miss Marion. Play Don Marco across the board; play Bedelia all you have to place, play Colonel P. across the board and play him heavy. Claim Bedelia, Colonel P. and Moon Valley, because they're worth a lot of money and it's a shame to see good horses used by a lot of tin-horn levelers on getaway day. I want to ride Colonel P. in the Derby at Churchill Downs. Midgie.'"

"Did you do it?" Bard's voice was reverent. "I did. Ten to one to win, five to one to place, two and a half to one to show on Don Marco; I spread three thousand—and he won all three bets. Ten thousand on Bedelia to place at eight to five a place and I won that. I lost a bet of fifteen hundred each to win and to place for the Colonel, but won a thousand-dollar bet for show and my money back, so the Colonel owes me nothing. Feed money, gentlemen, feed money! This is getaway day, and oats and hay and bran are very expensive."

"I wish," sighed Fatty Milligan, "that there was a rule preventing a leading jockey from using his bat in a contender's face. The practice is criminal."

"Oh, shut up, Fatty," sighed John T. Banfield. "It's an old trick and there is no rule against it. There couldn't be. What I can't understand, Miss Henning," he went on, "why, after your jockey had instructed you to play Colonel P. across the board heavily, when he was twelve, six and three to one and could have backed in blindfolded, your stupid boy kept him from winning."

"Now, if he had done that, you would have lost your first two bets on Don Marco but would have won twenty-five hundred on him to show. Bedelia to place at five to eight was a cinch, of course, and on that bet you won \$6,250 anyhow. But you would have won \$24,000 on the Colonel to win, \$12,000 to place and \$6,000 to show—a total on that bet alone of \$42,000. As you laid your bets, however, you only won \$17,000 on Don Marco, \$6,250 on Bedelia and nothing on Colonel P. Midgie Macklin has cost you just \$42,000. You ought to fire him!"

"Why, one couldn't discharge a boy for riding to win, Mr. Banfield," she reminded him pointedly and he had the grace to blush. "Besides, I think Midgie played his hand rather well, after all. Bedelia, Colonel P. and Moon Valley cost me \$4,000—and if the Colonel alone isn't worth \$50,000 I'm a poor judge of horse-flesh."

"The girl's gone crazy," Fatty Milligan exploded. "Whoever heard such rot?"

"When a horse can step a mile and an eighth in forty-eight under wraps," Marion cooed at him, "he's extremely liable, if let out, to break a world record. The next time you three start leveling with one horse in a race be sure somebody else isn't leveling with another. And, in particular, look behind the timer's board when you give your horse a real race before the clockers arrive. Genius," she added with a devastating smile, "is an infinite capacity for taking pains."

She moved back to her chair and commenced to study the fifth race, while John T. Banfield stared across the infield toward the distant mountains of Mexico.

"That young woman," he declared presently, "proves the utter fallacy of the old saying that one should never send a boy to do a man's work. Bedelia placed, but did any one of this choice triumvirate of idiots play her to place, when she was a cinch and the only thing against her was a price of eight to five? Nobody did."

"And did any of the same three morons play Colonel P. to place and show? They did not. They played him to win. Not a hedge bet in the lot of us—and we think we're smart, whereas that girl played all three winners and called them—one, two, three. She isn't a gambler. Just a nice little business woman. Right now her father's struggling to climb out of his grave and hug her for claiming our three horses."

"There's a big field in the fifth race," Fatty Milligan added plaintively. "Let's go out and lie down on the track and let them run over us!"

Son of the Gods (Continued from page 49)

heeded it was merely a proof of the potency of prayer, and similar phenomena were of daily occurrence.

For that matter sons are not seemingly subjects for joking among Lee Ying's people; lacking a boy of his own he would have been expected to adopt one out of regard for his family line. Ancestral worship and respect for the family as a social integer have induced the Chinese to carry adoption to extremes, or to what any other people would consider extremes. Sons are adopted to act for their new parents as commercial agents. Children of poor parents are purchased for adoption and, upon occasion, kidnappers make a profit from the sale of stolen children.

In spite of his Western culture and liberality of thought Lee Ying was thoroughly Chinese in his religious observances—the color of a man's soul cannot be washed out in a few

years, nor can the faith of two hundred generations change in the course of one—and he would have been expected to go to any length in finding a son to worship at his tablet. No, the belated coming of his boy was taken as evidence of his luck, as proof that the astrological influences ruling at the hour of the merchant's birth were fortunate.

So it was that his friends and well-wishers entered heartily into the celebration, before described, when the baby received its "milk name," Lee Sam, and its head was shaved. They expressed themselves as hopeful of joining in the ceremonies attendant upon the commencement of the boy's studies, when he would receive his "book name," and still later, at the time of his marriage, when he would be presented with his "great name." Soon it was forgotten that his arrival had been attended by circumstances in any wise unusual.

Little Sam was a pretty and a beguiling infant; he was plump and dimpled, his limbs were straight, his eyes were black and shiny, he laughed more often than he cried. Due no doubt to a good stomach, he wrapped himself in a mantle of contentment; the blissful smile of a Buddha hovered upon his lips.

In this placid demeanor his parents affected to behold infallible indications of a rich and a benevolent mind. He was a sturdy manling and he turned out to be wholly immune to the ordinary infantile ailments, corroborative evidence of his celestial origin. He developed rapidly, too. Who ever heard of an ordinary mortal with a tooth at three months of age? But Sam had two, as white as rice kernels.

Demigods teethe early. They suffer no mortal ills. Nevertheless, there was no sense in taking chances: Pan Yi, out of an excess of caution, painted the little rubber button that served Sam as a nose with the red paint of happiness, she daubed his forehead with vermilion luck signs and put girls' earrings in his ears to fool the jealous gods into thinking him one of the despised sex. To aid the deception further she called him by girls' names.

When he seemed to feel less well than usual she was not content to hire one doctor or even two: she hired several and she made the little fellow swallow the medicines of white specialists and Chinese practitioners at one and the same time. The fact that he survived those American prescriptions in addition to powdered cobwebs, ground leather, dried bat wings and the like would have convinced even a skeptic that he was indeed no common boy.

Lee Ying became daily more attached to his son and as for heart-hungry Pan Yi the years fell away from her and she bloomed into a girl again. She made frequent thank-offerings to the various deities, slighting not even the least important, and she gave expensive presents to her friends, assuming a new importance not only in their eyes but in the eyes of her own servants by reason of her motherhood.

Every contented gurgle from the wet lips of little Sam brought a song to hers, his peevish yells filled her with dread and threw the entire establishment into confusion.

All of the above is merely a roundabout way of saying that the foundling had fallen into a good home and that the merchant and his wife were ordinary old people who indulged themselves in the priceless luxury of thoroughly spoiling their one and only son.

How good that home was became more apparent as time went on. Only the finest foods were given to the child and they were prepared with the highest skill; his garments were of rich materials and they were embroidered with royal insignia, his toys were numerous and expensive, upon his tiny cap was sewn the ruby button of a Mandarin of the first rank.

His father saw to these material comforts, his mother exercised her utmost cunning to safeguard his health and his well-being. Warily she circumvented the malicious influences that threaten little boys.

Knowing the penumbral regions to be peopled with the shades of unmated women who are forever trying to reinstate themselves by snatching the souls of new-born men children and making them their own, she burned old shoe-leather near Sam's cradle to drive them away. She ignited incense to the Gods of Colds and Coughs and Colics; every night she carefully turned his shoes upside down so that the demon of pestilence could not scatter sickness in them.

Certain of Lee Ying's friends and neighbors ventured to suggest that in rearing Sam like a noble he was perhaps making too much of his boy, but the importer smiled, saying:

"He who puts no faith in his son shall find no faith in him. If I raise him as a prince, a prince he is likely to be, for when the mirror is highly polished how can dust defile it?"

When the time came for Sam to commence his studies he was not sent to school; a Chinese tutor was engaged for him and his education was begun in the time-honored, orthodox manner, which is to say that a book was put into



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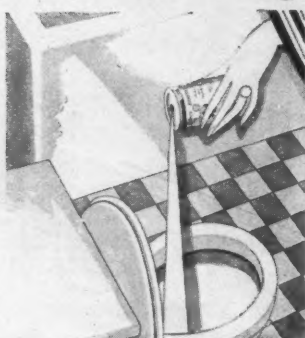
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his chubby hands—an imposing work the introductory statement in which read, "Men at their birth are by nature radically good." This entire volume Sam was forced to memorize.

Hour after hour, day after day, week after week, he repeated, parrot-like, the sentences of his tutor until he could lip them without an error. Page upon page of characters he listlessly traced in total ignorance of their meaning, book after book he learned by rote. He was taught the names of the thousands of arbitrary Chinese word signs, a four-years' labor in itself, and in time their significance was made known to him. Not until then did his studies begin to hold interest.

According to Chinese belief scholarly rank does not involve practical knowledge but is acquired through mastery of the classics, by the study of geography, arithmetic, science, the etiquette of social behavior and the like. Young Sam memorized Chinese history, he learned stories of youthful precocity, tending to show the value of education.

He was given examples of poor scholars who acquired knowledge under difficulties, like the boy who, lacking money for a lamp, bored a hole in the wall and studied by the light from a neighbor's lantern. He was drilled in reciting the twenty-four stories of filial piety, such as the tale of the son who thawed through the ice on a pond by lying naked on it so as to catch carp for his mother, and of the little boy who went early to bed so that the mosquitoes could have their fill of him before his parents retired.

He was taught the story of creation: how the male and the female principles, "yang" and "yin," gave birth to Pan-Ku, the hewer-out of the universe and how he grew steadily, six feet every day, for eighteen thousand years.

Lee Sam learned all of his lessons out loud, and the harder he tried to memorize them, the louder he shouted.

Lee Ying would smile and the wrinkles about his eyes would deepen as he listened to his son.

Sam had his occasional holidays, of course: on the birthdays of the gods or during religious festivals his father took him by the hand and led him out upon the streets where he could stare owl-eyed at all the entrancing sights. New Year's was the most glorious time of all, for then, among other things, Sam went with Lee Ying to pay his New Year's calls and to receive his presents from their friends. Bravely he trudged at his father's side; he bowed and scraped and raised and lowered his clasped hands in careful imitation of his elders.

The entire festival was one long succession of interesting experiences and intoxicating joys. There was feasting, the burning of prayers, the popping of firecrackers to frighten evil spirits from the streets, the vaporizing of vinegar to exorcise them from the house. Every New Year's Eve the kitchen god came back from Heaven where he had journeyed to report on the family and Pan Yi was not above rubbing the lips of the kitchen god's image with honey to make certain that nothing except sweet words would issue therefrom.

Jealous of the joy Lee Sam had brought, she never permitted the house to be swept during the first few days of the festival lest a mite of happiness would be brushed out by the brooms. As for the boy, he learned to take all these practises as a matter of course, like the parades of dragons, the lanterns, the troops of strolling players, the puppet-shows. They were part and parcel of his life.

He had no contact whatever with things American, his mind was trained in the Oriental school. He was thoroughly Chinese.

Pan Yi ascended the dragon when Sam was eleven years old and he mourned for her as sincerely as did his honorable father. The next year Lee Ying moved to New York.

This change was prompted partly by grief and partly in order that the importer might the better attend to his Eastern store which was steadily growing in importance. So, at least, Lee Ying declared.

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D. D. D. The Healing Skin Lotion

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In reality there was another reason for his going. Sam was growing to look more and more like a Son of the Gods, that is to say he was growing to look less and less like a Chinese boy.

To the father this was confirmation of his belief in the lad's celestial origin, not that confirmation of an implicit faith was necessary, but he heard whisperings that disturbed him and one day Officer Dunne came to him in considerable distress of mind. The women engaged in Chinatown settlement work—the white women—were asking questions. They were meddling creatures and to them the dignity, the repose of Lee Ying's declining years meant nothing.

The importer pondered. In his eyes Sam was all that a high-class Chinese boy should be and he carried himself like the son of an Iron-capped Prince. He spoke no more than a few words of English, he did not know how to think, how to act, how to play like a white child, but unfortunately these missionary zealots were familiar only with coolie types; they never had seen a Chinese gentleman, aside perhaps from Lee Ying himself and a very few of his well-born friends.

Little Sam was undeniably conspicuous and to them he resembled a white boy. New York was unlike San Francisco, the father reflected: there it would be possible, with less danger of interference and annoyance, to rear his precious godling, as he had vowed to rear him, into a man who would be a credit to his name and whose virtues would reflect honor upon his ancestors. Accordingly the move was made.

It required several express-cars to transport the household belongings of the merchant prince and when father and son set out upon their journey across the continent they traveled in state.

Arrived in New York, Lee Ying set himself up in even better style than formerly and the local Chinese welcomed him as if he were a person of national importance. To the Lees it was much like coming from the real China into a land of barbarians, for New York's Chinatown was but a pale counterfeit of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco. Nevertheless they adapted themselves to it; a new life began.

For Sam Lee it was a full and an interesting life. For one thing he was allowed more liberty than he had ever known, for another the new servants showed him a greater deference even than the old ones and he learned to rule them autocratically.

Outside of the house he received unusual consideration, too. His father was the richest Oriental in the city and his accomplishments were respected, he was honored as a sage and a philosopher, his sayings were listened to and cherished as gems of wisdom; to the son and heir of such a man, therefore, the utmost courtesy was due.

Sam's seniors bowed gravely to him on the street, a certain subtlety of meaning was attributed to his juvenile chatter. The Chinese children looked on him as a remote, a superior being who invoked awe.

Lee Ying procured an English tutor for Sam, a bespectacled Cantonese with a bulging, pear-shaped head. The fellow had graduated from Yale, and in his hands Sam's education took a new turn. In a year he had learned to speak a stilted, pedantic sort of book-English and there were few tricks of pronunciation that bothered him.

He had learned also to wear American clothes which he did whenever he and his myopic tutor went out into the streets. At fourteen he had grown into a tall, spindling, owlish youth crammed to the point of indigestion with a learning far beyond his years.

One day Sam and his tutor were sitting in Mulberry Bend park, that breathing-place tucked in between Chinatown and its environs on the east and the crowded Italian neighborhood to the west of it. It was a favorite resting-place of theirs, for here the tutor read while Sam watched the white children at play.

Their amusements were rough and meaningless to the boy, the yelling and the quarrel-

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that went with every game struck him as senseless and undignified, nevertheless he felt a timid eagerness to take a hand. It was less a desire actually to have a part in the sports than a feeling of loneliness and a dull resentment at being left out.

The truth is he had begun to yearn for human companionship. The children of Mott and Pell and Doyers streets could not bring themselves to share their games with him, for they were commoners and he was a prince, and the white urchins of the neighborhoods near by ignored him. When they did notice him they manifested a marked rudeness doubly distressing to the sensitive mind of a Chinese child; they either fell silent in his presence and stared curiously at him, or they giggled and whispered.

Sometimes they openly jeered at him: "Chinamen eat rats!" or "Hey, John! Let's see your pigtail."

They were unmannerly, quarrelsome persons, they were boisterous barbarians; Sam disapproved of their vulgarities and he disdained their insults. He was aware of his own superiority, nevertheless they had the power to hurt him; he felt ashamed and—naked in their presence. It was useless to ignore the fact that their gibes smarted and there was mighty little comfort to be had from repeating such philosophical truths as "The excellence of a man consists not in his courage but in his virtue" . . . "He who strikes me with a sharp point will not himself be safe for long."

Nor did it bring any great serenity of soul to meditate upon the five qualities of moral virtue. Sam had a tempestuous and wholly un-Chinese desire to fall upon these grimy demons and hurt them as they hurt him.

This day he noticed on the bench next to his a little girl, somewhat younger than himself. She was bundled up in more clothes than the weather called for and from her color it was plain that she had been ill. She possessed an impudent nose and a pair of imperious blue eyes the which were contradicted by a wistful mouth. She was as frail and as pretty as one of those pallid lilies, or carved ivory fans the old Chinese poets wrote about, and when her glance met Sam's she shyly averted it.

This happened two or three times, then the little girl smiled. Sam's lips parted. A moment later he was standing at her side.

"Are you sick, too?" she inquired. Sam shook his head. "I been sick. I most died."

"I am sorry," he managed to say.

"Wasn't you ever sick?"

"No. I have been remarkably free from disease."

"Well, why don't you play with the other kids? . . . You're Chinese, ain't you? Gee, you don't talk like a Chinaman . . . I bet it's hard to talk Chinese . . . We had three doctors at our house and my ma's hair turned gray in a single night . . . Why don't you play? I'd play if I could, but I can't. Don't you like to play? I do. Only I hate it now."

"My father prefers to have me improve my mind. He says those who would win honor in their studies must learn mental discipline."

"My father never went to school. He's an assemblyman and he goes to Albany and makes laws. Say, everybody jumps through when he tells 'em to! . . . Gee, it must be funny to be a Chinaman! I'd rather be sick . . . I had chills and fever and headache and sick stomach. I had everything." Plainly the speaker was in a boastful mood.

"Doubtless the hot and cold elements of your body were not in harmonious accord," Sam told her politely, "or an evil spirit moved your brain bones about in a painful manner."

"Yeah! I could feel 'em move . . . Say! I bet I know why you don't play. The kids won't let you. But I don't care if you're a Chinaman; you can play with me—till I get well."

This young person's frankness and impetuosity were embarrassing, but she was a friendly soul and her interest in Sam was unaffected. Her rudeness was unintentional and merely the result of an eager curiosity. She was easy to get acquainted with, for she not only told

everything there was to tell about herself but also answered many of her own questions before Sam could do so and thus cleared the way for more. She was a chatterbox.

Her name was Eileen Cassidy and that was her brother, Jim, yonder. Jim fetched her here every day. They lived down on Oliver Street.

"My pa took me in your store one day. Gee! It's big. You live upstairs, don't you? I live in a regular house . . . I like stores that much good, like yours. Can you buy anything you want in there? . . . Pa says you're awful rich . . . Is that man your teacher? I bet it's fun to have your own teacher . . . Public school's awful, there's so many foreigners. Ma says it's awful . . . My brother Jim's getting tough, running around with Italians and everything. We're Irish . . . Why don't you ask me something? . . . My pa used to be a policeman!"

A policeman! Here was information of a startling character. Miss Cassidy had an immature mind but she was, manifestly, a person of importance and Sam was curious about policemen. He launched into speech soon he and Eileen were talking like old friends.

Eileen hitched herself closer to him and piled him eagerly with questions, her thirsty mind drank up whatever he had to say and for the first time in his life Sam tasted the heady wine of flattery. Magically he expanded.

When he and his tutor walked home Sam was outwardly sedate, but inwardly he was in upheaval. His notions of white children had entirely altered, there was a strange warm feeling in his breast. He had a friend.

In suppressed excitement he told Lee Ying all about the surprising adventure that had befallen him and the old man listened with a smile, saying finally: "Yes, her father is well known to me. He is a man of influence in the district."

"She was saved from death by a miracle," Sam declared, "and in the space of a single night the hair of her august mother turned white. There were three doctors, of whom the medicine was bitter. Probably it was made of powdered cockroaches. She is not ugly, like other white children, her eyes are blue and there is sunshine in them. It is strange that the God of Colic would place a spell upon an insignificant girl child. Would it be polite to make her a present and show my respectful pleasure in her acquaintance?"

"Polite, indeed. Only by a benevolent consideration of others may we attain to exalted virtue. What sort of present would suitably express your delicate concern?"

Sam considered. "She complains of a savage, gnawing hunger. Perhaps a box of sweet cakes and candies—"

"In which you could share? No. A book would be suitable as coming from a student, but the minds of girl children are light. I think one of our Chinese dolls would please her better. Or a small tree of coral and amethyst and jade, with quivering petals of crystal."

"To a person of her childish tastes a doll would indeed be more suitable," Sam agreed. "Her mind is undeniably frivolous."

Eileen's brother Jim was a healthy, hamscarum boy and he resented playing the effeminate rôle of nurse-maid, so in the days that followed he more than willingly surrendered the care of his sister to Sam Lee and proceeded to amuse himself. Daily Sam brought presents to his little friend and in consequence his status with the other children changed. They began to regard him with something besides contempt.

Seeing in him a source of possible revenge they assumed a demeanor wholly artificial—it was an experience, by the way, with which he was destined to become all too familiar as time went on. It pleased Sam, he bought both immunity from insult and a kind of popularity.

Eileen Cassidy proved one day that she, at least, was a stout and loyal friend. On this occasion Sam had brought her not ivory, nor agate, nor silk as usual, but his own most cherished possession, his fighting crickets. There were three of them, each housed in a

gourd elaborate as a blazer, perforated in

These crickets were famous warblers of China, undertake to most delicate watered from bed was pro-

They were lions with was told, at tice, beans fierceness but with human

The eager received many a lightful doll of doll furniture

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gourd elaborately carved and colored to resemble a blooming flower and provided with a perforated ivory cover highly decorated.

These crickets, he explained, were not ordinary insects, they were the reincarnation of famous warriors long dead and they bore honorable Chinese names, the which Eileen did not undertake to repeat. As such they received the most delicate attentions; they were fed and watered from tiny porcelain dishes and a little bed was provided for each.

They were specially bred and trained champions with records of many victories, Eileen was told, and their food consisted of rice, lettuce, beans and chopped fish. To rouse their fierceness before a battle mosquitoes gorged with human blood were fed to them.

The eagerness with which this gift was received may be imagined. Live dolls! In delightful doll houses, equipped with the tiniest of doll furniture. Was anything so wonderful?

The other children were more excited by the bloodthirsty nature of the diminutive warriors than by Sam's recital of their virtues, and a crowd gathered. There was a pushing and a shoving and finally a scream from Eileen, as an unmannerly boy despoiled her of her treasure. Sam promptly fell upon the robber. In an instant they, and not the crickets, were at each other's throats.

It was Sam's first fight and he was astonished to discover that he took to it readily. But alas, other boys piled upon him. The cricket gourd was trampled underfoot, crushed, their warlike occupants met with fates more shocking than they had ever wrought upon their vanquished adversaries. Eileen was in hysterics, Sam was mastered by a terrible indignation: rage boiled up in him so fiercely that he was unconscious of pain.

He was pushed and pulled, kicked and struck; he was flung down and his clothes were torn. His nose was bleeding, he heard yells of, "Soak the Chinaman!" "Wallop the dooty Chinaman!" "Lemme get at 'im."

Eileen was in the very middle of the fray—she had by now fully recovered her strength—biting, scratching, kicking, striking.

"I'll kill you," she screamed. "You hurt him and I'll scratch your eyes out . . . Let him go . . . I'll tell my pa."

Dan Cassidy was known and feared but gang-spirit was proof against more than the mere threat of his anger. On a ribbon around her neck Eileen wore her father's old police whistle and this at last she blew with all her breath.

Now in the neighborhood of the Five Points, police whistles are not sounded in idleness. Having pretty well disposed of Sam, his assailants were becoming frightened at the extent of the havoc they had created so they separated and scurried away, each in his own direction. They left Eileen stamping her feet and shrieking threats of vengeance after them.

Sam was a sight. He was skinned and bruised and bloody, his nose pained him terribly. It did not feel like a nose at all: it was much larger than a nose and it bled. There was the taste of blood in his mouth. No doubt he would bleed to death in a very short time. That appalling prospect concerned him less, however, than the amazing phenomenon which had occurred inside of him. He had been reared in the dignity and the repose that is Chinese, he had been taught to abhor violence, he had been made to believe that peace is perfection and tranquillity is paradise.

What strange and terrifying monster was this that had taken possession of him, soul and body? It rocked and swayed him, it lashed his mind to madness. His hurts were pleasant and he took a savage, drunken joy in them. The taste of blood was sweet. He did not want these hoodlums to run away, he wanted them to stay and rend him into a thousand pieces if meanwhile he could sink his teeth into them, if he could scratch and gouge and tear their flesh. He'd kill them. One against ten. He'd wait, he'd never forget. A dirty Chinaman. And his mighty warriors, those honorable heroes of a hundred battles,

corpses now! Crushed under the heels of barbarians! He wept for the three brave spirits that were gone.

Eileen was crying, too; she was crying not for the crickets but for him. She was his friend: his one and only friend. She was drawing him away from the battlefield, leading him to her home.

"Mercy me! What have you been up to now and who's this with you?" Mrs. Cassidy inquired a few minutes later when her daughter came wailing into the house, hauling Sam by the hand. "So? It's that nice Chinese boy you've been playing with. Shame on the both of you to be fighting! Wait now and stop your crying. Who's going to tell me what happened?"

Eileen told what happened, of course. There was no stopping her. Choking, sobbing, she gasped out the horrid story and meanwhile Sam tried to compose himself. It was no easy task, for he was still in a turmoil.

But this was a house of understanding and of sympathy. Mrs. Cassidy neither condemned him nor made light of the tragedy, on the contrary she praised his spirit and voiced indignation at the outrage: she made a lot over Sam, in a motherly way. To begin with, she took him into the bathroom and washed his face and hands and put strange-smelling salves and liniments upon his cuts and bruises, then she brushed his clothes and pinned up the rents in them. Not once did she call him a Chinaman or indicate in any way that he was in the least different from other boys.

"Don't you mind a little beating," she told him. "I bet you could lick any one of those rowdies in a fair fight. They're the worst boys in the neighborhood and they'll come to no good. From what Eileen tells me you're a little gentleman. There! It's quit bleeding already . . . I hope she's had the grace to thank you for all the nice playthings you gave her when she was sick."

"You are too kind," Sam said in a quavering voice. "I have never before engaged in a fight. The lowest order of men are vicious, the higher type of man is firm but not quarrelsome."

"D'you hear that, Eileen? There's sense to the boy. And the nice English he uses! Yes, and you picking up nothing but slang and vulgarity off the streets. So your brother Jimmy lets a stranger do the fighting for the family? Wait till Dan Cassidy hears that. Now then, tell me about these crickets that started the trouble. I never heard of the like."

Eileen went into tears again; it was Sam who explained about the three doughty heroes and their untimely end. Mrs. Cassidy listened with interest, she betrayed a suitable grief and expressed befitting regrets, then she hustled the children down into the kitchen and gave each of them a glass of cold milk and a cookie. While they ate and drank, she had to hear about the crickets over and over again.

When Sam finally left, Mrs. Cassidy walked to the door with her arm around his shoulders and before she let him go she smoothed his hair and gave him a motherly pat on the cheek. She invited him to come again.

There was a lump in the boy's throat as he walked home. Mrs. Cassidy had the same tender touch as little old Pan Yi, of blessed memory, and there was the same comfort in her robust voice as in the birdlike cooing of Sam's Chinese mother. He wondered why he had felt like crying every time this white woman's firm and capable hands had touched his flesh. Why had he yearned so desperately to feel her sheltering arms around his body? Other Chinese children shrank from contact with people of white skins, but he liked it. He had the queer feeling that Mrs. Cassidy and Eileen were flesh and blood with him.

On the next Sunday afternoon Lee Ying and Lee Sam, each clad in his finest native dress, called at the Cassidy home. The entire family was there and the old merchant bowed deeply in turn to the assemblyman, to his wife, to Jim and to little Eileen: he raised his clasped hands to the level of his forehead and lowered them repeatedly. Sam did likewise. Then

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"He don't"
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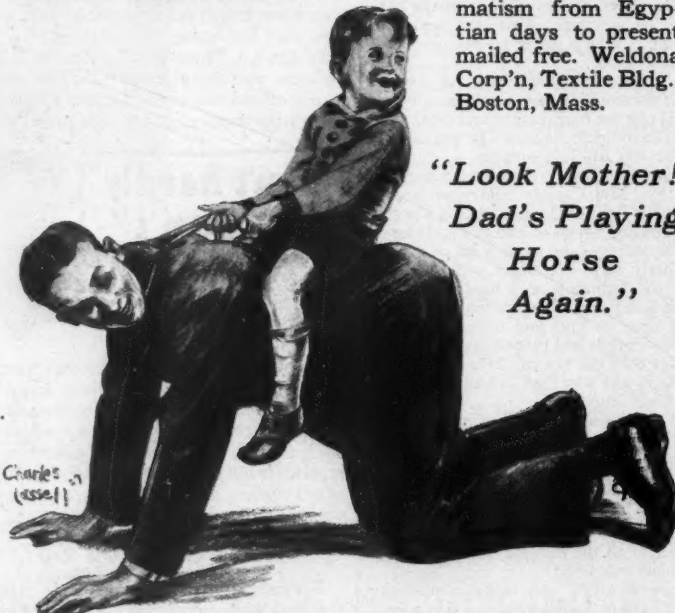
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**Eatmor
Cranberries**

Lee Ying made a graceful speech of thanks for the courtesy his son had received.

"Don't mention it," Cassidy begged of him. "Didn't your boy do the fighting my son Jim should have done? It's me that should be thanking you. Sit down, Mr. Lee. I'm proud to welcome you here." He turned to Sam and said kindly: "Come here, my lad, and let's have a look at a battling China boy. I've heard how smart you are and you look it. Eileen likes you better than any kid in the neighborhood."

The boy was moved but he restrained his emotions. Gravely he said: "I am honored by her friendship. A man should choose a friend who is better than himself, otherwise he had better have none."

Dan Cassidy smiled. "Will you listen to that, Mother? He's got the sense of a grown-up." "Do not be spoiled by compliments," Lee Ying cautioned his son. "Remember that he who tells you of your faults is a teacher; he who praises your virtues does you harm." To Mrs. Cassidy he said: "Sam brings you an unworthy remembrance of his gratitude for your kindness and I beg that you will accept it." As he spoke he unwrapped a package the boy had carried, exposing a beautiful porcelain vase of delicate and unusual coloring.

Mrs. Cassidy admired it; she thought it would look well on the plush-draped mantel between the marble clock and the gilt case with the photograph of Dan Cassidy in his silk hat and frock coat of office. The good woman was unaware that she held in her careless hand a relic of a famous dynasty which would have drawn a crowd in any museum, but she was frank to say it was pretty.

To Jim and Eileen she voiced a warning: "Mind you don't knock it off and break it, now. That's the worst of children, Mr. Lee, you can't keep a decent thing in the house." Lee Ying winced. The vase would have provided for the education of both Cassidy children; it was only by an effort that he smiled when the mother said doubtfully: "And I don't know as I'd dare put real flowers in it, either. Why, it's as thin as an egg-shell." "It is so called," he murmured.

"One of these days, when Dan can afford it, I'm going to buy a whole set of nice thin dishes in your store."

"I shall look forward to serving you with my own hands. We Chinese are the fathers of fine porcelains and potteries. Ceramics was an art with us when other nations were learning to make crude clay jugs and jars."

"Well, I declare! I suppose that's why you keep the prices down. I tell Dan I can always get the worth of my money in Chinatown, which is more than I can do on Broadway or the Bowery."

"I hope you didn't punish the lad for fighting," Mr. Cassidy broke in.

"On the contrary, I commended him, although we Chinese believe so firmly in the right as to scorn the thought that it must be enforced by might."

"So! You're a philosopher."

"To have common sense is to be a philosopher. We're an ancient people and we mold our lives and our teachings to the patterns set by our ancestors."

"Yes, and it's not a bad idea. You know a lot more than we give you credit for."

Lee Ying smiled. "We are proud of our age and our wisdom. China produced her greatest thinkers before Socrates and Plato were born; her literature was old when Rome was founded. You are a lawmaker, Mr. Cassidy: would it interest you to know that a countryman of mine, who lived four hundred years before Christ, advocated universal education, free trade between nations and that only land should be taxed, according to the theory of your Henry George?"

"You don't tell me! Free trade!" To his wife Cassidy said, "Mother, you and the children play with Sam; Mr. Lee is a Democrat and I must get him into the organization."

That was the beginning of a sincere friendship between the Cassidy and the Lees, a

friendship that had endured for several years. Eileen was a young woman now and she was attending business college. Jim had a position with a trucking firm.

Eileen's friends sometimes twitted her about her Mott Street boy friend and although she was ready to joke on most subjects here was one in which she could see no humor. Once when her brother teased her too persistently and called Sam her Chinese sweetheart, she flew into a rage and scratched his face.

Lee Ying was a man of sedate and regular habits. His life flowed smoothly and seldom did he permit an interruption to its even current. None but real philosophers can attain that perfect mental tranquillity which is the ideal state, but he had pretty nearly done so. He was a busy and an active man, to be sure, but he conducted his affairs with a prudence and a sagacity which minimized effort and obviated worries and discouragements.

Mornings men came and went, his telephone rang, he listened to reports and he issued orders to buy and to sell; afternoons he read and he meditated. During the heat of midsummer, the season of the dragon's breath, so called, he was seldom seen outside his lofty home and its garden. His son was with him then, and in Sam's company he was ripely content.

But when autumn dried the leaves and frosts cut them down, when the boisterous winds picked them up and flung them against his window-panes, then he grew restless and he went out among men. With Sam away at college the house was empty and no number of open fires, no pressure of steam in the radiators could render it anything more than a bleak and chilly prison.

This was the time for acts of charity and kindness, according to him, and he did many. It is set down that only three hundred such acts are necessary to make a man an earthly genius, but if he seeks to attain that heavenly status he must do thirteen hundred virtuous works. In Lee Ying's mind there was a grave question as to how many genuinely unselfish acts of virtue had been posted to his credit, for he feared that motives of self-gratification had colored most of his benevolent deeds, so he welcomed opportunities for pure philanthropy.

Today, warmly buttoned into an ulster of soft llama wool, he went for a walk. Mulberry Bend park, when he came to it, was practically deserted, for the schools were in session and the autumn chill had driven grown people indoors. A gusty wind roused dancing dust-devils from the bare playgrounds.

One figure was seated upon a bench and Lee Ying paused when he approached it. It was that of a girl who sat huddled forward, her knees drawn together, her hands tucked inside the sleeves of her cheap imitation fur coat. The old man recognized Eileen Cassidy.

"Little jasmine flower!" he exclaimed in real concern. "Why do I find you bent before the wind?"

The girl looked up with a start, then she smiled. "Oh, Mr. Lee! I didn't see you. Isn't it a fierce day? Gee! It makes the tears come." She blinked her blue eyes, which were like two enormous violets and Lee Ying saw that their lashes were wet.

"Yes. It's what we call 'two-jacket' weather in China," he told her. "The poor must plaster their limbs with paper, on such a day, and I see that even the hot blood of youth isn't proof against it. Your veins are blue, your cheek is like the white chrysanthemum of grief. Has something gone wrong, my child?"

Eileen shook her head. "Oh, no! Only when I have any heavy thinking to do I come out here to do it. I was raised in this park, you know."

"True. It's here that Lee Sam met you." "On this very bench. It was spring then. I was thinking of Sam a few minutes ago." "I think of him always," smiled the old man. "Come, walk with me, for my blood is thin and when winter approaches I become a restless and despondent wraith."

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So It Won't Grow Back Bristly and Coarse



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A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that forever banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to the razor. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its normal reappearance as much as 7 times!

It is making cosmeticians reverse everything they ever said about hair removing and take a new stand. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted Beauty Scientist; it contains, of course, no caustic or any of the poisonous chemicals associated with old-time "depilatories."

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That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly.

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BY MAE MARTIN

"I had a little crepe de chine dress of a very noticeable color," says Mrs. L— of Seattle, Wash. "It was fashionable the season I bought it, but was decidedly out the next year. Then it faded in washing and I decided to change the color. I had never done any tinting or dyeing, and was very timid about it. But my neighbor told me I could do as well as anyone, with Diamond Dyes. I got the colors necessary to make the shade I wanted over the original color of the dress, and, to make a long story short, it turned out beautifully. Now it looks so lovely and stylish, I want to wear it all the time."



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Eileen rose quickly and together they moved on.

Mention of his son's name had brought a brightness to the merchant's eyes and had stirred yearnings in his famished heart; for a while he talked about the boy, telling Eileen at some length about Sam's progress in college. He checked himself finally and apologized.

"Your interest has set me going. Why do I run on about things you know?"

"But I don't know. I don't know much of anything about Sam. He never writes to us."

"Indeed? Then he is remiss."

"Why should he bother with the likes of us? He's a rich young man, he's taking honors in his classes and playing on the lawn-tennis team, and everybody is making a great fuss over him, while we're just—shanty Irish. He's meeting lots of girls his own age and I'm only a kid."

"You are a young woman, even by Western standards," Lee Ying declared. "And a beautiful young woman, too, if you will permit me to say so, without boldness."

Eileen's face broke into a sunny smile. "Lordy! As if compliments were as common as all that! Of course I'll permit it. I'm panting for more. Why, I haven't heard a nice thing said about myself since Sam went away. You see, Jim calls me 'Skinny' and Ma's always after me with the cod-liver-oil bottle. But—you can't expect a girl to be a raving beauty in a place like this." She waved a thin hand at the tenements fronting the drab, inhospitable square. "That needn't keep you from piling it on, Mr. Lee. I know what I look like but I love to be flattered."

"At seventeen one sees beauty only in the full-blown rose, but to older eyes a solitary wild flower is even lovelier. Have you ever heard of a 'fairy ring'?" Eileen shook her head, her Irish eyes brightened. "They occur in the far West of your country. In the heart of some flinty, dusty sage-brush plain one occasionally comes across a tiny circle of enchantment, a little carpet of fragile blooms laid down and tended by the hand of God. They blaze with color and they perfume the air around them; the traveler pauses to revel his senses in the sight and he turns his feet aside to avoid treading on these fairy rings. He is refreshed and made humble at the phenomenon. You are like that, Miss Cassidy."

"The blarney of you! Don't tell me you're a Chinaman. But Sam doesn't think I'm good-looking. He says we Americans all look funny to you; he says we're a ghastly, white-faced people and we speak an outlandish jargon. Our eyes lie in queer, straight lines; our women are bold and our men look like monkeys, with tufts of red and yellow hair on their faces. Is it true?"

Lee Ying smiled, but refused to commit himself. "At home some of our people maintain that you white devils have ears as long as your arms . . . I have taught Sam to ignore prejudice and to revere the good and the beautiful in your race as deeply as he honors the virtues of his own." After a moment the speaker shook his head and repeated, "I have taught him! As if I could teach him!"

Eileen inquired, in some curiosity, "What do you mean by that? Why do you always treat him as if—well, as if he was the important person and you were—"

"Because he is important."

"You'd think he was the father and you were the son."

"Not that exactly. But—we believe that living men are on a journey and that it is the dead who have returned home. Sam is an illustrious traveler who passes through and I have been selected as his venerable guide, for a little way. I entertain him briefly on his journey to the Nine Springs. He is not an ordinary person, like you and me, my child: he is a Prince from the Colored Clouds."

"I don't know what that means but it has a pretty sound and I suppose it's a part of some Chinese fairy-story."

Lee Ying did not explain. Meditatively he murmured: "Sometimes I wonder if I did wisely in leading him here and in keeping him

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in this foreign land, instead of turning his feet back towards the country of the rising sun. Who knows? Probably I am homesick. You see, I grow old and I dream of lotus blooms and the warm rustle of bamboo branches.

"One who was born in China can never forget her, Miss Cassidy: she is an ecstasy and a pain. I hear flocks of temple pigeons, with silver whistles fastened to their wings, whirling in the sky and giving off the notes of a thousand tuning-forks but—I listen more closely and it is the autumn wind from the East River. It bears another ache for my bones . . .

"I rest in my garden on a summer night and the sounds of Mott Street rise to my ears. They are the sounds of a busy street in the city of my birth. I hear the drums and the trumpets of tradesmen, the cries of knife-grinders and conjurers singing of their trades, barbers clicking their shears, the music of pipes proclaiming a circus of trained mice."

Eileen exclaimed and the speaker smiled.

"Yes. Those mice run on whirling platforms and climb ladders and do feats upon little swings. Each for a kernel of corn . . . And I do my tricks for my kernel of corn . . . Women's voices rise faintly to me and I fancy they are the voices of scarlet-lipped singsong girls, with eyebrows curved like willow wands, or blind slave girls singing to the notes of their butterfly zithers. My ears quicken until, alas, I realize that what I hear is the shrieking of Italian women bartering for vegetables, or the shrill laughter of sightseers from Times Square.

"It is all strange and I never get used to it. More than a thousand years ago a countryman of mine went on a journey into foreign lands and there he beheld many extraordinary sights. The people of one nation had dogs' heads: those of another flew about like birds: those of still another had enormously long arms with which they groped in the sea for fish. Strangest of all, however, was a race with large holes through the middles of their bodies. The rich men were carried about by servants who pushed long sticks through the holes."

At the silvery tinkle of Eileen's laughter Lee Ying's benevolent face relaxed and he said: "I see things almost as strange as that, right here in New York. But I tire you with my melancholies."

"You don't tire me, Mr. Lee; I adore stories. I wonder if Sam thinks we're as queer as all that, and have dogs' heads and go riding around on poles, like big doughnuts."

"No. His wisdom and his understanding is greater than mine. He is the illustrious traveler and I am his contemptible guide. But tell me, little poppy-seed, why do I find you alone and crying?"

"I'm awful blue, Mr. Lee. I've got to quit school."

"Indeed?"

"The Cassidy clan is in a bad way. Father hasn't made a dollar since he got out of the Assembly—politics either makes or breaks the Irish, you know—and Jim's a total loss. Mother isn't strong and—well, I've had to start hunting a job. Gee, it's hard on the feet!"

"Are you sufficiently trained——?"

"I can burn out the bearings on a typewriter, and I can make a pencil smoke; the trouble is nobody can read my notes. My shorthand is too long. It looks like a nest of angleworms . . . One man liked blue-eyed babies with wind-blown bobs and he didn't much care how slow they were in the office if they'd speed up after hours. He deals in cold-storage poultry, but he is a torch. I had to hit him, finally, with a boyish-form chicken. And me the daughter of Irish kings! Throwing frozen poultry! . . . What I'd like is to be secretary to some high-priced executive who plays golf three days a week. You don't happen to know such a man?"

When her listener shook his head Eileen sighed: "I suppose I'll wind up back of the ribbons and carry my lunch. But you've no idea how French heels hurt during the holiday rush."

"You must complete your training," Lee Ying

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Miss Francis says: "Since I've been on the stage, so many people have asked me what I do to get the beautiful golden gleam and sparkle in my hair that I am beginning to think I'm really taking wonderful care of it. I really never thought much about it. What I do is so simple. Like so many of my girl friends here in New York, I just put a little Danderine on my brush each time I use it. That keeps my hair silky and gleaming, makes it easy to dress and holds it like I arrange it, for hours. My scalp was very dry and I had a lot of dandruff when I first started on it, but all of that trouble stopped quickly. And Danderine keeps my hair so clean I don't need to shampoo half as often, now."

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declared. "Why, you are only a child."

"Sure! But that produce man will tell you I hurl a wicked chicken for one of my years."

"Will you permit me to assist—?"

"I will not!" Miss Cassidy exclaimed. She raised a grateful face to the old man at her side and shook her head positively. "It's awfully nice of you but—I couldn't."

"It would mean no sacrifice to me. It would not even be credited to my account as a virtuous act, for it would give me selfish pleasure."

"No. That would be cheating. The Cassidy's are a fine old American family. 'E pluribus Erin, Unum go Bragh!' They may be poor but they're honorable and there isn't a grafter among them. I'll fight my way out, somehow."

Lee Ying's mind turned to that other girl, that other friend of his son's, and he murmured: "What a difference in travelers! The undeserving tarry and drink overlong at the fountain and those who are truly thirsty push on to arrive the sooner at their journey's end. My child, you do me an injustice, for my thirteen hundred tasks are scarcely begun, but—so be it. It is, then, your ambition to become a secretary of consequence?"

"Well, at least a secretary to some man of consequence. It takes more than a shop-girl's salary to support angina pectoris and political grandeur in the same family. And a girl simply has to see a movie, once in a while."

"Turn your back to the wind and it will put no more tears in your eyes," said Lee Ying. "I shall tell Sam to write to you, and I shall chide him with neglecting the obligations of friendship."

When the importer returned to his home he telephoned to his lawyers and the senior member of the firm listened attentively to him.

"If she's as inexperienced as all that I don't see what we can do with her," the attorney told him.

"The lighter her duties, the more time she will have in which to pursue her studies."

"Good heavens! Is this another 'art student'?"

Briefly Lee Ying explained who Eileen was. "She can open and close doors with exquisite grace. She is ambitious and I believe she will earn advancement."

"All right. Send her along."

So it came about that Eileen Cassidy took a position in the office of Carter and Pelz. Her duties were indefinite and her work was light, but her pay was good. She did not dream that Lee Ying was footing it.

The time was when an expert card-player could make a good living by working the transatlantic liners, especially if aided by an accomplice or two and perhaps by a cold deck. That was in the days when draw-poker was a national institution the rules of which were piously observed, and before irreverent fingers had tampered with its orthodoxy: before the introduction of deuces wild, dealers' choice, seven-card peeks and similar destructive customs and practices had degraded a scientific pastime into a mere game of chance.

The metamorphosis of this noble recreation into an undignified amusement for morons is a melancholy aftermath of the World War, so its devotees declare. They assert that the appetite for swift action, variety, excitement germinating during a period of high nervous tension is responsible for the outrage and they resent it.

Mr. Everett Himes, who for several years had commuted pretty regularly to Europe at the expense of his fellow travelers, complained bitterly that the meddling of neurotic amateurs had forced him to adopt a new profession, several new professions, as a matter of fact. He hated bridge, competition in the liquor business was keen, so therefore he had taken to traveling in the interests of a Maiden Lane diamond broker who consistently undersold the market.

When the customs authorities became too deeply interested in Mr. Himes' comings and goings—more particularly in his comings—he fell back upon still other lines of endeavor

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in which he was skilled, such as book-making, stock promotions, blackmailing, pool playing. He played a very good game of pool, left-handed, did Mr. Himes: so good in fact that he knew exactly how many cue experts there were who could beat him. Right-handed, he was almost, but not quite, as skilful, and this unique gift of ambidexterity had stood him in good stead on more than one occasion.

In Brussels, for instance, he had challenged the local champion and had practised assiduously in a public hall, wielding his cue in the ordinary manner and covering all wagers laid against him. On the evening of the match he had dismayed his opponent, and his audience as well, by playing left-handed. For them it had been a disagreeable experience and had resulted in strong feelings of anti-Americanism.

At the time of our introduction Mr. Himes was in New York and for reasons best known to himself he had interrupted his regular transatlantic trips and for the moment he was avoiding Maiden Lane as if it were under quarantine. On this day he was entertaining a lady for luncheon at his hotel; she was a middle-aged, florid, flamboyant woman who showed traces of considerable good looks. She went by the name of Stevens, but Himes addressed her familiarly as Esther.

When they had finished their luncheon and near-by tables were deserted Mrs. Stevens said:

"Thanks for the whoopee, Everett, now let's get down to the dirty work. You didn't ask me here out of politeness, so what's on your mind, if such there be?"

Himes grinned amiably. "All business as usual, eh? Tell me, first, how things are breaking?"

"They might be better and they might be worse. I manage to get by."

"Would you be interested in a quick-money proposition?"

"Would a duck swim?" Mrs. Stevens retorted, then she added cautiously: "But no diamonds, Everett; I never got anything out of an ice man but ice. I'll wear 'em but I won't smuggle 'em."

"I'll put you so you can buy some and pay the duty. How's that so-called niece of yours?"

"Mona? She's all right. Why?"

"Doing anything?"

"Oh, a little chiseling here and there. She was posing for a while, then I tried to get her in pictures—"

"Pretty as ever, is she?"

"She's got it on a lot of those picture girls, but—Lord, you can't get a toe-hold in the studios. Most of them have moved out to Hollywood, anyhow. If Mona was lighted right she'd screen fine."

"Can she act?"

Mrs. Stevens smiled. "She can cry. She's cried us into room and board for two years now. The art racket started off good, and it seemed to be made to order—the undressing and everything—but illustrators are a cheap gang. One fellow fell for her but when I put the bee to him he lighted a flare. He squawked from here to Frisco and that killed it."

"Funny I never got into the moving-picture game," Himes murmured meditatively. "I'd have mopped up. Same with the liquor business. Now the foreigners have got 'em both cornered."

After a moment the woman inquired: "Well, what's the new deadfall, and where do I head in?"

"I don't know until I give Mona the double O. She's got to look pretty."

"Say! She doesn't look a day over fifteen."

"Too young!"

"Well, eighteen," Mrs. Stevens said in an effort at compromise.

"I've got a set-up," Himes declared.

"Honest, Esther, it's soft."

"Hm-m! I suppose it's so soft you'll want the big end."

"Well, it's coming to me."

"Yes? I've heard of these soft set-ups. Nothing doing, Himey. If you need us to close your deal the money will have to be cut three ways."

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"There you go, before you know what it's all about."

"Business is business."

"All right, greedy. There's enough in it for everybody if it's handled right. I got the idea on my last trip over and I worked it out later in Paris. On the way across I met a Jane from the corn belt, a terrible sap but out to see the world, understand? A born bilker and didn't know it. Well, she tried to make me"—the speaker smiled bleakly—"and she spilled about all she knew. It didn't take long. She's a painter, or something, and she's taking a ride at the expense of an old man who loves art."

"Ah-h! I see the dawn."

"She met his son at Eastern—that's a big college or something—and they were so agreeable to each other that the old man sent her abroad to do over the Looove. She intends to take two years at it."

"Is that all she came out with?"

"I saw something of her in Paris—helped her get set—and again on my way back from Holland. We were buddies by that time. Now then, here's the punch: Papa is a Chinaman. And he's filthy with coin!"

"Who? Which papa? The boy?"

"Both of 'em."

"Snap out of it, Himey. You've been sleeping on your hip in some laundry."

"Yeah? Well, I'm telling you. Here's a proposition as wide open as a gate. It's Lee Ying."

"Lee Ying?"

"Nobody else. He's the richest Oriental in the country and his boy is wild about white girls."

"They're all wild about white girls," Mrs. Stevens declared with a curl of her lip. "But what ails you, Himey? Do you think Mona and I are out to lay China boys? When we get that low we'll work the Oriental dance-halls. And we won't cut you in on it, either."

"Listen, sister, you've got a peanut mind. You always were a dumb ox."

"I don't see—"

"Of course you don't see."

"—and I can't take a chance with Mona. Why, I'm the only mother she's got and she's as dear to me as—"

"Don't get throaty, Esther, or you'll have me bawling, too. Mona will be safer than wheat. If you'll get off the air for a minute and stand by for station announcements, I'll tell you what it's all about."

The motherly Mrs. Stevens agreed to this. "All right. I never lost anything by listening. Spread your hand."

For fully an hour the two talked with their heads together and it was plain that the woman was deeply interested.

A lady was calling upon Mr. Lee, so Moy announced. Sam declined to see her and went on with his studies. A moment or two later Moy returned to say that the caller bore a message from a mutual friend and requested the privilege of speaking with Sam over the house phone.

No women either visited Sam's apartment or telephoned him nowadays so he rose, went into the hall and took the instrument. An immature, uncultivated voice answered him, it stammered a breathless explanation of her insistence. She was a friend of Alice Hart's, she was downstairs and wished to see Sam on a matter of importance. She craved only a moment of his time. Would he speak to her if she came up?

"Why, of course," Sam told her. A friend of Alice Hart's. With a message! What could this mean? Nervously he paced the hall until the buzzer sounded, then he opened the door.

A young girl, a very pretty young girl, stood upon the threshold. She smiled at Sam, edged her way inside and set down a suitcase, saying meanwhile: "You're Mr. Lee, aren't you? You're awful nice to let me come up. My! You're harder to see than Coolidge." She giggled and showed twin dimples in her fresh round cheeks.

Sam bowed politely; he led the way to the



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living-room and stood aside inviting his visitor to enter and be seated.

The girl was plainly embarrassed and not a little excited at her own temerity, she giggled again and stared in frank amazement at her surroundings. For the moment she appeared unable to find her voice so Sam helped her by asking:

"Did you say you are a friend of Miss Hart's?"

The stranger nodded, then shook her head. "Well, not a friend exactly. But she gave me your name. I used to know her. She was awful nice to me. She's an awful nice young lady."

"Charming."

"Yes. She certainly is." Another pause. More nervous giggles.

"Where did you know her?"

"Oh! I—knew her for a long time! She used to tell me about you: how nice you were and everything. She said you could help me, and you can. Oh, Mr. Lee, I'm in an awful fix!" The speaker's eyes dilated, she strained forward. "You will, won't you?"

"How can I do so until I know your trouble?" Sam parried, on his guard. He did not feel at ease with this girl, there was something both artful and artificial in her bearing: she was little more than a child and yet there was a peculiar sophistication about her which did not pleasantly impress him. She was crude and common but she was very pretty, nevertheless, and there is a disarming appeal to youthful beauty. In this case it had its effect.

"Well, I'll tell you how it is," the visitor explained. "There's just Mother and me and she's kind of an invalid so I have to work. I'm selling lace things. They give 'em to me to sell, you know, and I get folks to buy them. They're awful pretty things and lots cheaper than you could buy them—"

"But Miss—"

"Stevens. Mona Stevens."

"I have no use for lace things."

"You just wait and see. You don't have to buy anything, but please don't turn me down till you look. They're such nice things it's fun to show them, honest. I sold some to Miss Hart but—you have to tell fibs and everything to get to see people. I guess you'd fib if you had a sick mother." The caller's diffidence was subsiding and now she made it plain that she did not propose to leave without doing her best to effect a sale.

Her selling talk was amateurish but she capitalized her youth and her charm to the fullest extent: she smiled and she dimpled, she allowed no interruptions to her flow of conversation.

It offended Sam to realize that he had been victimized by an ordinary pedler and he vowed never to permit a repetition of the occurrence, but now that the girl was actually in his home, he felt bound to treat her with courtesy.

One thing sure, his visitor certainly did know Alice Hart, for she spoke of her again; she referred to Sam's car and to the fact that Alice was in Paris by reason of his assistance. Sam selected the two finest breakfast sets the girl had and offered to write a check for them.

But she refused to take payment at the moment. She did not have the complete sets with her and how did he know that she wouldn't disappear with the money? She made it a practise, so she declared, to accept settlement only upon delivery of the entire orders. It was awful nice of him to buy such expensive things from a stranger. But they weren't strangers now, were they? She felt as if she had known him an awful long time. Miss Hart had said such nice things about him.

It was awful hard for a girl to get along without friends, and she got awful lonesome—no fun nor anything: just caring for a sick mother. Not even a movie. And speaking of movies, her ambition was to get into pictures. She had done some posing for artists and it paid well but—those artists were awful. They were awful bold. A pretty girl had no business around a studio, she'd tell the world.

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anything to get into moving-pictures and Mr. Lee came from California, didn't he? Was it true, all this talk about the awful wickedness in Hollywood? And would he advise her how to get out there?

Miss Stevens appeared willing to talk all the morning and Sam had a time getting rid of her. On the second evening thereafter his door-bell rang and to his annoyance he found that the forward little person was back again with his two breakfast sets. He wondered how she had managed to get past the elevator man who had explicit instructions to announce all callers. She expected his check, this time.

She expected even more than a check, it transpired. She and Sam were old friends, now, and presuming upon their acquaintance she had brought with her a costly evening wrap which she insisted upon showing. He didn't have to buy it, of course, but she proposed to leave it with him overnight. She bet he'd fall in love with it. It would make an awful nice present for his girl.

She laughed scornfully when he assured her that he had no girl. Mona admitted that she was pretty simple but she knew better than that. A handsome young man, with all his money! She bet he had a dozen girls running after him.

For no reason whatever she took it for granted that Sam was as pleased to see her as she was to see him; again she stayed longer than was necessary.

When at last she had gone Sam directed Moy to replace the wrap in its box and to hand it back to the girl when she returned for it. This creature puzzled and annoyed him; and certainly she was harder to keep out than a roach. All the same he did not propose to have her running in and out of the premises at will, nor would he permit himself to be imposed upon, however ingenious she pretended to be.

But the package remained in his possession for several days. Then late one rainy afternoon Mona rang up. She explained that she had been ill and expressed the hope that Sam liked the lace evening wrap. Sam told her that he could not buy the garment.

There was a pause, then the girl asked him, feebly, to return it. She was too ill to venture out in such weather or to argue the matter; she and her mother lived near by, it would be a great accommodation.

He promised to send it within the hour. "Couldn't you stop in for a minute?" Mona inquired. "I want to see you about something awful important. You've been so nice to Mother and I, we want your advice on something. Please! It won't take a minute."

Sam made an excuse but the girl was piteously insistent and he ended by agreeing. He had no difficulty in finding the address, and when he rang their apartment bell Mona herself opened the door for him.

She was in a pretty disorder but appeared unconscious of it; she welcomed him gratefully and insisted that he remove his overcoat and sit down near the gas-grate. There was no denying the fact that this girl was uncommonly attractive; today she was subdued, distressed, and Sam could not resist a feeling of compassion.

She informed him that her mother was out, for the moment, but would soon be back and meanwhile she simply had to talk to somebody wiser than herself. She sat down beside him on the couch and immediately plunged into an explanation of her difficulty.

She began by admitting that she had deceived him and her mother, too, about that wrap. She had not taken it on commission but she had bought it. The price had been ridiculously low and offered such a sure and handsome profit that she had plunged, for once. She would have no difficulty in selling it, as soon as she could get out and around, but tomorrow the rent on the apartment was due and there was no money in the house.

Her mother would be heart-broken, she'd have a "spell" when she discovered the truth, and—her spells were dangerous. If Sam would consent to hold the wrap as security and

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advance the amount of the rent—just for a few days— She'd be able to dispose of the wrap in no time. Honest, she would.

It embarrassed her dreadfully to ask a favor of a comparative stranger, but it was only a loan and Sam would be protected. She was so inexperienced in business. Only he would have to come to the rescue quickly, before her mother returned or— Well, the rent was eighty dollars.

Inwardly Sam smiled. What a cheap, transparent ruse. What a fool he was. These white people, these Americans! What grafters, what beggars, high and low. Well, here was an experience well worth its price. He took eight ten-dollar bills from his wallet, folded them and laid them on a sewing-basket at his elbow, then moved to go. To his surprise, Mona began to sob convulsively. He tried to quiet her.

"Mona" came a stern and disapproving exclamation. Sam had not heard the door open but open it had and in it stood a woman, Mona's mother beyond doubt. She was a florid woman, a person of some force and authority, judging by her voice and by her expression. She looked to be anything except an invalid. "What are you crying about? And who is this—young man?" the mother demanded.

Sam rose; he felt his cheeks tingle; he stood silently while Mona tried to make him known. It seemed to him that the girl badly bungled the introduction and that she stammered and hesitated unnecessarily. Poor Mona actually cowered before her mother's gaze. But her behavior was no more strange than the latter's; at the sound of his name, Mrs. Stevens advanced upon him almost threateningly.

"Oh, that's who you are!" she cried. "What are you doing here? Why did you sneak in while I was away? Mona told me—" The speaker's eyes fell upon the bank-notes on the sewing-basket and they dilated; she started, flung out an accusing hand. With a histrionic change of tone she cried hoarsely: "What's the meaning of this?"

"Your daughter will explain," Sam told her stiffly. He took his coat and hat, but the mother planted herself before him, crying:

"Just a minute! I understand now why she's been acting so queer. She's been like this ever since you had her up in your apartment. She told me about meeting you, being in your place and—I suspected something. Now, the minute my back is turned you slip in here and—and give her money!" Mrs. Stevens seized the handful of bills and brandished them: a look of loathing and of scorn distorted her features. "If you think money can square—"

"Madam!" Sam interrupted, his face slowly whitening with anger. "You're insulting."

"Is that so? Well, I propose to have the truth before you get out of here. Mona's a good girl—or she was until you met her." Fiercely the speaker whirled upon her daughter, exclaiming: "Out with it! Tell me everything. I want to know what happened to you."

"Oh, Mother!" The words came in a quavering cry eloquent with meaning: they were a confession and a plea that would have moved the hardest heart. "I didn't know! I—he—he was so good and so kind to me. And he promised—" A convulsive sob racked the speaker and interrupted the penitent recital of Sam's dastardly promises. "I'll kill myself. Honest I will." These words were wrung from an anguished breast, they were followed by throaty gaspings and chokings. Mona writhed in the bitterness of her betrayal.

Her horrified parent smothered a scream, her eyes rolled, she tottered, she clutched her throat, her ample bosom heaved. Followed a moving—a moving-picture—exhibition of intense feeling. Mrs. Stevens, slowly at first and then more rapidly, inflated and deflated her lungs, an exercise calculated to produce the swift heart-beats and thoracic convulsions which in approved studio practise accompany strong emotional situations.

Sam looked on in mingled aversion and curiosity. He was indignant and amused, he felt ineffably cheapened by his part in this

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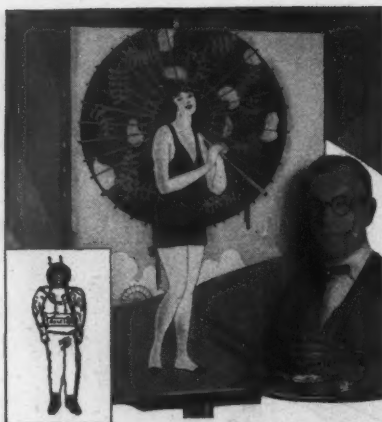
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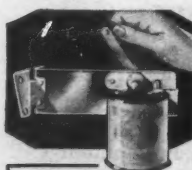
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sordid comedy. Mrs. Stevens, meanwhile, continued assiduously to pump her bellows, her chest rose and fell, she shrank and she dilated, she shook and she pulsed like some stranded marine creature: she was the picture of outraged and out-of-breath motherhood. Moans, grief-stricken incoherencies, apoplectic vituperations burst from her lips.

Sam slipped an arm into the sleeve of his overcoat whereupon the mother faced him theatrically:

"Oh, you wicked, wicked man! She's only an innocent child and she's all I've got. You—you unfeeling monster. You fiend, to deceive a pure young girl. This is terrible! I—I—What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to leave you to your deep breathing," Sam told her. "But first I'm going to relieve you of my eighty dollars." With a swift movement he seized the mother's wrist.

Mrs. Stevens resisted, she struck at him but he tore the money out of her fingers. She raised her voice in a storm of abuse but he cautioned her:

"If you make a disturbance I'll call the police."

"You rat!"

Sam dropped the crumpled bills into the blue flames of the gas-grate and they promptly ignited, then he wiped his fingers as if they had been soiled.

"You dirty Chinaman!" the mother screamed. "You haven't heard the last of me! You'll pay for this."

She was still reviling him, still breathing vengeance, her injured daughter was still weeping torrents of tears when Sam passed out of the door and closed it behind him.

Never in all his life had he felt so outraged or experienced such a sense of betrayal as at this moment—except perhaps when those Mulberry Bend hoodlums had despoiled him of his beloved fighting crickets—and now, as then, he wanted to strike back. That same current of insane fury poured through him, he longed to sink his fingers into that purple-faced harpy...

The blackmailer! The toad! Ten thousand curses on her. What depravity. What groveling, gutter-snatching greed, to use her own flesh and blood as a buzzard's bait. And that doll-faced, hypocritical offspring of hers was no better... Anything for a few paltry dollars. Chinese dollars! He was a loathsome yellow man, but not too loathsome for those blood-suckers to prey upon...

Was all the world a festering pollution and were all Western women scavengers, white seagulls screaming over a rotten fish? It seemed so.

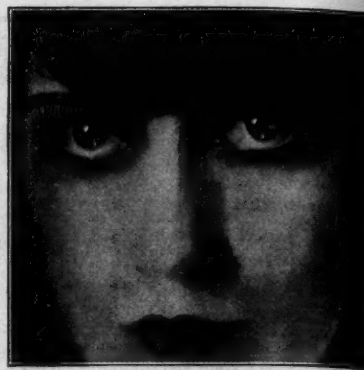
What would his honorable father say to this? By what benevolent philosophy could he reconcile himself to an outrage of this sort? But, for that matter, how could he, Sam, explain his own stupidity in falling a victim to such a pair? It certainly reflected no credit upon him to walk into a trap of this sort... Upon cooler consideration Sam decided to keep this disgraceful experience to himself and profit by it. It was a lesson he could well take to heart.

It was not easy for a stranger to gain access to Lee Ying without first making known the nature of his business, but Everett Himes managed it. Having succeeded, he took up in roundabout fashion a matter which caused the old importer to listen attentively. For a while the latter made no comment but finally he inquired:

"In what way does this concern you, Mr. Himes? I don't understand why I hear of this misfortune through your lips instead of through the mother's."

"I'm just an old friend of the family and she confided in me—came to me for advice. I'm an ordinary common-sense business man and I said to her, 'Mr. Lee is a business man and a fine citizen. What's the sense of raving over something that can't be helped and talking about lawyers until—'"

"Is it proposed to place this in the hands of an attorney?"



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Mr. Himes gestured apologetically. "The poor woman doesn't know what to do. She's not responsible for what she does or says. And can you blame her? You know, a woman always yells for a lawyer. But I hate them, Mr. Lee. I don't trust them, either: all they do is tangle things up and tell you this can't be done or that can't be done. When I have a business matter to iron out I always go right to the other fellow, get it straight and then call in a lawyer to put his oh kay on it. It's the quickest and the cheapest way. Am I right?"

"This is hardly a 'business matter' and I'm afraid I cannot fully credit your story, for my son has told me nothing."

"Naturally. I'm the only outsider that knows a thing about it. And it's nothing to broadcast. Why, I've known Mona since she was a child: she's almost like my own kid. Believe me, it came as a shock. I said—"

"Pardon! How did this happen?"

"Just like I told you: she's an ambitious youngster, always trying to get ahead. She was picking up a few pennies by selling lace things and— She's only a child, Mr. Lee. That's what makes it so rotten, see? A minor! If she was of legal age—"

"Selling lace, you say?"

"Precisely. Your son made several purchases. He got her up to his apartment and—"

Mr. Himes shrugged, turned up his palms. "That's the worst of a young fellow having his own apartment. I talked to the elevator man and he verified what she said. She wasn't the first girl, either, but that's the boy's affair. I suppose he and Mona had a drink or two. It's pretty fierce around the colleges. Anyhow, she broke down and told her mother the whole story: said she didn't know right from wrong." The speaker sighed, shook his head sadly. "Mr. Lee, I blame the mothers nowadays more than I blame the girls. Why don't they put 'em wise?"

Thus far Lee Ying had sat as motionless as an idol. Now he stirred.

"You are a stranger to me," he announced. "This charge is easy to bring and as hard to prove as to disprove."

"No trouble about that," Himes declared. "It will prove itself in time. That's the unfortunate part."

"Before speaking with my son I would like to talk with the girl and her mother."

"I assumed you would. I think you should do so, right away."

"If he is guilty of indiscretion I shall make suitable and satisfactory arrangements to—"

"Good!" Mr. Himes beamed amiably. "I know you Chinese and I'm certainly glad I put it up to you as man to man."

"Suitable provision will be made to care for the—the flower of inadvertence. After all it is not an extraordinary or unnatural occurrence. The blame is hard to apportion."

Mr. Himes furrowed his brow, he hesitated. "Frankly, sir, I'm afraid it involves something more than what you suggest."

"Indeed?"

"You see when a kid like Mona falls for a guy, she falls, head over heels. Money doesn't mean a thing to her. She's crazy about him and—she's glad her condition is what it is. There's something mighty sacred about an innocent girl's love and trust: it gets you, and I don't mean maybe. Of course all her mother cares about is her daughter's happiness. She's broad-minded that way, and—"

"So? It is, then, a question of marriage?"

Through the narrow apertures between their lids Lee Ying's watchful eyes blazed.

"Good Lord, what else? I hope you don't think I came here to— Why, Mr. Lee! This isn't anything that money can square!" The speaker was shocked, grieved, indignant.

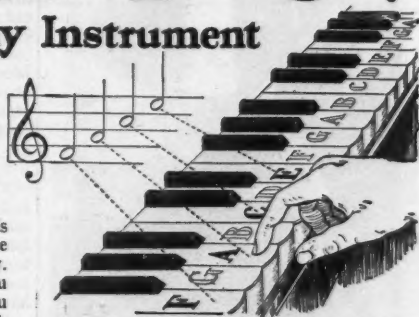
"Well, hardly! They're not common people. Money! They'd be insulted. It's the girl's good name, her reputation: a mother's pride."

"Bring them here at once," Lee Ying ordered.

He was still seated in his big carved chair when, an hour later, Himes returned with Mrs. Stevens and Mona. Then he rose and bowed

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gravely to them. When he saw the girl his heart sank.

Followed a trying half-hour for the father. When it was over and he was again alone he felt old and feeble and exhausted, for his world had crashed. His son, the Favorite of Heaven, a common man, a deity with feet of clay! Mournfully, but without bitterness he exclaimed: "Alas, that man cannot for the space of a single day subdue his lower nature!"

He smote his hands together and a servant appeared; in a lifeless voice the merchant said: "Bring me my prayer robes."

The man fetched him an elaborate garment, stiff with embroideries of gold and black, a small round cap and a pair of silken slippers. Lee Ying put them on, he washed and perfumed his hands, then he passed into a small room the presence of which no stranger would have suspected.

It was a shrine, a tiny, secret place of worship the door to which was a sliding panel ornamented with storks and dragons. A smiling idol sat upon an ivory throne, a bronze bowl of paper prayers stood before it, smoldering joss-sticks gave off thin streamers of smoke.

Lee Ying moved slowly and with pain, as if he trod upon sharp stones; stiffly he knelt before the image and into the celestial regions drifted the incense of his devotions. He prayed long and earnestly, but his plea, abridged and translated would have been, "Show me the way of righteousness, and give me the strength to follow it."

Later he wired for Sam to come home.

Lee Ying sat bolt upright in his high-backed chair. He held himself thus with an effort, for much of the vigor had gone out of him: he was scorched and feeble. His voice issued from his dry lips in a rustle. Before him, as if in audience upon some royal personage, stood Sam. He was white; he neither moved nor spoke.

"The princely man puts righteousness first. The man of high station who has courage without righteousness is a menace to the state: the common man who has courage without righteousness is nothing more than a brigand. What can be made of him who is pleased with advice but will not meditate upon it, who assents to admonition and pursues his selfish way? . . .

"A son's love finds its expression in obedience to his father's teachings and I have urged you to live a good, a self-sufficient and a virtuous life. It has been my prayer that your grave would be soaked with the tears of an hundred honorable sons, not the bastard sons of foreign gutter women. This girl is with child."

Sam stirred nervously and wet his lips to speak, but the father raised an admonitory hand and continued:

"Wait! The charge is made, you can defend yourself later. First hear me. Your mother was of fine birth, her ancestors and mine were sash wearers. I am a man of humble heart but my estimate of them is proud: I am surer of my race, my blood and my breeding than of myself. In you I recognized one of even better stuff than we, a godling, and I gave thanks that Heaven had appointed me your guide, your counselor.

"If you have stumbled, strayed, if you have polluted our blood with the blood of an inferior woman—remember I say 'if'—the guilt is as much mine as yours. Together we shall pay. Women mean nothing, your amusements do not concern me, but your future is another matter. It is a family matter: a matter that concerns the honor of our name.

"The girl insists that you marry her and the law is on her side. It is seemingly that we abide by the laws and the customs of this country, no matter how senseless they appear as compared with our own. If you have done wrong, it is too late to argue: the price is set; there is no bargaining. You will marry her at once . . . But the New Year approaches, when all our debts must be settled and when those who cannot pay must expiate—the lanterns are not put out until every account is closed. Those

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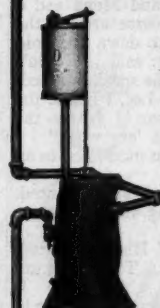
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who have preceded us, as well as the living, are implacably firm in seeking what is their due and we—I, at least—have been false to them.

"I shall, therefore, meet my debt in the only honorable way. I could not live to see you linked in marriage to a woman of the sewer, and I doubt if you could long endure the disgrace of such a union. But that is for you to decide. The sword of our family hangs in my room. When you have set right your folly I shall ascend to Pan Yi. If it pleases you to go hand in hand with me, so be it."

"May I speak?" Sam inquired hoarsely.

The father inclined his head. "Don't feel that I have condemned you without a hearing. Speak truthfully, therefore, and don't fear my anger, for I have none. I feel only grief at my failure and anguish at my vanished hopes—if what I fear is true."

"Well, there's no truth in the story," Sam declared. "It's all a lie."

A silence ensued which Lee Ying broke by asking: "You owe the girl nothing? . . . She has no claim on you?"

"Nothing! None whatever! This is extortion, blackmail. I've paid it, in one way or another, to every American I ever knew. Yes, ever since I was a boy. The children here in this neighborhood always preyed on me. I had to buy their friendship. It has been the same in college. Men, women, they're all alike. They merely use me for their own profit. That girl you sent to Paris—she was willing to sell herself, for a price. She as much as told me so, but I had some pride. This creature is even lower. She isn't fit to touch."

Lee Ying rose and went to his son, his lips were moving, his eyes were wet. He enfolded the boy in his arms, his bony hands caressed him. He could not speak.

It is said that the Chinese are unemotional

Fortified by his father's benediction and a girl's kiss, Sam Lee starts out alone to prove his worth—in Rex Beach's December Instalment

Enter Sir John (Continued from page 85)

me in court at the Peridu trial? I am Miss Baring's solicitor. You know Sir John Saumarez?"

Sir John acknowledged the introduction and effaced himself. Ion Marion sat down.

"Yes," said he, "I believe I remember your face. Dreadful business. Extraordinary to think of it happening to somebody one knows."

"Quite so," said Mr. Rice. "Well, Mr. Marion, I wonder if you can help me."

"Glad to be of use, of course," Marion answered, "only I told all I knew at the trial."

"Just one or two facts, however," said Mr. Rice, "are not clear to me, and for my client's sake I must make investigations."

"An appeal, you mean?" Marion asked. "Glad to hear it. What can I tell you?"

"My first question I believe you would be prepared to answer for your own sake. I may tell you that certain allegations have been made which reflect on your—relations with the dead woman."

"What do they say?" Marion asked calmly. "That I was in love with her?"

"Something of the kind. That you were discovered by Mr. Druce together in—an attitude which was open to misconception, and that he did, in fact, misconstrue it."

"I know the incident you're referring to. We were rehearsing and Druce made a mistake. He's a fool, Druce."

"So there was nothing between you at all?" Rice persisted.

"No," said Ion Marion, and met his eyes squarely.

The lawyer shifted in his chair, and passed on to the next point with an admirable casualness, stretching his hand towards the box of cigars.

"By the way, Mr. Marion, do you smoke?" "Thanks," said Marion, "only a pipe. I won't have one now."

"Not even a cigaret?"

but nothing could be more untrue. Self-control is an obsession with them and they carry it to extremes, nevertheless their emotions are deep and easily aroused. Pride, sensitiveness, honor, horror of debt, these are Chinese characteristics: so, too, are filial piety, gratitude, love of children, all of which are overdeveloped.

To them, parenthood is holy. Wifehood and motherhood are title-deeds to honors compared with which other earthly honors are insignificant. The commonest Chinese woman, for instance—even one who professed frailty—would die a thousand deaths before making a mock of her motherhood; and to Lee Ying, therefore, it had seemed incredible that avarice could prompt a false charge against his son. But Sam had spoken, the truth was out. Such deceit, such cunning was more than a crime, it was a profanation and a sacrilege.

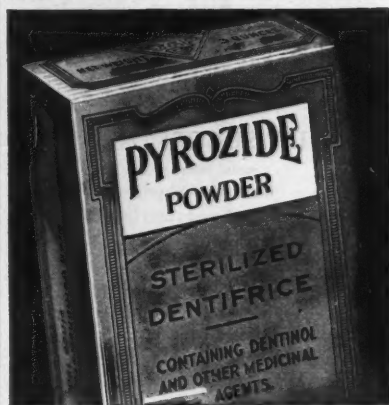
Lee Ying did not question his boy further, he was content with Sam's denial.

"We will say no more about it and you will forgive my faltering faith," he declared. "I rejoice that you have not defiled yourself. My heart is warmed, the sap rises in my limbs, there is a song on my lips. I feel the peace and the happiness of one who, after much trouble, rests beside red poppy fields and sees the silkworms gorging on the mulberry trees."

"Sit here at my side and tell me, not about this vile experience, but about your studies and your play, your comings and your goings—the little things which a mother yearns to hear. I am both mother and father to you and you are both my son and my daughter: your honor is precious to me and in your voice I hear the music of harps and of mallets striking on temple bells."

"See? Tears come to my eyes. Humor me, for I am a foolish, starved old man. I—I would like to hold your hand in mine."

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Somebody must have jumped on it to smash it
like that."

"And the cigaret-case, you are sure, belongs
to Mr. Fane?"

"Quite sure of that. I've handled it often."
His interlocutors were looking at each other;
in their expressions Marion read disappoint-
ment mingled with something of triumph. He
came to a conclusion, and laughed as he
voiced it.

"So that's it. Well, I assure you I'm not the
murderer."

"My dear sir," said the lawyer, "nothing of
the kind has been suggested for a moment—"

"No; and if you'd ever seen Magda Druce,
it wouldn't have been thought for a moment."
He laughed again, and added: "Magda! She
wasn't the sort a man would risk his neck for;
or his career, either. Provincial, thirty-seven,
and a deuced bad actress—however, *de mortuis*—"

He took up his hat and gloves.
"Do you want me any more, gentlemen?
Sorry to have to dispel your illusions. But
really I didn't do it."

"There is nothing else, I think," said Mr.
Rice, consulting Sir John with a glance.
"Thank you for coming. Good morning."

"Well," said Trenny Rice, when he had
gone, "we're not much further on."

"Insufferable cub!" Sir John responded, his
thoughts busy with their visitor, "and the
worst of it is, Rice, he'll be owning a theater
before long. Anyhow," he went on, "we've
cleared up the question of the basin."

"No," said Trenny Rice, "he only said that
it was broken. We knew that before."

"And the cigaret-case belongs to Fane."

"You've only this man's word for it. Be-
sides, where is Fane?"

"I'll find him," said Sir John fiercely.
"Meanwhile, have we got anything to go on
for an appeal?"

Trenny Rice shook his head. "No, there's
nothing here. I tell you frankly, Sir John, I
have no hope, unless we can get something
more out of the girl herself."

"Why not?" said Sir John with enthusiasm.

"An interview," Trenny Rice mused—"it's
possible. There's the bare chance that we may
get something more out of her. If I approach
the right people—"

"Leave that to me," said Sir John, very
grandly. "I'll see to that."

The two men were very silent on their way
to the prison. Sir John felt his gay Quixotic
mood drop from him like a mantle. He did not
feel sure of himself any more. The life-ropes he
was throwing out to the condemned woman no
longer seemed a strong cable of safety, but the
gossamer thievings of a stage Puck from the
relentless spider, Destiny. How could such a
rope hold?

To restore his confidence, he began marshal-
ing the evidence he had gleaned in the last
two days. The second policeman, Handell
Fane's stage uniform, his anger, the original
position of the poker, the confusing of Miss
Mitcham, the basin, the cigaret-case, the pain
in Martella's head, his own conviction of
her innocence. It was little enough to go
upon.

If Martella could not help them, or preserved
that sullen obstinacy that had wrecked them
at the trial, England's leading actor-manager,
who had gone out to sheer, would come home
shorn. He would have to laugh at himself, a
thing he had never done yet. He would have
to laugh, and let Martella go hang—literally
go hang!

He shivered. He did not want Martella to
hang; he wanted to take her back to the
Sheridan in triumph, his new find, his new and
magnificently advertised star, bound to him by
fantastic ties of pure gratitude. She would be
satisfied with twenty pounds a week, and—

The door opened and Martella came in.

His hobby-horse hobbled away more swiftly
than such toy beasts usually do as he looked at
her, and left him afoot and very sober.

He had expected—what? Corday? Tosca?

Sarah Siddons as the tragic muse? Something

of the kind! An accentuation, at any rate, of
the dark lady defiant of the Perdu case.

Instead there came in a pale child in a stupid
dress, who recognized him joyfully, though she
waited for Trenny Rice to say, "This is Sir
John Saumarez."

Then she put out her hand, saying shyly,
"We did meet before. You will have forgotten
it."

He said quickly, "It's because I haven't
forgotten."

"The Home Secretary has allowed us an
interview," began Trenny Rice.

She said—with the oddest smile: "When
they said, someone to see me, I thought it was a
hoax; I thought it was—the other thing."

And with her irrepressible instinct for the
language of the hands, her hands flashed to her
throat and circled it for an instant. Then they
dropped to her lap again.

"I'm half sorry it wasn't. You don't know
what it's like, the waiting," said Martella.

"We're hoping," said the lawyer hurriedly,
"that if you help us as we—as Sir John thinks
you can help us—"

"Does he?" she broke in. "Why? what has
it got to do with him?" Her tone was innocent
of offense. It held only the candidest pleased
curiosity. Watching her, each man thought to
himself that she did not in the least realize her
position.

"Sir John believes, and I am inclined to
agree with him, that he has discovered suf-
ficient grounds for an appeal."

"Appeal?" Martella caught up the word
sharply and half rose from her chair. "D'you
mean you can prove I didn't do it?"

"I hope so," Sir John was beginning; but the
lawyer broke in.

"I beg your pardon. It would not do at this
stage to raise false hopes, but I can at least say
this—it may be possible to get a commutation."

"I won't have that," said Martella. "I
tell you I won't have that."

The two men stared at her. She had risen
from her chair, and if her lips trembled, her
voice was like flint.

"I knew that would be the next thing," said
Martella, shuddering. "I knew they'd try to
get me off and think they were doing me a
kindness. Imprisonment for life—why, a week
of it has driven me half crazy. I tell you I
won't have that done to me. If they want to
hang me they can; and they will. I know that.
I've fought it and I've faced it and I've got
over it—except at night," said Martella.

"But to be in prison all my life when I
haven't meant any harm—that's too much to
pay for an accident. Appeal? I won't do it,"
said Martella, and turned sharply on Sir John.
"You—if you were a friend to me you wouldn't
suggest it," said Martella. "You lock yourself
up for one day, only one day, in your own bed-
room before you come and suggest things—
suggest things—"

Suddenly as she had begun, she ceased.
Then, as if a frost had nipped her between a
breath and a breath, she began to shudder as
she looked at them, smiling still.

"I'm sticking to it," said Martella, her teeth
chattering, "because it's what I used to think,
before—before it all happened; but I don't
pretend I like it, being hanged," said Martella.
"You must see that."

Sir John rose and came to her. He took her
icy hands in his and rubbed them, as you rub a
child's hands when it has run in to you out of
the cold.

"If you do as I tell you," he said deliberately,
"I'll have you out of this in a month."

"Be careful, Sir John," warned the lawyer in
an undertone. "It's a mere assumption."

"Assumption be damned. I say I'll have
you out in a month if you're a good girl. Will
you do as I tell you or will you not?"

"I'll do—anything," said Martella weakly.

"Sit down then, and answer my questions."

She sat down in the seat that he pulled
towards her. Her body no longer shook. The
color was stealing back into her cheeks.

"Now then, Rice, fire ahead."

He rose and strolled over to the window.

The lawyer coughed and drew towards himself the foolscap and pencil which lay, as at a committee meeting, upon the table.

"Let us turn to the main question first, Miss Baring. You refused in court—and no doubt," said Trenny Rice, hurriedly anticipating his difficult client's probable outburst, "for reasons that seemed to you impeccable—to mention a certain name." Martella pressed her lips together. "The name of the person," resumed Rice, "over whom you and—er—Mrs. Druce quarreled."

"I didn't quarrel with her," said Martella. "I held myself in and answered her quietly."

"Let us say then that you did not quarrel, but argued."

"No," said Martella, "not argued. She tried to say poisonous things, but I wouldn't let her. I just put my fingers in my ears and kept them there."

Sir John spoke from the window. "Note that, Trenny! It's important. Why didn't you say that at the trial?"

"Didn't I? Oh, but I said I wouldn't listen. It's the same thing."

"Not quite. Why did you do that, Miss Baring?"

"Well, what was I to do?" said Martella. "She would talk; and I wasn't going to listen to—the sort of things I knew she was going to say. I hate scandal," said Martella impatiently. "Besides, I knew it already."

"Knew what?" said Trenny Rice.

"What she was trying to tell me."

Sir John swung round. "What was she trying to tell you?"

"I can't tell you that," said Martella.

"Now, why not?"

"Because," said Martella patiently, "it would give the person we talked about away. I've explained that," said Martella wearily, "till I'm tired."

Sir John returned to the table. "D'you mean that the person concerned might be suspected of the murder?"

"Oh, good Lord, no!" cried Martella. "He hasn't the remotest connection! That's why it wouldn't be fair to drag his name into the case."

Sir John drew a deep breath—a breath of relief, of triumph; and, from behind Martella's chair, caught the lawyer's eye and touched his own lip significantly. The pronoun had escaped neither of them.

"Why wouldn't it be fair? Won't you tell us that? Look here, Miss Baring—we accept your motive; and it's very decent and all that. We'll even say that you're right, and accept the fact of this person's complete innocence. But the fact does remain that the mere fact of his innocence might lead to the discovery of someone else's guilt."

"I wonder," said Martella.

"It's not your place to wonder," said Sir John. "Now tell us, please, why it should be specially hard for this particular person to be involved in a—a criminal case."

"Mud sticks," said Martella.

"Why to his coat specially?"

"He had a—a disability," said Martella slowly. "He wouldn't wish it known."

"Did he tell you so?"

"Oh, no! He didn't know I knew it."

"How did you know it?"

"I—I could tell," said Martella uneasily.

"A disfigurement?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that. It was something that nobody would realize in the usual way. But somehow or other Mrs. Druce must have found it out. I can't think how she did," said Martella. "But I'm sure she knew. Something she said made me know what was coming next. She was going to tell me. I knew the beastly sort of way she'd tell me. Well, it wasn't her business, and I wasn't going to let her."

"And if this disability had been mentioned in court it would have affected this gentleman? It was a man, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Martella unwillingly.

"This—er—revelation would have affected his position?"

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"To a certain extent," said Martella, choosing her words, "with certain people."

"Not with everyone?"
"Oh, no, not with everyone." She hesitated. "With people who counted," said Martella, and hesitated again.

"Well?" said Sir John at last, softly.
"I—" began Martella; and then in sudden decision, "No, it's not fair. I won't tell you."

At this Sir John, to his own surprise, lost his temper. Quietly, deliberately and imposingly flung his temper to kingdom come, and did not pause to watch where it fell.

"You realize the construction that will be placed on this—extraordinary consideration?" said he furiously.

"What construction?" demanded Martella, the gleam in her eye waking at the gleam in his.
"Why, that—that you're in love with the scoundrel," said Sir John Saumarez.

"Gently, gently," murmured Trenny Rice.
"In love with him?" cried Martella wrathfully.

"Why, you must be lunatic—completely lunatic!"

"Why must I be lunatic?" demanded the owner of the Sheridan.

"But the man's a *chee-chee*," said Martella, with her air of "Heaven give me patience!"
"*Chee-chee*?" broke in Trenny Rice.

"Half-caste—a Eurasian," said Sir John quickly; and Martella added kindly, indulging his ignorance:

"It doesn't show. At least—you wouldn't notice. But if one's lived in India—"

"And his name?" said Sir John Saumarez. She looked up at him. "It can't be necessary."

"His name!" thundered Sir John Saumarez. "You know—honestly," began Martella, "I don't think—"

"I'll do the thinking!"
"I—"

"Tell me!" said Sir John, and smiled at her. "Handell Fane," said Martella.

"Find Fane for me," Sir John said. "I'll know how to deal with him when I've had a look at him." The rest he left to Markham, who found his quarry. Fane had changed his name and joined forces with a partner in an acrobatic turn. It was not a bad turn, the agents admitted; only Fane was too laddish. They were on that week at an outlying music-hall.

Back with his information went Markham to the Sheridan. Sir John thanked him charmingly.

"I think, Markham, I'll send for that fellow," said Sir John.

"Yes, sir. Would he come?"

"People respond as a rule," said Sir John, "when I send for them. I believe that it may be done through Foulkes. Foulkes was with Wakeling, you know, before he came to me. You said, did you not, that this young man was with Wakeling?"

"Yes, Sir John. Pre-war."

"Foulkes would remember. Foulkes shall remember. That's simple enough. He shall walk gladly into our parlor, Markham; and once there—"

Sir John smiled at the aide-de-camp.

"Markham, are you familiar with a certain play—William's greatest, to my mind, and one which as yet has found no adequate interpreter? Yes, the play of plays—Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. To the rest of the world it offers a problem; how if, for us, it should provide a solution?"

Markham choked down the inclination to tell Sir John of his ambition. It was not the moment. He answered only, "Yes, sir! I know it. Every line."

"Then let me suggest for your consideration the series of events embodied in Act Three, Scene Two."

Markham stared at him. "What? But that's the play!"

"Yes," Sir John confirmed. "The play; do you happen to remember its title?"

"The Mouse-trap," said Novello, awed.
"Quite so," Sir John answered—"the

Mouse-trap. There will be three of us—three cats to one mouse."

For the first time Markham jested with Jupiter. "And the cheese, Sir John?"

"A fat part, Markham—a villain's part in a blood-and-thunder. A part," said Sir John, stroking his chin, "that he will play, as I think we shall convince him, to the life."

For the fourth time Sir John looked at the clock on his desk. Twenty minutes to twelve, it said; the show had ended half an hour ago and Sir John began to be restless, though he knew that the wait represented nothing more than a few drinks exchanged between Fane and Foulkes in the latter's office. He wondered if Fane had got wind of the plan; he wondered if somehow Foulkes had muddled it and let him go; he doubted the plan itself.

Walking up and down his room, Sir John, the imperturbable, was displaying all the symptoms of every-day stage fright. It took time for him to realize this; but when at last he understood, he laughed and took the half-dozen deep breaths on which he had learned to rely. With the last of these came a knock.

"Come in!" said Sir John in his cool voice.

"Is that you, Foulkes?"

"Yes, Sir John! Could you give me a moment?"

"Certainly. Who is that you have got with you? Ah, of course, I remember—this is the gentleman you suggested—"

"For Armytage, Sir John. Mr. Fane."

"Sit down, Mr. Fane, won't you?" Sir John was as grand a seigneur off the stage as on it. Actually he did nothing but look elegant; but his manner conveyed to the guest appreciation, hospitality and a sense of benefits to come.

Outwardly, at least, Handell Fane was his match. The two men, each with a furious anxiety at his heart, though not the same anxiety, regarded each other with calm, and banded courtesies. Mr. Foulkes made for the door.

"Don't go, Foulkes," Sir John implored. "I may need you. I conduct these interviews so very badly," he continued, "and I leave out all the more important points. Perhaps I'd better begin with an explanation."

Handell Fane bowed, and Sir John proceeded to take him into his confidence.

"I dare say Foulkes told you who is the author of the play in question?"

"No, sir. I understood you wanted it kept dark for a bit."

"You see, Mr. Fane, how discreet he is! I can keep other people's secrets, but my own always escape me. Let us put the fact bluntly, without false shame. I wrote the play. That was simple enough. But it's proving astonishingly difficult to cast. There are so few actors now," said Sir John. "People expect parts to be written for them, to express their own personalities. I think the first duty of an actor is to act. Don't you agree?"

"Certainly," said Handell Fane.

"This part, Mr. Fane, really needs acting. I was in despair until Foulkes remembered you. I suppose," said Sir John wistfully, fingering a type-script, "you wouldn't care to read me a few lines—just to give me some idea—"

"Of course," Fane held out his hand for the papers. But Sir John retained them, frowning a little, and turning the pages as though reluctant to part with them.

"You see," he explained, "I've done something which you may think quite unjustifiable. The fact is, I have used for my theme a scrap of contemporary history. Let me see now—"

He turned over a flimsy page or two only to break off and address Foulkes with some sharpness. "This is illegible. Ask Waldron to come, will you? He's just next door. Ask him to bring the fair copy of Act One."

Foulkes opened the second door, disclosing the figure of a young man bending over a desk, to whom he spoke a few words.

"May one ask, Sir John," Handell Fane inquired, "what exactly is your theme?"

Sir John brightened under this encouragement, forgetting the sins of his typists.

"You may question my taste," Sir John replied, with an embarrassed if faint cough, breaking the awkward silence, "but as an artist you will understand the temptation. My theme, Mr. Fane," and he coughed again, "is the inner story of the Peridu murder."

"Indeed," said Handell Fane, and looked about him for an ash-tray.

"Your indifference surprises me," Sir John continued. "Surely I understood that you were a member of Druce's company at the time."

"That is so."

"Then you actually knew both the women concerned?"

"I knew them well," said Fane steadily.

The secretary and Foulkes came back into the room, the former bearing a type-script neatly bound in red paper. This he gave to Sir John, who fingered it absently before he looked up with his inviting smile.

"Now we can begin," said he. "Will you have any objection to Foulkes and Waldron remaining? It makes more of an audience. Some people prefer that."

"I should prefer it," said Fane, again holding out his hand for the script. But Sir John had not done yet with explanations.

"I've had to alter it a little," said he regretfully. "One has to indure the censor. Details, however, remain pretty much the same. The set, for instance, is a duplicate. We have the sitting-room divided from the bedroom by double doors. The sofa—I was present at the trial," said Sir John in soft aside, "and made one or two notes—the sofa runs across the corner, so. In front of it is the table on which the two women put their cocoa cups, and the flask of brandy which was, if you remember, offered by the murderer to the murdered woman, and refused. You know, Mr. Fane, I always wondered that nothing spectacular developed in connection with the brandy. Speaking as a dramatist, I can't help feeling that the brandy was not exploited with sufficient imagination! I should have drawn deductions from the brandy—and, of course, the poker. But the law has no sense of drama."

Sir John ranged the room as he spoke, shifting his admirable furniture to the order which had governed Miss Mitcham's bamboo table and her chairs.

"You'll be bored by me, I suppose," said he. "And I'll admit it shows a certain lack of imagination, but I always find that to have the actual set helps me. The two fireplaces, now—the undisturbed front-room fireplace—and the second fireplace with its fender, and its harmful necessary poker, would both be on my left and your right, wouldn't they? Is that how you see the fireplaces, Mr. Fane?"

"Quite," said Handell Fane, and waited till the room was arranged to Sir John's liking and Sir John had returned to his writing-table and picked up the manuscript.

"I have thought it best," Sir John said, "to begin just before the actual murder. There is a short scene between the women, which turns into a quarrel. I needn't read the whole of that. In the middle of it you make your entrance by the window, on the words: 'Friends! I could tell you things about your friends that you don't know.' Just carry on from that point, will you?"

And then as Fane turned from the desk and walked to the window, and with that subtle alteration of bearing that marks an actor attacking a part from an actor receiving his instructions, placed himself in position, Sir John's laugh rang out sunnily.

"But you've forgotten the script, Mr. Fane!"

"Oh—the script," said Handell Fane; and the watching Sir John laughed again.

"You misunderstood me," said he. "Did you think I wanted you to gag? Oh, no, Mr. Fane! At any rate, not yet. Later, perhaps, I may be grateful; but this part of the scene is already written out and cannot be altered. Here." And he held out, open, the clean copy, bound in red.

For a moment Handell Fane stood without moving, framed in the square of night that

was by day a casement, while the three men stared at him and Sir John's lazy hand made a gesture of appreciation. For the great electric sign of the Sheridan Theater was set at right angles to the open uncurtained window of Sir John's office, and the peripatetic light, shifting solemnly, monotonously, inevitably as destiny, from blood-red to unnatural green, to glassy white and so to blood color again, turned the lithe, hesitating figure into Harlequin. Here was a haunted Harlequin with starved, high cheeks, flaring nostrils and angry eyes, a Harlequin wavering yet poised for action, graceful as a cat, dangerous as a striped cat. Sir John clapped softly.

"Charming, Mr. Fane, charming—all that I could hope. But you will need your script, and of course, the poker. Where are we? Ah, yes! I was just reading through the end of the scene between the women. Where is it? You're sure you don't mind this? My methods are never very orthodox. Now—'Friends! I could tell you things—'" Sir John interrupted himself once more. "You're just behind the door by this time, Mr. Fane!" Then, patiently—"No, no, the other side. The heroine is standing on this side. She is the one you have to hit first. Besides, how about the poker—perhaps you could make a suggestion?"

"I think," said Fane, "you had better let me pick up the poker from the bedroom fireplace before I reach the folding doors."

"Splendid," Sir John agreed, and made a note with his gold pencil. "Now go on, please! You're behind the door. Try to imagine the man's state of mind—"

"Can I have a poker?" Fane asked suddenly.

"So sorry," Sir John apologized—"so very sorry. These are all electric fires."

He offered his pencil as a substitute. Fane made no movement to take it.

"Very well," said Sir John. "We must get on without it as best we can. Just let me see how you manage that entrance—the sudden rush from behind the door."

Fane's hands were trembling. To hide the movement he turned the page of the script he held. The three men heard a swift breath like a sob—and knew what caused it. The page at which he stared was blank.

"Yes?" Sir John inquired.

Fane let the papers fall and clenched his treacherous hands. "The script ends there," said he.

"Yes," Sir John answered gently. "I know. I had hoped that from that point I might persuade you to—collaborate!"

Fane's eyes searched the room. Foulkes leaned against the outer door. Waldron blocked the other. The window opened onto unknown depths. Having measured his chances and reached the only conclusion, Fane surveyed his captors and laughed.

"Well, why not?" said he.

They let that question pass. It demanded no answer.

"You've got most of it," he went on, "and you may as well have the rest. Clever to spot the brandy. Nobody else got that, though it was fairly obvious. I knew it was a risk, but I had to drink it or I couldn't have got out of the room. Blood makes me sick."

"So I understood," said Sir John—"from Mrs. Markham. Now, will you explain one or two points that puzzle me?"

Fane nodded.

"The policeman, for example," Sir John went on—"the policeman who came round the wrong corner?"

"If I tell you the whole story in my own way," said Fane, "that will come in."

"Very well," Sir John agreed. "But you'd better have a drink first. A bracer, Foulkes—no—not brandy," said Sir John reproachfully, "a whisky-and-soda, Foulkes."

There were whisky and soda on a table near the fireplace. Fane took the glass that was handed him and drank. They could hear his teeth chatter against the glass, yet he bowed to the three of them before he emptied it, gaily, almost with a flourish.

"Sit down," said Sir John.

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"Thanks, I'll stand," Fane answered. "It won't take long. You know most of it and I won't waste your time. But you didn't get the main point. You don't know yet what made me do it."

"No," said Sir John suavely. "But for your own sake, Mr. Fane, it will be easier to tell us. Don't improvise, Mr. Fane!"

Fane flung up his head like a bull headed for the yard by pitchforks.

"Improvise! I wish I could! I'll confess to that murder—yes, I murdered Magda—but this thing's different. It's something I've always hidden. It's what Magda Druce was going to tell that night. The words were almost out of her mouth when I stopped her."

"You were in the room?"

"Of course I was in the room. I'd been drinking with Druce, at the Red Lion. I was going when Druce said, 'Oh, you may as well wait till Magda turns up.' I asked him where she was. 'Oh,' says Druce, 'the Baring girl asked her to supper, and I hope they get through supper together without another row. Magda didn't want to go, looks on it as humble-pie; but I put my foot down. But I don't know that I'm wise,' says Druce, 'with Magda in one of her moods. She said she'd go, but she'd be darned if she'd be "mused." If the Baring tried it on, she'd make her sit up.'"

Handell Fane paused, hesitated, caught Sir John's eye, and resumed, "Ever been black-mailed?"

"Never," said Sir John blandly.

"Then you don't know what it feels like, to turn cold, cold—I knew well enough what Magda would be telling her once she lost her temper."

He stopped again, his face working, oblivious, it seemed, of his three watchers.

"What?" said Sir John at last, gently.

"About me. Magda always would have it that Martella and I—well, it was plain enough, I suppose, to a jealous woman, what the girl meant to me. But Magda didn't understand—didn't want to. She'd have known if she'd cared to understand and watch—that Martella never looked at me in that way. But there it was. I hoped, I schemed. I thought she might alter in time, somehow, anyhow—so long, you see, as she—didn't know."

"What?" said Sir John again.

"What Magda knew, about me. Magda and I had lived together once," said Fane with that sallow flush of his. "She—she knew how to get hold of a boy. The war broke it; and I thanked heaven for the war. I loathed her. Cheap, she was. Well, after the war I came back. Nerve gone; couldn't get a job; ran into her in an agent's office, picking up suckers. She'd married that tipping fool Gordon; and I—I was out of a job," said Fane weakly.

"She was kind enough at first. But I hadn't been at Peridu a week before I found out what I was in for. She wanted money. Young Marion had taken her measure—the first man who ever had. She was in love with him. She—supplied him—or tried to! But Gordon Druce held on to his cash. He had that much sense. So Magda came to me; said she'd got me the job and wanted her commission—she called it her commission—and she'd get me sacked as incompetent if she didn't get it.

"I handed her over that week's salary, and half the next week, and the week after that. But then I began to have an answer. Martella, bless her sweet silly soul, saw the state I was in and set out to rescue me, as she'd set out to rescue a—galled horse," said Fane, with his bitter smile. "That's it—galled—galled!"

He began to laugh noiselessly to himself; and Waldron, whose pencil had been racing over the paper as he took down Fane's words, sighed in momentary relief.

"Continue," said Sir John.

"Well, my answer was—that I wasn't so incompetent! Martella had put an end to that. I was getting my nerve back and I wasn't so easy to sack. So Magda changed her tune. If I didn't pay up she'd tell Martella what she knew, and there'd be an end of all dreams,"

said Handell Fane. "Only that night she'd issued her ultimatum. Ten pounds or she'd split to Martella."

"Then Druce tells me that she'd gone out to supper with my darling—against her will and in a nasty temper. I saw in a flash what was bound to happen if Martella lost hers. She had one, you know!"

"Well, I had to act. I said good night, quiet as I could, and off I raced. I knew where Miss Baring lived and which rooms she had. Time and again I've wandered up and down, down and up, watching her shadow on the blind."

"Well, I got as far as the front door. But then—d'you think I could knock? I didn't dare. The old stage fright got me—paralyzing, deadly. I slipped round the back of the terrace. Window open. All dark. Light and voices behind the half-closed double doors. I swung myself over the sill, crouched by the fireplace, listened, heard what I expected—and Martella with that cool, courteous way of hers making it worse."

"Can you remember what they said?" asked Sir John.

"Remember?" He laughed. "Says Magda: 'You think you'll find it easy to get a job, don't you, when you clear out of here? You'll try London, I shouldn't wonder. And where do you suppose you'll get a reference?' And Martella says, 'I shan't ask you for one, Mr. Druce, so please don't trouble.' Then Magda says, 'Oh, we all know you think you've only got to go to Saumarez! Friends at court, I suppose.'"

"Says Martella, 'Yes, I have friends.' 'So've I,' says Magda; 'and I'll see to it that your behavior gets broadcasted wherever you try for a job.' 'I shall be able to defend myself,' says Martella; 'I may not have friends at court, but I have in the company.' 'D'you mean Marion or Fane or both?' says Magda. 'Oh, please!' says Martella. 'Because if you mean Marion,' says Magda, 'he's no fool to quarrel with his bread and butter, and if you mean Fane, I could tell you something—'

"Oh, please!" says Martella again in that prim way of hers that always maddened Magda; and Magda was going on with, 'Why, Fane—' sneering at me, you know, when I—I think I went off my head. I caught up the first thing that came to my hand as I crouched behind the fire-screen—on my honor, I don't know now what I meant to do—shout—knock down chairs—create some sort of disturbance—anything to stop that woman's tongue; but before I could move Martella said, 'I won't listen!' And I could see her through the half-open doors stuff her fingers into her ears like a child."

"Funny, it was; so funny that I actually laughed. Magda heard me; but Martella didn't, of course. She lifted her head and saw me behind Martella, creeping forward, and she called out, 'You—you dare!' And then to stop her I sprang at her. I caught Martella by the shoulder and dashed her aside. I didn't realize till afterwards that she'd caught her head against the table as she fell and was stunned. I didn't even think of her. It was Magda. I had to stop Martella knowing what Magda was trying to say. I had to, I tell you, I had to! I couldn't let Martella know."

"Know what, man?" shouted Sir John.

Handell Fane looked from one to another and opened his mouth. For a moment no sound came, then—"I'm not white," said Handell Fane.

He waited for comment. None came.

"My mother was a Eurasian," said Handell Fane. "Half-caste, that's what I am—neither fish, flesh, fowl nor—"

"Steady," said Sir John.

"You say to me, steady"—Handell Fane's voice was shrill—"control myself, eh? Keep a stiff upper lip—British phlegm—public school tradition! White man's burden. Keep the flag flying and all the rest of it! Steady—even when you've murdered and are caught! Very proper and all that. But I'm not white."

"Just so," said Sir John. "And Miss Baring is still under sentence of death."

"Not now," said Fane, and drew in his breath as a man might who suddenly tastes freedom. "Not now—this clears her."

"Don't pose!" said Sir John sharply. "You'd have let her hang."

Fane twisted his hands together. "No," he said slowly. "Yes—perhaps—I don't know. Oh, Lord!" he broke out—"you can't understand what it is to be afraid."

"I should say your nerve's remarkably sound," said Sir John. "You all but got away with it."

"I'm afraid of contempt," Fane said deliberately; "and I'm afraid of dying."

"So are we all," said Sir John.

Fane caught him up. "Ah! You wouldn't let a woman be hanged when you loved her, because of a look?"

"No," said Sir John, thinking it out. "I don't think—I say it in all humility—but I don't think I would save my own skin at a woman's expense. I hope not."

Handell Fane broke in. "I tell you I loved her. It was because I loved her, and because of a look I saw in her eyes once when a lascar brushed against her in the street. She can't help the feeling. She was born in India. She was brought up to look at us—so! But I love her. And if ever she'd looked at me—so!—one of us would have died. As it was, that poor meddling fool of a woman died instead. She'd have let her know; and I'd rather she hanged than knew. Yes, when it came to that, I was ready to let her hang rather than let her know."

Then Sir John said gently, "But she *did* know!"

Handell Fane stared at him. "She knew?" "Certainly. She told me so herself. That was why she refused to allow your name to appear—she said that it wasn't fair when you were already, ah—handicapped—"

Handell Fane's face—white, green, red, as the lights chased each other across it—suddenly twisted itself into a foolish clown's grimace of savage mockery—self-mockery.

"She knew? Oh, isn't that humorous, now? Isn't that good enough for a play? There's your third act, Sir John. You needn't ask me to collaborate. It's there already. So she knew. Makes you laugh, doesn't it? Fit to kill. It has killed, too—Magda first—now me. I sell my soul to save her knowing, and all the time she knew. Now wouldn't you call that funny?"

Suddenly he flung himself down in the low chair by the window and began to sob with an abandonment that made Foulkes shrug and Waldron turn away uncomfortably.

But Sir John watched, bright-eyed, unmoved. He had a very vivid recollection of Martella saying, "I don't pretend I like being hanged"; and he had no mercy whatever to bestow on Handell Fane.

"Pull yourself together, Mr. Fane," said Sir John coldly, at last. "If you wish to put right what you can, you must tell us the rest. The girl is still in prison."

Passion shook Handell Fane for the last time, as wind shakes an all but leafless tree, and left him. He straightened himself; he shrugged. "The rest? What else is there to tell? I'll tell you anything I can."

"That policeman?" said Sir John Saumarez.

"Yes, I forgot that. When I saw Miss Baring lying on the floor I turned on Magda. She didn't finish what she was going to say. (It was pretty much as you've got it there!) She was frightened. No wonder. I still had the poker in my hand and she kept her eyes on it all the time she spoke."

"She asked me what good I thought I'd done. Oh, yes, she stood up to me. It may have been courage, or it may have been just fear. Well, I threatened her. I said that I had nothing to lose now, and that unless she swore to hold her tongue I'd kill her and myself too. At that, the fool, she began to scream. She thought she had me, that I'd do anything to stop her letting out her silly peacock voice. So I would; so I did."

"Do you know what she called me? She



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called me a black beast. I stopped her screaming then. Noises, yes, there were noises, little darkish noises, but she didn't scream again. I don't remember how many times I struck her. The next thing I knew was seeing a dark oozy patch on the carpet near my left foot.

"I wanted to be sick, and—I had to get away. I didn't dare turn dizzy. There was a flask on the table, and I managed to get the last dram between my teeth. Then when Martella began to move—she was only stunned, I could see that—I got out as I got in, by the window."

"But you didn't go home at once," interpolated Sir John. "Why was that?"

"I was afraid. Anyone who might notice me in the street and wonder what I was doing at that hour—that scared me! And passers-by notice one another when the streets are empty. Besides, I had to wash my hands. The theater was a yard away. I hadn't a key, but I could climb."

"The basin!" cried Sir John—"the broken basin!"

"Ah! you spotted even that! It was easy enough to get in, but I'd forgotten the fixed basin under the window. I swung my leg over the sill and my foot went through it—wonder I didn't cut myself to pieces. Well, there I was safe for a minute. A little water cleaned me—but I had to get home."

"Then I had it. I'd been playing a policeman. People might wonder what Handell Fane was doing at three in the morning, but no one ever wonders what a policeman's doing, no matter what hour they see him. Just as I slipped out again through a ground-floor window—the knocking began. Then I had a bad moment. It hadn't occurred to me that when they found out, a policeman would be needed; but I had enough sense to take the opposite direction from the row."

"Markham saw you," said Sir John. "So did his wife."

"Trust Doucie! Well, I walked back along Grogan's beat, playing the policeman literally for my life. I watched every step I took. I thought myself into the part as I'd never done before or since, and I got safe home."

"I see," said Sir John. "That puts it fairly straight, I think. Whatever happens now, Miss Baring's safe. You've been making notes, Waldron?"

"Yes, she's safe," Fane repeated. "She's safe. And now that's off my mind, I'm free too. I can make a fight for it."

"No doubt you'll have an opportunity in court," said Sir John coldly, and stretched out his hand to the telephone. The room was utterly quiet; the three men could hear the click as the receiver was taken off, could almost hear the operator's query; Sir John's voice came, civil and smooth in answer:

"Scotland Yard, if you please."

Martella Baring's release sent a curious wave of sentimental thankfulness across the breakfast tables. The odd frank bearing which at her trial had lost her all sympathy, established her, now that her innocence had so excitingly been made plain, as more than a popular heroine. She was again (the breakfast tables declared it) a nice woman. It was part of her reward for a certain uprightness of bearing, that nobody said or wrote, and few whispered, the word advertisement, when it became known that Miss Baring did not intend to retire into the traditional obscurity of wronged innocence, but proposed—"If I can get a job," said Martella—to continue to earn her living as she had done before tragedy had overtaken her, upon the boards.

For, as Martella told Sir John, "My own people won't look at me: and I've got to live somehow, and I do like my job. Why should I stop acting because people said I did do what I didn't do? Why should I stop working because poor Magda—because Handell—?" She paused; she shuddered.

"You see," Martella went on, "I've been wondering, how I was to say thank you for all that you've done for me. What haven't you

done for me? You saved my life! You've got me back! You— Oh, you know well enough what you've done. I can't talk about it," she added, and stopped.

"I don't want you to," said Sir John.

"You never would," said Martella; "that's why, if I say thank you, I don't say it for the big thing that you know you've done for me. I say it for the little thing that you don't know you've done for me. It's absurdly little to you, of course," said Martella, "but—do you know when I began to be grateful to you?"

"No," said he.

"Well," said she, "you'll have forgotten it, but you gave me an interview once. You said that I was most promising and that I could write to you when I'd been on tour for a year or two and got experience."

"Oh, my sins, my sins!" cried the actor-manager, remembering how many nymphs he had thus sent away. But Martella did not perceive the implication.

"Well, it did encourage me," said Martella.

"Of course I haven't toured for as long as you said, but I have had experience. So—oh, you've done enough for me, I know—but will you do something else for me? Will you give me a job?"

He looked at her hard. Serenely she returned his gaze.

Sir John made up his mind.

"Experience?" said Sir John. "Hm! Your experience and my experience together—"

"Together?" breathed Martella, her eyes alight with excitement.

He smiled at her, but not as he smiled upon the stage.

"It would be a new experience," said he, "for both of us."

"Oh!" said Martella, enchanted.

"So," said he, taking her hand, "you consent?"

"Consent? Of course I consent. But goodness," cried Martella jubilantly—"I didn't think that would happen for another five years at least. I'll tell you something, shall I? We're not strangers after all this. D'you know, I had a photograph of you. I took it with me wherever we went. I used to put it on my mantelpiece in all my bed-sitting-rooms. And I'd absolutely made up my mind—I used to sit looking at it, and I'd say to myself, 'I will, I will play leads for him some day.'"

Sir John's career had given him an eye for a comedy situation: and this, though ill-timed, was comedy pure. Spontaneously and with real appreciation he laughed. Martella's face clouded.

"You didn't mean it," she said reproachfully. "Then I don't think you ought to have said it. It wasn't fair."

"No," Sir John answered, recovering, "I did not mean it. At least, not primarily. What I was trying to suggest was a—a different sort of experience."

"I give you my word, I don't know what you're talking about," said she, "unless— Oh, are you going into Shakespeare? I always hoped you would."

"Not Shakespeare—matrimony."

"Matrimony? Oh, but—matrimony?" Then her charming face broke up in amusement and surprise. "What, with me?" she cried.

"Certainly," said Sir John tartly.

"Well!" said Martella. She paused; she perpended. "But whatever would people say?" she began.

"Say?" said Sir John. "Let 'em say! Come along and tell 'em, and then we'll find out."

"Oh, not yet," Martella begged. "I haven't said— We haven't thought." But already the inward glow had begun to warn Sir John that here too, despite unexpected sallies and forced strategic retreats, he was about to come off supremely best.

"Martella," said he, "be good enough to do as you're told. I forbid you to argue."

She had the last word, however.

"Argue?" cried Martella indignantly. "I never do!" and slipped her hand under his arm.

THE END

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